

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,073, Vol. 41.

May 20, 1876.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

THE murder of the Consuls at Salonica, though it had no political motive or object, may perhaps have serious political consequences. The crime and the immediate impunity of the offenders undoubtedly illustrate both the fanaticism of the Mahometan populace and the inefficiency of Turkish administration. The circumstance that the French Consul was one of the victims may not improbably direct popular feeling in France against the cause of the SULTAN; and, although the French Government is not likely to be provoked into an abandonment of its temporary neutrality, one impediment in the way of Russian designs might be removed by a popular feeling in France against the maintenance of the Ottoman dominion. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of the Porte in its professions of regret. The mob of Salonica has gravely increased embarrassments which were already sufficiently perplexing. There will be no hesitation in executing the culprits or in punishing any local functionaries who may have been guilty of connivance or weakness. Public opinion among the Turks themselves will approve of vengeance against the blundering cutthroats who selected as victims of their fanatical fury persons who were entitled to the protection of powerful Governments. The Russians and the philanthropists will have rejoiced in a catastrophe which is singularly well timed for the accomplishment of their objects. The rumour of dangerous agitation among the rabble of Constantinople may perhaps have been suggested by the Salonica outrage, but the reported irritation of the conspirators against the SULTAN himself is not incredible. The populace has not the means of appreciating the reasons which render it necessary for Turkish Ministers to defer to the imperious remonstrances of great European Powers. The SULTAN is probably accused of disloyalty to his faith when promises of religious equality are published in his name. A Mussulman insurrection would tend more than any other occurrence to precipitate the overthrow of the Ottoman dominion. Since the massacre of the Janissaries half a century ago, no domestic revolt has occurred among the Mahometan population of European Turkey. The race of mutinous Pashas has long been extinct.

The Conference at Berlin has certainly not been suggested by trivial motives. The determination of the Emperor of RUSSIA to confer, in company with his principal Minister, with the German EMPEROR and Prince BISMARCK would have been significant even if Count ANDRASSY had not been invited to join in the discussion. It was justly inferred that, in the opinion of the Russian Government, the ANDRASSY Note has proved abortive, although it was readily accepted by the Porte. The refusal of the insurgent chiefs to accept the proposed compromise might easily have been foreseen if it had been known that the allied Powers were not prepared to enforce their own decision. Since the exchange of communications on the Note the Turks have achieved no considerable military success, nor is the bearing of Servia or Montenegro less menacing than before. A few weeks since the Russian press abandoned the pacific tone which it had recently employed; and on some occasions attacks on the policy and good faith of Austria were encouraged or permitted. It seems that at a ceremonious reception at Berlin the Emperor ALEXANDER formally declared that the maintenance of the alliance of the three Imperial Courts was the basis of his policy. Assurances of continued union are some-

times symptoms of commencing alienation; but it may well be believed that Russia would at present deprecate a political rupture with Austria. In the contingency of a divergence, it is not known that Germany would incline to the side of Russia. Count ANDRASSY may perhaps have been convinced by the EMPEROR and Prince GORTCHAKOFF that the danger of allowing the war to continue outweighs the numerous and obvious risks of intervention. Nothing would be more distasteful to Austria than the aggrandizement of Servia and Montenegro at the expense of Turkey. But a military occupation of the disturbed provinces would gain time, and, except indirectly, it could have no tendency to increase Russian influence. It is not known whether a change in the policy of Russia has been the cause of the sudden overthrow of the Turkish Minister. The conduct of the Porte is so far dictated by necessity that a Grand Vizier must for the most part tread in the steps of his predecessor. It matters little whether an unknown MEHEMET or a feeble MAHMOUD is the nominal head of a Government which has scarcely a will of its own. The personal change is less important than the immediate cause of the Ministerial revolution. It seems that a threatening multitude of so-called theological students required the dismissal of the GRAND VIZIER and of the SHEIKH AL ISLAM, and that the SULTAN complied with their demand.

The official announcement that the Berlin Conference has resulted in perfect agreement among the three Courts seemed at first to indicate the continuance of a temporizing policy. It is stated that there will for the moment be no armed intervention, and that the contumacy of Servia and Montenegro will not be rewarded. If the ostensible report may be trusted, it would seem that the three Governments have agreed on another ANDRASSY Note, except that on this occasion the authorship is attributed to Prince GORTCHAKOFF. In a short time the decision which is enveloped in conventional phraseology will become public in an intelligible form. Notwithstanding the vague disclaimer of vigorous intentions, there can be little doubt that a step has been taken in advance, and that it will be in favour of the insurgents rather than of the SULTAN. The Emperor ALEXANDER and Prince GORTCHAKOFF must have determined on some definite proposal when the Austro-Hungarian CHANCELLOR was invited to meet them at Berlin. That their policy is not violently aggressive is proved by the ready acceptance of the project by Count ANDRASSY; but if it had consisted in a new version of the scheme for reforming Turkish administration, it would not have urgently pressed. Perhaps a term may have been fixed within which the Porte will be required to procure the termination of the revolt, on pain of active measures which would tend to the partial independence of the Christian population of Herzegovina. It is not improbable that the real object of the Conference was to confirm a resolution previously adopted to form a permanent Commission representing either the three Imperial Governments or all the Great Powers. The proposal, whatever may have been its nature, was too serious to be accepted by the English Ambassador without reference to his Government. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE adds his high authority to the scheme of a joint supervision or protectorate. Whether such a Board would be too entirely controlled by other Powers will be a grave question for the English Government to consider. The difficulty of dealing with the Mussulmans of Herzegovina has not yet been overcome; but it might be more possible to deal

with the insurgents than with the larger population of Bosnia. Whatever conditions may be imposed on the Porte, it seems impossible to restore peace in Herzegovina except by the intervention of a foreign army of occupation; and the difficulties in the way of any arrangement of the kind, though numerous, are perhaps not insuperable. Any objection on the part of the Porte might perhaps be overruled; nor indeed is it certain that the Turkish Ministers might not consent to be relieved from the arduous task of suppressing the insurrection. Count ANDRASSY has up to the present time discouraged all proposals for an Austrian occupation which might also be regarded with jealousy by Russia. An odd solution has been devised in the form of a suggestion that the disturbed provinces should be occupied by an Italian force. The adoption of such a plan would be a curious resumption of the policy of CAVOUR. The contingent which Piedmont sent to the English and French expedition against the Crimea was adroitly offered for the sake both of asserting the position of VICTOR EMMANUEL as already the representative of Italy, and of conciliating powerful allies. It was scarcely pretended that the King of SARDINIA had any cause of quarrel with the Russians, who indeed have never since displayed any resentment of CAVOUR's astute enterprise. The King of ITALY is now acknowledged as one of the Great Powers; but it may be thought desirable that he should illustrate his new rank in Europe by active interference. The finances of Italy will certainly not suffice for a gratuitous military enterprise to be undertaken in time of peace. It would not be easy to extract from Turkey payment of the expenses of an expedition which would scarcely be distinguishable from an invasion; but the Commander-in-Chief of an army of occupation would be more advantageously situated than an ordinary creditor. Nevertheless the Italian Government would not act wisely in listening to any proposal of the kind. The presence of an Italian army on the Eastern coast of the Adriatic would involve the risk of misunderstanding with Austria; and it is not for the interest of Italy to take part in the possible dismemberment of Turkey. Should it be necessary to employ foreign troops for the purpose of effecting a pacification, Austria would supply with least inconvenience the force which might be required.

ROYAL GUESTS.

AMONG the many privileges of England and the QUEEN is that of being able to welcome with easy impartiality guests of all nations, parties, and opinions. Even Don CARLOS is said to be intending to take up his abode here, and, as there used to be a Carlist Committee in London, he may enjoy the attention and admiration of a select circle. Crowned heads, or heads that have once been crowned, fly hither in abundance, and enjoy hospitality, shelter, respect, and sometimes the transitory tribute of popular enthusiasm. It is not so very long since the SULTAN came to show himself in person to his admiring bondholders, and India was ordered to give him a magnificent ball as the head of the Mahometan world. The memory of the reception of the SHAH, with his diamonds, and his concessions, and his embarrassment in having to forego the ordinary execution of his attendants, still lingers like that of a fairy story. Other representatives of Royalty frequently come in a less pretentious manner; and it is when visits are made with familiar simplicity, and one guest succeeds another in a free and easy manner, that the thought naturally suggests itself how strange are the turns of fortune which these successive visitors have experienced. Within a very few days the German EMPRESS has been staying with the QUEEN, the Empress EUGÉNIE has been welcomed at Windsor, and now the King of HANOVER has arrived to claim the sympathy and share the happy fortune of his relations. The fortunes and misfortunes of Royalty could not have been better illustrated. The Empress AUGUSTA is on the very pinnacle of Continental grandeur, and her elevation indirectly cost our other two guests their crowns. One wins and another loses, but winners and losers alike come to England and receive the welcome befitting their respective positions. The best that can be said for Royal visitors is generally said when they are actually here. The German EMPRESS is, indeed, too high in the world to need that much should be said in her favour. She was Queen of PRUSSIA when Prussia was a State despised alike by France, Austria, and Russia. She is now EMPRESS of United

Germany; her glory is illuminated by the rays of Sadowa and Sedan; and the CZAR comes to her husband's capital to settle the affairs of Europe. Out of Germany the EMPRESS is principally known as the recipient of the famous telegrams in which her other self announced that he was wading through much slaughter to a higher throne, and was favoured by a peculiar and divine blessing. The establishment of the German Empire appeals to the reason rather than the imagination or sympathy of Englishmen. It costs an effort to see, but when the effort is made it is easily seen, that the establishment of a strong power in the centre of Europe, opposed equally to the aggressions of Ultramontanism and to the predominance of Russia, has incontestable advantages for England. The QUEEN, so far as descent and marriage have connected her with Germany, may have the mixed feelings of regret at the fallen fortunes of the minor German princes and pleasure in the general aggrandizement of the German nation. But she has one source of sympathy with the Empress AUGUSTA which may be one of unmixed delight. Their children have married, and the QUEEN has given in her daughter a prize to Germany such as few mothers have ever sent to a foreign home. The CROWN PRINCESS, better known here as the PRINCESS ROYAL, may be safely said to be, in classical language, one of the most remarkable women in Europe. In addition to the great qualities that befit a great station, she has gifts of intellect and of character which would make her the first woman in any society in any country. Any mother would be justly proud of such a daughter, and the QUEEN has not only the delight of possessing such a daughter, but also of knowing that, in sending her to Germany, she has conferred the greatest possible benefit on the race from which she sprang.

The Empress EUGÉNIE has now resided for some years in England, and has won the respect which always attends the endurance of misfortune with unostentatious simplicity. Her position is in most respects the reverse of that of the Empress AUGUSTA. She has fallen from grandeur, not risen to it, and has borne the fall well. Of the private character of the German EMPRESS little is known in England, while her political position is one in harmony with English interests. Much is known of the private character of the Empress EUGÉNIE, while her political history has been one as divergent from the sympathies of ordinary Englishmen as possible. As Empress she encouraged, perhaps more than any one else, the senseless extravagance of the Second Empire; but she set the fashion to all Europe, and she had the higher merits of active sympathy with calamity, of giving dignity to her Court, and of bearing her trials with spirit and equanimity. Politically, she contributed largely to the ruin of her husband, for she sought refuge from the incapacity or recklessness of the Bonapartist following in the dangerous society of scheming ecclesiastics. She entered on the war that was destined to be fatal to her family with a heart even lighter than that of M. OLLIVIER, and she received a severe, if not unmerited, chastisement in finding herself left alone with the Count of PALIKAO to send the last army of France to its destruction. But in the trying times that followed she showed a high sense of what was due to patriotism and to herself, and steadily discountenanced the schemes of BAZAINE to re-establish the Empire at the cost of the honour of France and the miseries of a civil war. The death of her husband made her the head of the Bonapartists during the youth of her son, and the NAPOLEONS have lately been principally occupied in quarrelling among themselves. Nothing could be more fortunate for her personally than the present collapse of the Bonapartists, as it enables her to continue the education of her son in the unobtrusive and happy station of an English gentleman, and relieves her from the necessity of revealing how completely the interests she favours are opposed to the sympathies of at least a very large portion of France. The bread of exile is always bitter, but it is sometimes wholesome; and in the dignified retirement and irreproachable simplicity of Chiselhurst virtues are displayed which might be apt to be obscured if the EMPRESS were restored to the scenes of her ancient splendour, and recalled to share the exultation of the devotees of the Sacred Heart.

The King of HANOVER has many claims on English sympathy. He is an exile, he is blind, he is an English Duke; and he has been ruined not so much by his own fault as by having taken the wrong side. He has lost his possessions not because he deserved to lose them, but be-

cause some one else wanted them. Like most persons of his class and education, he was governed while he still reigned by two deep feelings, contempt for Liberal ideas and contempt for Prussia. He thought that Liberal ideas led to revolutions, and that revolutions led to misery. He shared the general belief that, if Prussia provoked Austria to war, Austria would eat up Prussia as a cat would eat up a mouse. It must be remembered that this opinion prevailed very largely in Prussia itself, and Prince BISMARCK has recently recorded the complete isolation in which he found himself when he declared that the balance of chances was in favour of Prussia. Expecting Austria to win, and wishing Austria to win, the King of HANOVER did not shrink from doing all he could to contribute to the result he desired. He sent his little army into the field, and the only real resistance offered to Prussia by a minor State was offered by Hanover. At Langensalza Hanoverians actually encountered Prussians in the field, not without much credit to themselves. For a day they even repulsed their assailants, and the King of PRUSSIA said afterwards that he could not claim Langensalza as a triumph to his arms. The Hanoverians could not, however, do more than repel one attack, and the next day they were surrounded and had to capitulate. The Government of the KING had been by no means unpopular, and his people contemplated with sincere reluctance the prospect of being absorbed in Prussia. A Hanoverian deputation besought the King of PRUSSIA not to dethrone a Sovereign who held his throne by a title as good as that of the Prussian KING himself, and whose family could trace their rule through a period of a thousand years. King WILLIAM replied that he honoured the Hanoverians for their loyalty, and would have been much disappointed in them if they had not manifested it so freely; but that, as matters stood, he wanted Hanover, and must and would have it. He took it, and there can be no doubt that, if the end justifies the means, this high-handed act did much to bring about the unity of Germany. Prussia could not have crushed France if a hostile or lukewarm State like Hanover had been interposed to break the unity of its forces. Since the Empire was established, the King of HANOVER has given Prince BISMARCK much trouble, and the leader of the Particularists is returned to the German Parliament by a Hanoverian constituency. But there is no reason to suppose that the mass of the Hanoverians have any feelings apart from those of Germans generally, and they acquiesce with satisfaction in what has been done for them, although it was done against their will. They are better off than their former KING, for they do not now regret the past. It is impossible that he should display equal resignation; but he must, like humbler men, endure what he cannot help, and in returning to England, after a long absence, he has the satisfaction of knowing, and of knowing that England knows, that, although he comes here as an exiled sovereign, those over whom he reigned sorrowed when his reign came to an end.

THE BUDGET DEBATES.

MR. RYLANDS, in his Resolution on the second reading of the Income-tax Bill, assumed that it must pass. The Resolution was not appropriate to the occasion, for the Budget is a mode of providing for the expenditure which Parliament has already sanctioned. It may or may not be a cause of regret that the Government should have proposed an increase of expenditure, but the proper time for raising the question would have been during the discussion of the Estimates. According to Mr. RYLANDS, the outlay which he denounces has rendered it necessary to impose increased burdens on the people, and it seems to follow that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is only discharging a plain duty in adding a penny to the Income-tax. It may be doubted whether Mr. RYLANDS is opposed to the modern practice of imposing on the richer classes, in the form of an Income-tax, any additional burden which may be required. His recommendation that the system of exemptions should be carried further shows the dangerous tendency of any approach to graduated taxation. His assumption that the large increase of expenditure rendered fresh taxation indispensable is not to be hastily admitted. It would have been at least as reasonable to complain that the direct taxpayer was unnecessarily compelled to contribute to the payment of an instalment of the National Debt. Sir S. NORTHCOTE would undoubtedly have exposed himself to a charge of inconsistency

if he had abandoned on the first occurrence of a deficiency the scheme which he had recommended to the House of Commons only a year ago. If the debt must in deference to modern prejudice be paid off, Sir S. NORTHCOTE's system is simpler and cheaper than that of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE; but the imposition of an unequal tax for the purpose of investing the proceeds at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is itself a proof that the gratuitous obligation ought never to have been incurred. The error which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has committed in raising the percentage of the Income-tax is illustrated by Mr. GLADSTONE's recent reference to his own election Budget of 1874. As long as the rate was steady and low, the discontent which has often been caused by the tax would have been latent, if it had not altogether disappeared. It is because the percentage is raised that Mr. GLADSTONE has once more an opportunity of complacently recurring to the bribe which failed to secure the votes of the constituencies. The great objection to the Budget, or rather to previous Budgets, is that from time to time revenue has been unnecessarily sacrificed, with the result of rendering new taxation necessary when the public expenditure has been increased.

In the course of his elaborate and able speech Mr. CHILDERS wasted time and trouble in proving that Mr. DISRAELI, when he was in Opposition, used language which is inconsistent with the present proposal of his Government. HORACE showed that he understood character and the nature of things better than Mr. CHILDERS when he recognized the inutility of denouncing habitual and triumphant inconstancy. Mr. DISRAELI has in his time declared that the National Debt was a fleabite; and not long since he was gravely disturbed by a change in the political condition of the Straits of Malacca; but, as his opponents find,

simul obligavit
Perfidum votis caput, enitescit—

he appears as Prime Minister with a larger majority than when he entered office. Whatever Mr. DISRAELI may have said, he has the good sense to leave the management of the finances in the competent hands of Sir S. NORTHCOTE; nor have Mr. HARDY and Mr. WARD HUNT any difficulty in convincing him that it is necessary to increase the expenditure on the army and navy. There is little ground for Mr. RYLANDS's suspicion that Mr. DISRAELI is inclined to an ambitious and extravagant policy. Parliament has long since assumed the responsibility of approving the Suez Canal purchase; and it is an anachronism to go back to the acquisition of the telegraphs. No calculation can be less instructive than Mr. CHILDERS's comparison of five years of Mr. GLADSTONE's administration with five years during which the Conservatives were in office. The circumstances were wholly different; and some recent charges, including payments in compensation for purchase of commissions, belong properly to the Government of which Mr. CHILDERS was a member. Complaints of undue parsimony on the side of one party, and of unnecessary expenditure by their successors, are banded backwards and forwards with little advantage. If stores and ships have at any time not been sufficiently provided, it is necessary to supply the defect. As to the main causes of the late increase of expenditure there is little difference of opinion. Those who possess special knowledge of naval details find fault with Mr. WARD HUNT for not building ships fast enough; and civilians cannot fail to understand that the universal rise of prices and wages must necessarily add to the cost of the army. More than two millions of the additional estimates of expenditure have been appropriated to the wants of the army and navy, and part of the remainder admits of easy explanation.

Criticism might be better applied to the charge of 1,400,000*l.* which has been granted in aid of local rates; but the addition to the Estimates in this case only represents the shifting of a burden. It may or may not have been right to relieve the ratepayers at the expense of the taxpayers; but the transfer cannot be regarded as an instance of extravagance. Mr. GLADSTONE's Government had already admitted the principle which was afterwards applied by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Both Administrations thought it necessary to defer to the strong opinion of the House of Commons, including independent members of both parties. A fourth considerable item of increase consists in the sum paid in reduction of Debt; and on this point also the Opposition is estopped by its own professions from attacking the policy of the Government. During a popular craze which will probably pass away, the House of Commons, and more especially the Liberal

party, has suddenly been impressed with the necessity of discharging large portions of the National Debt. Sir S. NORTHCOTE improved on the system of terminable annuities which was, as Mr. LOWE with characteristic candour explained, devised for the purpose of deluding the House of Commons into unconscious prudence. It may well be doubted whether the contrivance and the burden were expedient, inasmuch as taxes were imposed or retained for the sole purpose of investing the proceeds at 3½ per cent.; but the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER determined to attain by a simple and straightforward process the object which his predecessors had selected as desirable. Even Mr. RYLANDS can scarcely think that the employment of money in the discharge of debt is a licentious form of outlay. The severest advocates of parsimony shrink from attacking the new system of education, which is unfortunately expensive. The State is every year urged to extend its duties and liabilities, and at the same time everything which it undertakes becomes more and more costly. It must be confessed that there is little prospect of a diminution of expenditure.

Mr. LAING stated that England is the most lightly taxed of great civilized States; and he might have added that, in a comparison of military estimates, the heavy burden of personal service in Continental armies ought to be included in the calculation. One country after another has within the last fifteen years approached or passed England in the amount of its National Debt, nor can any other Government borrow as cheaply. As Mr. HUBBARD and Mr. CHILDERS remarked, a considerable part of the revenue is not raised by taxation. A large apparent addition to the expenditure was made by Mr. GLADSTONE in the earlier part of his career by including on both sides of the account the cost of collecting the revenue, which amounts to six or seven millions. If the net revenue only were included in the accounts, and if the Post Office receipts and some other branches of revenue were excluded, the amount raised by general taxation would be found to fall short of 60,000,000*l.*, of which 28,000,000*l.* is annually required to meet the interest on the Debt. On the whole, the grievances of the taxpayer may be patiently borne by his representatives, as they are habitually endured by himself. Mr. CHILDERS gave unqualified approval to the most questionable part of Sir S. NORTHCOTE's Budget. If, he said, additional income was required, the best way of providing the necessary sum was to increase the percentage of the Income-tax. It may perhaps have been impossible, when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had ascertained the amount of his needs, to supply them by any method which would not have been open to grave objections; but it ought not to be forgotten that alterations in the rate of the Income-tax create anomalies which efface themselves when the tax is permanent and equable. The operation of adding a penny to the tax for the purpose of paying off a portion of the Debt can only be justified on the ground that it was necessary to vindicate the consistency both of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the House of Commons. If a part of the surplus of 1874 had been retained, the Income-tax need not have been increased. The debate on Mr. HUBBARD's motion disclosed a general agreement in the principle which was nevertheless rejected on the division. No speaker, with the remarkable exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, condemned the Income-tax, nor was there any serious opposition to the limit of 15*ol.* a year as substituted for 10*ol.* On the other hand, strong arguments were adduced against the reduced liability on incomes of 400*l.* a year. Mr. GLADSTONE calculated that, in the alarming contingency of an Income-tax of 2*s.* in the pound, the revenue would be diminished in consequence of the exemptions by no less than 10,000,000*l.* The question is evidently one of degree, and the deduction which is readjusted by Sir S. NORTHCOTE was first introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE. It was well that a protest should be entered against the further extension of a system which might be used for mischievous purposes by financiers who shared the opinions of Mr. RYLANDS.

THE KHEDEVE'S DECREE.

THE telegraph has conveyed a long and obscure account of the new machinery for regulating his very irregular finance which the KHEDEVE has invented in order to cheer the sinking souls of his creditors. If they are not to benefit by the device, it cannot be worth while to have framed so

complicated and laborious a scheme. Their object must be to know that whatever Egypt can afford to pay them shall really come into their hands. The elevation of the consolidated debt to a total of ninety-one millions was a crushing blow to them, and this decree is intended to be a compensating mitigation of their calamities. The KHEDEVE flays them with one hand, and plasters them with the other. He admits an unknown number of outsiders to share in the fund which they fondly hoped was reserved for their benefit; but he strives to convince them that what little is to come to them will not be stopped or squandered on the way. We must judge of such a scheme by the conditions under which it is framed. Its object is to do something without doing too much. The KHEDEVE has been obliged to declare himself insolvent, and he would perhaps have made considerable sacrifices and submitted to many unwelcome restrictions in order to avert a catastrophe which he felt to be humiliating. But no one would help him in any effectual way. He was obliged to own that he could not meet his engagements, and he thought that he could not do better than enter into an arrangement for the general treatment of his debts which should not be without its pleasant features for himself and the more pressing of his creditors. From this course of action he derived, not only some immediate financial comfort, but also the preservation of his own personal authority. He might be bankrupt, but he would be as much of a KHEDEVE as ever. Some change was, however, obviously necessary in his financial administration. His Ministers have been for some years profuse in budgets and estimates and figures of all sorts; and, if the simple system of drawing on imagination for financial facts would still have sufficed, no change need have been made. But, unfortunately, faith in Egyptian financial statements has gradually dwindled away, and a stern incredulity now greets those buoyant manifestoes for the production of which a few strokes of an inventor's pen used once to suffice. The parents of the new consolidated debt naturally wished that their offspring should not die as soon as it was born. It could be no gain to the KHEDEVE or his adroit friends to tack on a few odd millions to the debt unless the new debt commanded a fair price in the market. The use of bonds is to get other people to take them; and, unless the information supplied as to the mode in which the KHEDEVE disposed of his money had henceforth some degree of precision, purchasers for the new issue would be hard to find. The KHEDEVE has therefore offered to let a wondering world know exactly how much he gets in every year, and what becomes of it. But, on the other hand, the KHEDEVE, not having escaped bankruptcy, is not going to lose his supremacy. He is to remain the master of his own policy. He is not to transfer the government of Egypt into the hands of a Commission. He alone is to judge of the supreme necessities of his little State. His new decree has therefore been drawn up under the influence of counteracting aims. The bondholders are to have information, and to see that the revenue of the State is properly applied. The KHEDEVE is not to be lowered in his position, or fettered by the interference of foreigners. It is impossible that a scheme drawn up under such circumstances should not present many inconsistencies, that what one paragraph seems to establish another should not sweep away, or that positive regulations should not be made inoperative by sweeping reservations and exceptions. But it would be unjust to say that the security offered to bondholders is mere moonshine. They will know, with tolerable accuracy, what goes on in the regions of Egyptian finance, so long as no extraordinary causes of disturbance intervene. Had such a scheme been framed and worked with tolerable honesty for the last five years, the KHEDEVE would probably have escaped bankruptcy altogether.

The decree creates a Supreme Council of the Treasury, and sketches its constitution, its powers, and its duties. This Court is to consist of ten members—five foreigners and five natives—and of a President, whose nationality is left undetermined. It is to be divided into three sections. To the first section, consisting of three members, all foreigners, is entrusted the duty of superintending the receipt of revenue and its application to the proper purposes. The third section, consisting of three members, all natives, is to audit accounts. The second section, consisting of two foreigners and two natives, with the President, has functions of a still more important character. The Minister of Finance is to fix the Budget three months

before the close of each financial year, and the estimate is to be referred to the whole Council to see whether its members can suggest any improvement in its wording. This is a very humble task, and its narrow limits sufficiently show that the KHEDEVE intends to retain in his own hands the sole decision as to what money is to be spent and for what purposes. At the end of the year a statement is to be made showing how far the receipts and expenditure have tallied with the estimates of the Budget, and the Council is to receive a copy of this statement. This will inform the Council of the view which the Minister of Finance takes of his figures, but will do no more. But then, with regard to receipts and expenditure, the second section has important duties confided to it. It is in some vague way to watch over all receipts coming into the Treasury; and it has this control over all outgoings, that all orders for payment are to be submitted to it before being acted on, and, if found informal, or if found not to be in accordance with the provisions of the Budget, then the second section can stop their operations until a special order of the Privy Council declares them to be valid. This seems a device by no means deficient in ingenuity for reconciling the restraining power of a Council with the supremacy of the KHEDEVE. If the KHEDEVE wants to plunge into extraordinary expenditure he can do so, but then he must openly say, after express reference has been made to him, that this is his intention. This is the only part of the scheme, as transmitted by telegraph, which is easily intelligible. The nature and limits of the authority of the first section are almost hopelessly obscure. As it is to consist exclusively of foreigners, it might be supposed that it was created for the special protection of the bondholders. It seems intended to create a sphere of office tenanted by none but their friends, and expressions are used which may possibly imply that this section will be empowered to see that the revenues specially assigned for the payment of the bondholders are applied for this and no other purpose. But, again, expressions are used which suggest that, if any irregularity in the application of these assigned funds is detected, all that the first section can do is to get the second section to lay the matter before the Privy Council—that is, before the KHEDEVE—so that here again the check would be the same as that intended to restrain sudden and extraordinary expenditure. The KHEDEVE, if he meant to divert the assigned revenues, would have to say that he meant this. As the third section is to consist wholly of natives, and is to have the entire charge of auditing the accounts, the bondholders have no assurance that any obstacle will be placed in the way of those diversions of public money on the part of subordinate collectors by which no inconsiderable part of the revenue is supposed to be intercepted.

If this is really the basis of the scheme, as to which it is impossible to speak with confidence so long as the obscurity that overshadows a large part of the document is unremoved, then the gain to the bondholders may be said to be this. Revenue collected by natives and audited by natives will be paid into the Treasury. When it is there, so far as it forms part of the funds assigned to the bondholders, it will be held for them, unless the KHEDEVE expressly and deliberately orders otherwise. So far as it is part of the free income of the KHEDEVE, it will be paid in accordance with the Budget of the Minister of Finance, over which the new Council will have no other control than that of knowing, with more or less of exactitude, what it is that he says he is going to receive or has received, and what it is that he says he is going to spend or has spent. If expenditure is not according to the Budget, then the KHEDEVE will have expressly to declare that he accepts the responsibility, and orders it to be so. It must be allowed that something which they need not despise before it is tried is thus done for the bondholders. But everything will depend on how such a scheme is worked, and its working must depend on the character and standing of the foreign members of the Council. If the KHEDEVE respects them, if he feels that to lose their services, or to baffle or mislead them, or to see them condemned by official arts to inefficiency, would be a damaging blow to his credit and power, they may do considerable good. There are many abuses which they will not be able to prevent; but they cannot fail to know much more of the interior of Egyptian finance than has ever been known before, and the control afforded by the power of making the KHEDEVE expressly declare his intentions, if he is, for reasons, as he

thinks, of great necessity, departing from his engagements or incurring unexpected charges, is not a slight one, if wielded by men whom the KHEDEVE respects. The foreign members of the Council are to be appointed by the KHEDEVE, paid by him according to the bargain he makes with each, and subject to dismissal at his pleasure. It would be easy for him to find five foreigners who would accept precarious posts, slur over their work, and do no good at all. But to make transparently bad appointments in order to nullify his own scheme is not the kind of fault which the KHEDEVE is likely to commit. He has his faults and he has his merits, and it is one of his merits that on conspicuous occasions he likes to employ foreigners who are not merely dummies. A very good start has been made by persuading Signor SCIALOJA to be the first President. It is improbable that he will consent long to hold the office; but it is fortunate that a man of ability and character has consented to watch over the first beginnings of the new system. If the other foreign members are well chosen, and the native members are not very badly chosen, the Council may from the outset establish for itself a position which will enable it to make the apparently limited functions entrusted to it of real utility.

LORD SANDON'S EDUCATION BILL.

WE are only imitating the caution of the speakers who followed Lord SANDON in a rapid succession of short observations on Thursday evening if we decline to commit ourselves to any decided opinion upon the Education Bill. We may, however, confidently say that the introduction of this measure is a landmark in the history of English public opinion on educational questions. It has—at all events since 1870—been the easy commonplace of political controversy to insist that the Liberal and Conservative parties were intrinsically opposed to each other in this matter, and respectively represented willingness and unwillingness to provide some effective process for bringing elementary education home to the entire community. An ostensible justification no doubt existed for this assertion in the fact that the special machinery for carrying out compulsion created by Mr. FORSTER's Education Act was the detail which, in spite of the general applause with which that measure as a whole was received, was clearly not its favourite feature; while, in the years which have since elapsed, the popularity of School Boards has certainly not increased. The fortunes of war had emphatically thrown the Conservatives on the defensive at that time, and, in their then condition, to draw fine distinctions would have been nothing less than political suicide. Their policy was to criticize the details of Mr. FORSTER's Bill within its four corners, and leave the future to take care of itself. The Act of 1870 did not venture upon universal School Boards, neither did it venture upon universal compulsion; but it yoked compulsion and School Boards together, with an assurance which served to blind men to the artificial nature of the ligature. The zealots of the Birmingham League were not slow to avail themselves of this casual advantage, and in the hands of Mr. DIXON and his party School Board and compulsion not only became convertible terms, but were synonymous with war against the great voluntary and denominational system which had grown up at a vast outlay of personal labour and munificence all over the country.

In face, however, of this disadvantageous conjuncture, impartial bystanders were compelled to recognize the growth of a conviction within the Conservative lines that the secret of true educational policy was to be sought in some system of wide compulsion which need not involve the burdensome addition of School Boards. Lord SANDON's Bill is the overt proclamation of this principle, and it accordingly claims respectful consideration even from those who may feel misgivings upon details as to which the VICE-PRESIDENT, with all his clearness of exposition, was only able to give a cursory sketch. We are inclined to think that he did less than justice to his own plans by the carefulness with which he sought to distinguish between the power of "direct compulsion" which towns and parishes are hereafter to be allowed to place in the hands of their corporations or their guardians, and that compulsion which is to work itself all over the country by the stringency with which the educational pass is to be made the direct necessary antecedent of all profitable employment. Surely it is very nearly a play upon words to say that the latter kind of compulsion, with its in-

genious trap for dances, is not in its own way a very "direct" one, while, as Lord SANDON pointed out, it is undoubtedly free from the apparent meddlesomeness inherent in the employment of search officers. We do not pause to inquire whether, as a mere question of statistics, it will be equally efficient in bringing to school the whole residue of "wastrels"; for those who fight the question merely upon the battle-field of figures forget the very potent element of human nature, which ought pre-eminently to be respected in a period of transition from an old condition of happy-go-lucky to one of general tightening up. No matter how mechanically efficient you make a system, if you succeed at the same time in making it unpopular by your details, you are probably taking the most efficient course for securing the rapid decay of that efficiency. Now if there is one thing which—even more than being patronized by their betters in worldly means—our working classes are suspicious about, it is being hunted up. We do not justify the suspicion, while we recognize its existence; but we must observe that hunting up—however needful and however tactically carried out—is, after all, the essence of what we venture to call decidedly "direct compulsion." In matters of health police, such as—in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE—vaccination, the State must inexorably hunt up; but the process becomes very delicate within the moral sphere. As Lord SANDON proposes, any locality which chooses to put itself under this kind of compulsion may do so *mero motu*, and must then swallow the results, while his Bill is framed to make the process as easy as possible; but for the rest of the country we are not sorry that the directness of the compulsion will continue to be—at all events until the experiment has been fairly tried—a self-working one. Although Mr. MUNDELLA failed to see it, the risk to our national self-reliance in a system which would be after all one of universal police agency is at least sufficiently plausible to counsel caution. The point at which it may be weakest is that of girls in agricultural districts who may be looking, not to work either in the fields or the factories, but to domestic service, with its laxer relations between employer and employed, and we shall watch with curiosity to see if any special provisions are made to meet their case. Such provisions must be necessarily somewhat inquisitorial, but they cannot be more inquisitorial than those inherent in the more extreme form of direct compulsion.

Mr. FORSTER legitimately discharged his duty as critic of the Opposition when he foresaw difficulties in Lord SANDON's suggestion, founded on a provision of the Act of 1870, to give exceptional help to the schools in places which were so poor that a threepenny rate would not represent six shillings per child. This is no doubt a deflection, so far as it goes, from ideal symmetry; but, as ideal symmetry has happily never been the rule in England, we may afford to consider the proposal in its practical bearings. It is obviously intended to do something towards redressing the illegitimate advantages which the new rate-supported institutions, with their wide powers of compulsory taxation, enjoy over the older and widespread system of voluntary schools—created, and in great part sustained, by immense efforts of spontaneous munificence—without which England would have remained an uneducated country. Lord SANDON no doubt offered the decorous explanation that the poor Board school would, if it made out its case, participate in the same privilege. Consistency required no less from him, but the independent supporters of the proposal had better rely upon less merely ostensible arguments. The stringency with which the Act of 1870 has—we must conclude against the wishes of its authors—pressed upon voluntary schools is a matter of notoriety. There can be therefore no motive for mystification about a suggestion which proposes to redress the existing inequality without creating a contrary injustice to the prejudice of schools set up by the Boards. We cannot see that Lord SANDON's plan runs this risk, and we are therefore ready, without committing ourselves to any details, to give it favourable consideration.

The vehemence with which Mr. READ and Mr. STORER denounced the supposed interference of the ten years' limit with the needs of the farmer at least shows that this branch of the discussion will not be glossed over; so we hold ourselves exonerated from entering upon it at this moment. But we must note that, while the rhetoric of those members amounted to the virtual assertion that the Government Bill would make all employment of childish

labour at an emergency impossible, Lord SANDON had particularly called attention to provisions for excepting the seasons at which the principal crops are harvested.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

M. RICARD'S death would have been a more serious blow to M. DUFAYRE'S Cabinet if the political intimacy existing between the late MINISTER of the INTERIOR and his UNDER-SECRETARY had not made M. DE MARCÈRE's succession a natural event. A serious effort seems to have been made to induce Marshal MACMAHON to replace M. RICARD by a Minister of less pronounced Republican views. The precise constitutional position alike of the PRESIDENT and of the Cabinet is still unascertained. In theory Marshal MACMAHON has no more to do with the appointment of Ministers than the Queen of ENGLAND has, but in practice he has hitherto exercised very much larger powers. Circumstances had marked out M. DUFAYRE as the Minister best fitted to meet the new Chamber of Deputies, and M. DUFAYRE was not likely to give a seat in his Cabinet to any one whom the MARSHAL would dislike. But M. RICARD had come more prominently forward on the Republican side since his appointment than he had done before, and when he was suddenly taken away the old Conservative party doubtless hoped that Marshal MACMAHON might have been frightened by the recent administration of the Interior, and might insist upon the new Minister being taken from the Conservative wing of the Cabinet. Had he done so, M. DUFAYRE'S position would have become exceedingly difficult. To resist the MARSHAL might have been to provoke him to try the experiment of constructing a Cabinet more after his own taste, thereby throwing the whole Republican party into opposition and renewing the intrigues which were so rife in the late Assembly. Yet to yield to him would have been no less dangerous. The existing Ministry is essentially a coalition Ministry, and M. RICARD was the acknowledged representative of one-half of the coalition. M. DUFAYRE might easily have found a colleague who would have been more in accord with his own views than M. RICARD, but then the Ministry would have become a purely DUFAYRE Ministry, and, as such, would not have commanded the confidence of the Chamber of Deputies. The conflict between the Executive and the Legislature, which would have been imminent had M. DUFAYRE refused to name a Minister such as the MARSHAL would accept, would thus have been equally imminent if he had consented to name one. It is easy to see how those possibilities must have excited the politicians who had once so much weight in Marshal MACMAHON'S counsels. The Duke of BRÉGLIE and M. BUFFET have for the present retired from public life, but there is no reason to suppose that they have ceased to interest themselves in politics. With the existing Chamber of Deputies they cannot hope to do anything; but if the MARSHAL could once be brought to quarrel with his Republican Ministers, and to carry on the government by a Cabinet composed without reference to Parliamentary considerations, there would still be a chance for them. It is a difficult matter for French politicians to convince themselves that the influence of the Administration in the elections has really come to an end, and though M. BUFFET cannot resist the evidence of this fact supplied by the composition of the present Chamber, he probably thinks that the change was accidental rather than permanent, and that if he were once more in office, more consistent administrative pressure might produce better electoral results. There is this much of reason in this notion that, if Marshal MACMAHON were governing in direct defiance of a majority in the Chamber, many of the electors might feel that they had to make their choice between the Executive, as the representative of order and public tranquillity, and the Legislature, as the representative of confusion and social weakness. If the case were thus presented, their new-born zeal for constitutional and Parliamentary privileges might not stand the trial.

Fortunately for France the plot, if plot there was, has completely failed. Marshal MACMAHON has accepted M. DE MARCÈRE with a frankness and loyalty which does honour to his political sagacity. To M. RICARD he had in a measure grown accustomed, and to a man of the MARSHAL'S temperament familiarity is probably an important element in liking. He is supposed to be exceedingly unwilling to differ from a Minister to whom he has once given his con-

fidence, and the hostility of the Extreme Left to M. RICARD's dealings with the prefects had perhaps made him additionally in favour with the MARSHAL. But when it came to choosing a successor to M. RICARD, it would not have been strange if Marshal MACMAHON had hesitated as to persevering in the course to which M. RICARD had gradually committed him. M. RICARD's policy was now suddenly dissociated from M. RICARD, and the MARSHAL was asked to accept the policy on its own merits. There was besides the fact that this policy had proved to be more decisively Republican than it had promised to be when the Ministry took office. There was a special element in its Republicanism which might very well have been distasteful to the MARSHAL. M. RICARD thoroughly understood that the Republic has only one enemy worthy of serious fear, and none of his Ministerial acts and speeches had been characterized by so much energy and resolution as his opposition to the Imperialists. To assail a Bonapartist in the Chamber was a real pleasure to him, and of all the many passages of arms they have had with the Republicans none perhaps gave the Bonapartists more annoyance than M. RICARD's contemptuous distinction between a party which has been deposed and a party which has still the power of abdicating. Now, though Marshal MACMAHON is not an Imperialist, he has been a soldier of the Empire, and though he has from the first acquiesced in the establishment of the Republic, and has never shown the least disposition to intrigue on behalf of NAPOLEON IV., he may still feel that attacks directed against the Empire are to some extent aimed at those who served under it, as well as against those who are labouring to restore it. When Marshal MACMAHON steadily put all these considerations aside and accepted M. DE MARCÈRE as Minister of the Interior, he made the greatest concession to constitutional principles that has yet been demanded of him. The result is that M. RICARD's death, which seemed at first to be fraught with so much danger to the Republican character of the Ministry, has brought its Republican character into fresh prominence. The fear of having a successor to M. RICARD who would virtually reverse his policy has led the Left to welcome M. DE MARCÈRE's accession to power with a degree of enthusiasm which they have not previously displayed towards the Cabinet. M. DE MARCÈRE enters office with all the credit derived from the Circulars to the prefects, of which he appears to have been the real author, and without any of the unpopularity which M. RICARD had drawn upon himself by the alleged imperfection of his measures for reconstructing his staff in the departments.

The only matter which has occupied the Chamber of Deputies since the recess has been the several proposals made by the Left for an amnesty to the condemned Communists. The real motive of this demand was perhaps to commit M. GAMBETTA either to a quarrel with the extreme Republicans, or to an association with them which would dispose of his pretensions to the leadership of the Moderate Republicans. That any practical result could be expected from the proposal seems impossible. Even M. RASPAIL would probably admit, if he spoke truly, that the concession of an amnesty to the Communists would involve the overthrow of the Republican Government. It is almost certain that, if the peasantry and the middle classes knew that France was full of released Communists, and that these released Communists had been dealt with, not by a series of individual pardons granted as a reward of good behaviour since conviction, and with some ground for believing that they would not offend in like manner again, but by a comprehensive amnesty, which simply wipes out the past, and asks no proof from the objects of it that they have either modified their opinions or repented of the mode in which they gave effect to them, the conclusion drawn would be that the Republican Government either secretly sympathized with the Commune or felt too weak to dispense with the support of Communists. Either of these inferences would be fatal to the existing order of things. Republics have been credited with many virtues, but in France they have not of late years had the reputation of strength. The reconquest of Paris from the Commune did at least prove that a Republic could be as determined and even as cruel in putting down revolution as the oldest monarchy in the world. M. DUBAURE's speech on Thursday showed that the Government has lost none of the resolution which characterized it five years ago. As regards the Communists now in the hands of the authorities, he asked the Chamber to leave it to the PRESIDENT and his Ministers to determine which of the prisoners can be justly par-

doned, and which must, either from the nature of their offences or from their own obstinacy in denying that they have offended, be refused pardon. If the Chamber has not confidence in the choice of the Ministry, let it find Ministers in whom it has more confidence. As regards the Communists who have escaped, and who, living abroad, employ their activity in exciting hatred against their country, or in predicting the reprisals which they one day hope to execute, they accord no amnesty to France, and France can accord none to them. M. DUBAURE seems to have caught the temper of the Chamber, and to have made precisely the speech which was most certain to please it.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SPAIN.

THE debate in the Spanish Cortes on religious toleration has ended in the adoption, by an overwhelming majority, of the formula proposed by the Ministers. Protestants and other nonconformists are by the letter of the law to enjoy freedom of worship, but they are prohibited from the celebration of religious rites in public. If the law is construed in its natural and obvious sense, the nonconformists have little reason for dissatisfaction. Protestants have no need of processions in the streets, and it may be presumed that prayers and sermons in their own chapels are not included in the prohibition of publicity. Difficulty is most likely to occur at funerals, which are necessarily conducted out of doors, but probably the law which may be ultimately adopted will provide for ordinary and unavoidable contingencies. It seems to be understood on all hands that the fragment of religious liberty which is conceded by law will depend for its reality on the spirit in which the law may be administered. Local functionaries will for the most part be indulgent or troublesome as they may think that liberality or intolerance is for the time in favour at Madrid. The present chief Minister, though he has often shown anxiety to conciliate the clergy, is not personally a bigot. Though his speech in the debate disappointed those who are in favour of religious liberty, his motives for avoiding a rupture with the extreme Conservatives were evidently political and not sectarian. Excessive caution induced CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO at the commencement of the KING's reign to make imprudent promises to the NUNCIO; but some months afterwards he preferred temporary retirement from office to the redemption of his pledges. During the late discussion the Ministers have steadily adhered to the limited form of toleration which they had previously sanctioned; and they have undertaken that the concession shall not be unduly limited by a harsh and narrow administration. The question of religious liberty in Spain concerns a small part of the native population, and probably English and American residents will not be habitually molested. It is said that the Spanish Protestants number about four thousand, after thirty years of zealous proselytism, aided by a profuse distribution of Bibles. Except at the first beginning of the Reformation Protestant opinions and tendencies have found little acceptance in Spain. There, as in other Catholic countries, the clergy connive at the indifference of the educated laity to doctrines and practices which are successfully inculcated on a portion of the peasantry and on the women of all classes.

The interest of the discussion in the Cortes depended principally on the extravagant and yet logical demands of the Moderates, or ultra-Conservative party. With the exception of the POPE's little territory on the right bank of the Tiber, Spain is now the only country in which the pretensions of the Roman Church are openly avowed. French prelates affect to found their claims to control education on their zeal for equal liberty of teaching, which is, as they plaintively contend, infringed by the more or less qualified monopoly of the State. In Germany the Catholic hierarchy assumes with some show of reason the attitude of a victim of persecution; and in England, Ireland, and the United States the organs of the Church profess to be the most earnest advocates of religious equality. French and English prelates probably regard with envious sympathy the happier condition of Spain. It is true that heresy is not summarily and finally suppressed by the secular arm; but Protestantism at most enjoys a contemptuous and limited toleration, which is conceded after a protest from orators who have great influence with the dominant party. The demand for religious unity in Spain would scarcely be attributed by Mr. GLADSTONE himself to the newfangled dogmas of the

Vatican Council. Down to the beginning of the present century the Spaniards were proud of the results of the Inquisition; and even in later times they have never heartily adopted modern notions of religious equality. The Concordat which was concluded by the pious GONZALEZ BRAVO four-and-twenty years ago admitted nearly all the pretensions of the Holy See. It was not until the dethronement of ISABELLA that heterodox forms of worship were nominally permitted; and, as soon as the anarchy of the short-lived Republic was at an end, the party which became dominant sought the alliance of the clergy. CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and his colleagues do the Catholic Church good service in repressing the excessive zeal of their own Moderate supporters, while they professedly adhere to the Concordat. It cannot be the interest of any party to identify itself with a policy which is condemned by the opinion of the civilized world.

As the English papers have not thought it worth while to publish detailed reports of the debate in the Cortes, the arguments on both sides can only be conjecturally known. In substance the extreme party must have contended that, if religious dissidence was an evil to be discountenanced, it ought to be effectually suppressed. The Ministers and their more reasonable supporters probably demonstrated the imprudence of furnishing the adversaries of royalty and order with a plausible grievance. Señor CASTELAR had no difficulty in delivering an eloquent exposition of the rights of man, including freedom of conscience; but in an assembly which is proud of its orthodoxy the arguments of professed free-thinkers exercise little influence. It may be assumed that a brilliant exposition of first principles and general propositions suits the taste of a Spanish Cortes, though it would jar on the taste of an English House of Commons. The Moderates, like all thoroughgoing partisans, had had much to say for themselves, and in exposure of the inconsistency of their adversaries. Persecution has never been successful except when it was severe and uncompromising. If the consequences of intolerant doctrines are shocking and repulsive, the so-called falsehood of extremes is but an enlargement into visible dimensions of premisses which are originally false. It is impossible to reduce a sound proposition to an absurdity. The majority of the Cortes recognized the right of the Catholic Church to supremacy, but not to exclusive existence. The opponents of all toleration carried the same principles farther. A hundred years ago the Roman Catholic Church in England and Ireland was subjected to not less stringent disabilities; but Protestant intolerance had some excuse in the earlier connexion between religious and political contests. The few Protestants in Spain have not been accused of disaffection, having indeed never been numerous enough to attain political importance. The Republicans, from whom danger may sooner or later be apprehended, have no sympathy with Protestantism. It is doubtful whether any kind of reformed faith would flourish in Spain even if the most ample license were extended to nonconformists. In the sixteenth century the removal of a certain number of accretions from the prevailing creed left behind it the doctrines and organizations which are known by the common name of Protestantism. No such nucleus is to be found at the centre of the modern Roman Catholic system. The Spanish Protestants have derived their opinions from external sources, and principally from the teaching of foreign missionaries.

The popular belief in the profound sagacity of Jesuits and others who direct the machinery of the Romish Church has been rudely disturbed by the successive alienation of almost all Catholic Governments from their former allegiance to the Holy See. Two or three years ago, while Spain was in temporary revolt, the Pope piteously declared that an insignificant Republic in South America was the only State in the world which retained its pristine fidelity to the Church. The adventurer who then ruled over New Granada has since been assassinated; but, by unexpected good fortune, Spain has voluntarily returned to the sacred fold. It might have been supposed that the policy pursued towards a repentant population would be considered with some degree of reference to the interests of the Church in other parts of the world. An English Cardinal would cultivate popularity at public meetings or charitable committees with more effect if the Nuncio at Madrid were not incessantly demanding the forcible suppression of the Protestant heresy. It is easy to understand a wish to reduce England, France, and Germany to the condition of Spain; but the object is not likely to be attained by giving practical

proof that the opponents of Papal aggression are justified in their apprehensions. Where outward uniformity of faith is, as in Spain, almost universally established, it seems scarcely worth while to call attention to the jealousy which may be naturally felt by the clergy on account of the establishment of a few insignificant dissenting communities. If the Nuncio had been instructed to affect indifference to the moderate toleration proposed by the Spanish Minister, the representatives of Rome in other countries might have boasted of the liberal policy of the Church. The Syllabus indeed theoretically condemns both toleration and popular government; but the Holy See might have derived credit from a practical demonstration of its power and willingness to explain away its own more obnoxious doctrines. One result of the debate on religious toleration was to show how effectually the Cortes had been packed. There had been some reason to fear that the Moderates might prove troublesome; but in the end the opponents of the Government were left in a small minority.

LAW AND LIQUOR.

IT would be interesting to inquire, if there were any means of ascertaining the facts, upon what sort of evidence the alleged unanimity of the Irish people in wishing to see public-houses shut on Sundays really rests. Experience has proved that upon no question is the popular feeling more likely to be misunderstood. Where the clergy actively support a proposed change, and where a certain number of benevolent gentry are disposed to take the same view, it is not at all difficult to get together a very formidable array of petitions. Those who sign them probably do so with no idea that the prayer which they present to Parliament is at all likely to be granted; and when the danger of signing seems slight and distant in comparison with the danger of offending a neighbour who may some day have the power to do them a good turn, the chances are very much against a refusal. Serious opposition to a measure of this kind has an inconvenient habit of not showing itself until the mischief is done. It is certain that the zeal of the House of Commons for Irish sobriety would very soon grow cool if the news came that several public-houses had been wrecked on the previous Sunday, and that troops had been sent off in all directions to prevent the process from being repeated on a larger scale on the following Sunday. It would at once be discovered that, as the only motive for passing the Bill had been the belief that it was supported by the whole population of Ireland, and as subsequent events had plainly shown that an influential minority, at all events, would not have supported it, even by their silence, if they had understood what was going to happen, the best course to take would be to repeal the Act, and then to refer the whole subject to a Royal Commission. Yet the belief that the closing of public-houses on the Sunday is universally desired in Ireland rests on grounds which, poor as they may be, are irrefutable compared with the grounds on which the belief that such a measure would stop drunkenness rests. We have pointed out before now that this expectation would necessarily be disappointed by the keeping qualities of whisky. However much the noble spirit may have been injured by the addition of an inferior liquor from Scotland, it is not yet so bad that it will not remain good from Saturday night to Monday morning. It would take a week or two to convince people that there was no longer any possibility of entering a public-house between those limits, and during that interval sober Sundays might be more common. But as soon as the necessity of taking thought for the morrow has been mastered, the most careless Irishman will understand that his enjoyment on the Sunday will depend on his laying in a store of liquor on the Saturday. The whisky-bottle will become a still more permanent servant than it is already, and when once it has taken root in a household it is a familiar hard to be dislodged.

We are not careful, however, to go into the question how far the feeling of Irishmen is in favour of Mr. SMYTH'S Resolution, because we are not prepared to support it, even if the advocacy of it were virtually unanimous. The compulsory closing of public-houses for twenty-four hours in every week is not a reform to be played with. Either it is right to make the good of the drunkard the measure of the sober man's liberty, or it is not. If it is right, why do we not begin the process in this country? It may be that the opposition likely to be aroused by compulsory closing on Sundays in England would prevent the immediate

passing of such a Bill; but why do we not begin to prepare the way for it? The answer is, that Sunday is the working-man's chief holiday, that it is the day when he sees his friends, and gets out into the country, or into the more open streets, and that consequently it is the day when he most wants to drink a glass or two of beer from time to time. Sunday is often a dull day even to rich men; but if we imagine what it would be to a well-to-do Londoner if his club were shut up, if his friends were all out of town, and if the key of the cellar had been lost, we shall get some idea of what it would be to a poor man if there were no public-houses open. Mr. SMYTH proposes that we should lay the sober population of Ireland under this disability, on the chance that a certain minority which gets drunk whenever it has a chance may learn self-control by being habitually kept out of temptation. There is nothing so specially interesting about Irish drunkards as to tempt us to throw overboard in their favour principles which we still think it right to maintain in the case of English drunkards. Drunkenness causes so much crime and so much poverty that, if only the drunkards were to be thought of, we might be glad enough to see public-houses closed in England as well as in Ireland, and on weekdays as well as on Sundays. But it is essential to remember that they serve other purposes in the social economy of the poor than that of enabling a man to fuddle away his senses in the shortest possible time. So long as these other purposes are served in no other way, the closing of public-houses is a point on which sober men have more claim to be listened to than drunkards; and if this is admitted, the question is not disposed of by the statement that a majority of the Irish people are in favour of Mr. SMYTH's proposal. There must be a very much nearer approach to unanimity than this before a case has been made out for the closing of public-houses on Sundays in Ireland; and if once the whole population, sober and drunken alike, should come to this conclusion, the aid of Parliament will hardly be required to give effect to it.

The latest nostrum for the cure of drunkenness in England was discussed on Wednesday. Mr. COWEN asked the House of Commons to give a second reading to a Bill transferring the jurisdiction in licensing cases to a special Board elected by the ratepayers, and exercising all the powers as regards the granting or withholding licenses which are now exercised by the justices of the peace. Mr. COWEN must have extraordinary confidence in the sober dispositions of the people of England, or he would never have proposed to leave such a question as this to the decision of household suffrage. We are almost driven to think that he must have cherished a secret design of driving Parliament to prohibit the liquor traffic altogether rather than endure the scandals which would certainly grow up in connexion with such contests as those contemplated by this Bill. Every three years the publicans throughout England and Wales would know that their interests depended on the result of the election to the Licensing Board, and they would move heaven and earth to secure the return of representatives like-minded with themselves. In certain districts no doubt, where the organization of abstainers is complete, and their numbers are large, a victory would be gained for the cause of prohibition. A Licensing Board would be elected as consistent in its opposition to the liquor trade as the Birmingham School Board is to Denominational education. But the example would only serve as a warning in other parts of the country; and even in the district in which it was originally set it would have to hold its own against constant, and probably successful, attempts to reverse the decision of the ratepayers. The tribunal created by this Bill would never be better than the Licensing Justices, while it would in most cases be very much worse. Where it did not embody the principle of fanatical opposition or of interested deference to the publicans, it would consist of men unable to get elected to more important local Boards and glad to profit by the dislike which those whose time is already fully occupied with local business would feel to being members of a new and distinct body. While the country was startled by the violence of abstainers in one district, and shocked by the truculence of the publicans in another, the great mass of the licensing business would be transferred to men of lower social position and inferior social influence than those in whose hands it now is. It is hard to see how a powerful trade interest is likely to be kept under stricter control by such a change as this.

THE BURIALS QUESTION.

THE debate on Lord GRANVILLE's motion with regard to the law of burial may be taken as a fair representation of public opinion on the subject. There is a general desire to do all that can fairly be done to meet any real grievance which can be shown to exist, and to put an end to a painful and unseemly controversy which jars on every one; but at the same time there is a difficulty in bringing the question into a form that admits of friendly compromise. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY expressed a confident opinion that, if people would only set their minds to the determined purpose of settling the question, it would be settled; but the result of his own cogitations in this direction is hardly encouraging. In the course of a series of remarks in which he ingeniously contrived to say something that could scarcely fail to be unpleasant to every party in turn, he ended by a proposal to settle the question by practically surrendering the rights of the Church without appeasing the hostility of the Nonconformists, or removing the pretences on which the present hollow and artificial agitation is based. No logical distinction can be drawn between hymns and prayers; for whatever might be said in the latter case might be just as easily sung in the former, and the only effect of restricting the Nonconformists to hymns would be to enable them to argue that their rights were acknowledged in principle, but wantonly and capriciously curtailed in practice. Nothing can be more idle, and indeed mischievous, than a form of settlement which really settles nothing, and leaves the controversy open as before. The truth is that what the main body of those who support this agitation want is not so much anything for themselves as an opportunity of doing something to humiliate the Church. Of course no one doubts the sincerity of such men as Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SELBORNE when they protest that nothing is further from their thoughts than the idea of doing any harm to the Church of England; and, if they were the only parties to an arrangement with the Church, it might easily be made. It must be remembered, however, that behind their backs are ranged a very different set of people, who hold very different views. It is idle, after the distinct and repeated declarations of the Liberation Society, to pretend that, as far as that body is concerned, the question is confined within the narrow limits which Lord GRANVILLE assigns to it. At the meeting of the Society at Birmingham the other day, at which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose aims are well known, presided, Dr. LANDELS, the chief orator of the occasion, boldly proclaimed that the Burials cry was important to his party only as "a step nearer to the ultimate goal." "There will then," he said, "be not much between us and the citadel. Having taken possession of all the out-works, the fortress itself will soon fall into our hands; for we do not conceal the fact that this is our final aim, and that we cannot rest satisfied until that aim has been realized." We see no necessity for accepting Dr. LANDELS's fatalistic view of the future of a Church which was perhaps never so strong, energetic, and successful in its highest work as at present; nor can we admit that the right of getting into the churches should necessarily follow from getting into the churchyards. But it is at least clear that the demands now made are only part of a general assault on the existence of the Establishment; and, under such circumstances, the warmth of feeling on the part of the besieged is certainly not surprising.

It is obvious, indeed, that there can be no chance of an agreement until it is distinctly recognized that, as Lord SALISBURY said, there are two sets of grievances to be balanced. On the one hand, something may be done for the Nonconformists; but, on the other hand, the supporters of the Church have a right to stipulate for securities against that logical development of the present agitation which Dr. LANDELS so gleefully anticipates. As long as the question rests on its present footing, fresh bitterness will continue to be infused into the contest; unreasonable things on one side will provoke unreasonable things on the other, and nothing will be done. Every one will agree with the maxim quoted by Lord COLERIDGE that magnanimity is in politics often the truest wisdom; but the lesson requires to be enforced at least as much without the Church as within it. In itself the burials question is a comparatively simple one, and might be disposed of without much trouble; it is the ulterior objects with which it is associated that constitute the difficulty. It was hoped, no doubt, that the vagueness of a Resolution would attract general support, but it is evident that Lord GRANVILLE made a mistake in not reducing

his proposal to the precision of a Bill, for even the speakers on his own side took care to separate themselves from him on this point. The fact is that a Resolution in such a case was a mere waste of time, since, even if it had been carried, a Bill would still have had to be produced before the proposed plan could be clearly understood. It may be desirable, as the first part of the Resolution set forth, that facilities should be given for the interment of the dead without the use of the Burial Service of the Church of England, when this is desired; but when the second part goes on to propose throwing open the churchyards to "such Christian and orderly religious services" as may seem fit to the relatives and friends, it is necessary to know what authority is to interpret this rule, and what arrangements are to be made for enforcing it.

When the subject is regarded in its matter-of-fact aspects, it is at once seen how unjustifiable it would be to make a sweeping change in order to provide for a small and temporary difficulty. Lord GRANVILLE chose to assume that the existing arrangements are a serious grievance to the whole body of Dissenters; but, in point of fact, it is only a very small fraction of them which, on any supposition, is directly affected. This was shown very conclusively by the HOME SECRETARY in the House of Commons, and the Duke of RICHMOND repeated the facts on Monday night. In all the more populous districts cemeteries have been, or are in course of being, provided; and where there are cemeteries, Dissenters can have their own way without interfering with other people. It is only in rural sparsely populated places that the churchyard is the only burial-ground; and there is no reason to believe that this is found particularly oppressive by the Nonconformists immediately concerned. Lord SELBORNE stated very truly that, though there may be much occasional nonconformity and much preference for irregular over regular ministrations in rural parishes, there is little, if any, real alienation from the Church or its services. The people, whatever may be their tastes as to preaching, like to be married and buried according to the cherished traditional forms; and indeed it is found that, even in the great centres of nonconformity, where there is a choice of consecrated and unconsecrated ground, the former is deliberately preferred by a large proportion of the body. Under these circumstances, with the old churchyards being gradually closed up, and cemeteries being opened, whatever grievance in this respect may have hitherto existed is gradually reduced by a steady automatic process which in course of time will remove it altogether. The actual state of things therefore may be said to be this—that the outcry against the present system comes chiefly, if not exclusively, from those who themselves are not directly touched by it in any way, and who merely complain vicariously on behalf of others, while most of these others are apparently unconscious of the supposed injury which is done to them, and are quite content to submit to it. All that is wanted, therefore, is to make provision in these exceptional cases for a separate piece of ground if it should be wanted, or for opening the churchyard to funerals without the regular service if it is objected to. These are, in fact, the whole dimensions of the only real grievance which exists, and which must not be confounded with the purely imaginary injuries that are conjured up for the gratification of sectarian vanity and malice. There could hardly be a stronger proof of the hypocrisy of the cry, and the reckless perversion of notorious facts with which it is carried on, than the excuse which the *Times* puts forth for the change in the conduct of the political Dissenters. Formerly, it is known, they professed to regard the Church and everything connected with it as an abomination, and to be anxious to get out of its way as much as possible. They were afraid even of the shadow of the steeple. Now they cannot nestle near enough the Church, and dream of getting inside. But this feverish passion for burial in ground "hallowed by sacred" and "ancestral memories" is not, as the *Times* pretends, an outbreak of dormant grievances, but a repudiation of old Nonconformist principles and ideas. When some distinct practical proposal for satisfying the Nonconformists without infringing the natural rights of the Church, or jeopardizing public order and decency, is propounded, it will be time enough to give it consideration. The Government has once more pledged itself to deal with the subject, and there can be no doubt that it can do so more advantageously than any one else. It may be regretted that the ecclesiastical dignitaries to whom the official defence of the Church is entrusted should apparently be more concerned

in keeping up the forms of empty State than the reality of a distinctive Church; but it is to be hoped that the Government and Parliament will clearly understand that, while it is desirable to grant Dissenters the greatest possible amount of freedom for themselves, it is necessary to guard against those encroachments on their part on the freedom of others which have of late been so plainly and menacingly proclaimed.

SPENSER IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

APPRECIATION of Spenser, it is often said, is the best test of true poetical feeling. He is the "poets' poet"; his great poem is the pure essence of imagination, delighting in its own exercise, and therefore delightful to others. Moreover, it has generally been held of late years that the eighteenth century was a kind of poetical interregnum. Pope, according to the followers of Wordsworth or Shelley, was merely a writer of brilliant prose in rhyme. Therefore, it follows, people in the eighteenth century could not appreciate Spenser. Men who worshipped Pope must have had their instincts numbed. To this *a priori* argument it is added that, as a matter of fact, the critics of that period spoke with habitual contempt of this most admirable poet. Southey, for example, in the *Life of Cowper* gives as the sentiment of the official critics of the day that, "if the tiresome uniformity of Spenser's measure did not render the *Faerie Queen* insupportable, that poem would be laid aside in disgust as soon as it was taken up, because of the filthy images and loathsome allegories with which it abounds." And Southey is merely expressing the orthodox view of the Lake school and their admirers.

We do not deny that this statement contains a measure of truth. The critic must have a very catholic taste who can do justice at once to Pope and to Spenser; and most critics of the last century accepted the canons of taste embodied in Pope's poetry. Still it may be interesting to note some of the exceptions to this general rule; for it may possibly appear that, here as in some other cases, we are too ready to call our grandfathers fools. In our hasty classification we mark whole generations with a convenient label, and forget that a hundred years ago there were a good many people alive who had presumably many different standards of taste. Southey was possibly thinking of one of Johnson's *Ramblers*. Johnson admits in that paper that allegory is permissible, which, as he was much given to allegories after a fashion of his own, is no great concession. But he speaks strongly of the "tiresome" nature of Spenser's stanza, and objects to his obsolete diction. "Perhaps," he characteristically concludes, "the style of Spenser might by long labour be justly copied; but life is surely given to us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has been forgotten." The paper proves, however, whatever it may prove as to Johnson's poetical taste, that Spenser was then (1751) being frequently imitated; for it is expressly directed against the practice of such imitations, "which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age."

That Spenser was enjoyed by a great many readers may be proved by some remarkable instances. We are told, for example, by Warton in his *Essay on Pope*, that Lord Somers was passionately fond of the *Faerie Queen*, and desired to be painted in his last portrait by Kneller with a copy of Spenser in his hand. Other statesmen followed his example. The great Chatham is said to have read only one book—namely, the *Faerie Queen*—and to have been always reading it. The statement is not to be taken too literally; for, according to Lord Monboddo of ourang-outang celebrity, Chatham once said in the House of Lords that the most instructive book he had ever read was Plutarch's *Lives*. If a man's library were to be confined to two books, this would not be a bad selection. Spenser, again, was one of the favourite poets of Burke, who refers to him and quotes him with evident affection in the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*. Charles Fox, too, is reported to have been exceedingly fond of reading Spenser. These four eminent statesmen and orators, all of whom lived in the dark ages of poetry, form a satisfactory catena of authority to prove that Spenser was at least not forgotten by what may be called the literary laity. We should fear that it would not be easy to make out a similar list in our own day from equally prominent members of Parliament.

Turning from the statesmen to the recognized leaders of criticism, we naturally look to Addison and Steele. Addison gave laws, through his "little senate," to all who aspired to have a taste in the beginning of the century. The criticisms on Milton in the *Spectator* undoubtedly did much to spread a general conviction of the greatness of the noblest of English poets. But Addison, it must be confessed, did not appreciate the merits of the earlier poet whom Milton, according to Dryden, confessed to be "his original." He speaks with patronizing contempt of "old Spenser's" vagaries; and seems to think that the *Faerie Queen* will not bear inspection:—

But now, the mystic tale that pleased of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.

This is rather an unkind hit from the author of the *Vision of*

Mirza. Steele, however, was a writer who, with less delicacy of perception than Addison, had a more genial and catholic taste; and Steele was evidently a lover of Spenser. A paper in the *Tatler* (July 6, 1710) gives an account of the plan of the tenth canto of the fourth book of the *Faerie Queen*, which shows enthusiasm, if it contains little critical analysis; and in the *Spectator* (Nov. 19, 1712), Steele, after a compliment to Addison's papers on Milton, says: "You will lose much of my kind inclination towards you if you do not attempt the encomium of Spenser also, or at least indulge my passion for that charming author so far as to print the loose hints I now give you on that subject." The "loose hints" are little more than a sketch of Spenser's plan, but are sufficiently indicative of warm admiration.

Steele was not the only writer to protest against Addison in favour of Spenser. M. Taine says of Pope that his favourite amongst English poets was Dryden, "the least inspired and the most classical" of our poets. The remark, like many others of M. Taine's sayings about Pope, gives only a part of the truth, if it be not entirely unjust. Pope said that he had learnt his versification from Dryden—a fact which, in a certain sense, is tolerably obvious. But his favourite poets, until he was twelve years old, were Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, in the order named. To Spenser he was persistently attached. He says that Addison's character of Spenser is false, and that Addison confessed to having never read Spenser until fifteen years after writing it. He had himself read Spenser "with infinite delight" in his childhood; and a reperusal in later years gave him equal pleasure. Pope, in fact, was extremely well read in our earlier poets, as appears by some of his thefts; and his taste was sounder than his practice might suggest. We may quote one other remark of his about Spenser. He had just been reading a canto of the *Faerie Queen*, as he told Spence, to an old lady (probably his mother), and she said that he had been showing her "a gallery of pictures." "She said very right," he adds; and indeed the criticism is good, though it may not be very abstruse.

If we come to the next generation, Horace Walpole calls Spenser "a true poet," as might be expected from the author of the *Castle of Otranto*; though, as might be expected from the author of the Letters, he is a good deal bored by the tedious prolixities of the *Faerie Queen*. More serious critics, Jortin, Hurd, and Thomas Warton, wrote upon Spenser in such a manner as to indicate careful study of his writings. Their judgment would not quite satisfy modern critics; but we must make allowance for their writing under the influence of an uncongenial school of taste. Hurd, though his frigid formality hampers his enthusiasm, makes some rather noteworthy remarks. In the letters on chivalry and romance (1762) he argues against Shaftesbury's practice of identifying "Gothic" with barbarous, and he says, with some anticipation of later criticism, that we may justify Spenser against some of the objections of the classical school if we judge him from his own point of view, and illustrate him from the old romances, instead of judging him by the orthodox canons about epic poetry. The *Faerie Queen*, he says, is "one of the noblest productions of modern poetry," though it has fallen into undeserved neglect. Hurd's idol, Warburton, contributed some criticisms upon Spenser to Jortin's essay. The labours of the two Wartons contributed as much as any other cause to the revival of the modern taste for our old literature. Joseph Warton's "Essay on Pope" caused some scandal by his apparent desire to lower the place of the great idol of his time, and by the explicit statement that Pope was to be deposed from the first rank by the side of Milton, and placed in the second by the side of Spenser. Thomas Warton published his observations on the *Faerie Queen* in 1754. They are a long and elaborate criticism upon his author, with many illustrations from classical and contemporary poems. In the concluding paragraphs Warton apologizes for pointing out faults more industriously than beauties; he adds that his task has been "peculiarly delightful"; and that the labour of criticism, generally "laborious and dry," has rather amused than fatigued him, because bestowed upon an author "who makes such perpetual and powerful appeals to the fancy." In a poem published in 1747, Thomas Warton had already expressed his preference of "magic Spenser's wildly warbled song" to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. We may add that an edition of Spenser's works by Hughes, author of the *Siege of Damascus*, appeared in 1715; an edition of the *Faerie Queen* in 1751, with a Life by Birch, and in two editions, with notes by Upton and by Church respectively, in 1758. Whatever the shortcomings of these editions, they at least show that Spenser was not quite forgotten even in a bookseller's sense.

There is, however, another kind of testimony which in some respects is better than that of critics or independent readers. Johnson, as we have said, attacked the practice of imitating Spenser; and the number of imitations is a curious proof of the continuous popularity of Spenser with men of some poetical taste. Pope's imitation is a mere burlesque, which at best may be forgiven in consideration of his genuine love for the poet with whom he has taken an almost unpardonable liberty. Prior's imitation in an ode to Queen Anne, though more serious, is not much more significant of true appreciation. The two poets who showed the highest capacity in the middle of the century showed their love of Spenser in a different fashion. Gray said that he never sat down to compose poetry without first reading Spenser for a considerable time; and this is perhaps the most legitimate mode in which one poet can pay homage to another. Collins's love of Spenser might be inferred from the taste not ill described by Johnson: "he loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden

palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." His ode on the poetical character begins appropriately by an appeal to

That gifted bard—
Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest elfin Queen has blest;

and, in the ode on the popular superstitions of Scotland, there is another affectionate reference in the description of

Strange lays, whose power had charmed a Spenser's ear.

Other poets had taken the more perilous road of attempting to imitate the object of their admiration. Amongst the poems which encouraged dissent from the orthodox standard of Pope, none, it is probable, produced more effect than Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and Beattie's *Minstrel*, both of them modelled upon Spenser. The *Castle of Indolence* was the last, and, in the opinion of many readers, as of Wordsworth, the most charming, production of the poet of the *Seasons*. Even Johnson admired it; and it is more surprising as a manifestation of true genius when we remember the period at which it was produced. Beattie's *Minstrel* has some fine stanzas, and begins impressively; though the second part becomes unpleasantly didactic. His popularity was doubtless indicative of an approaching change of taste, as indeed Beattie kept back his poem for some time from an impression that good poetry, and therefore of course his own, was out of fashion. Thomson and Beattie by no means exhaust the list of Spenser's imitators. Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, though it seems to be one of the cases in which an intended burlesque has gradually turned to serious writing, is still pleasant reading. William Thompson—a now forgotten poet—imitated, and was declared by some critics to have rivalled, Spenser in a couple of poems. Gilbert West, better remembered, perhaps, as a defender of Christianity, in which character his arguments are said to have contributed to guard Chatham and Lyttelton against "the blandishments of infidelity," was another imitator of Spenser in poems highly praised by Johnson. Other imitators were Lloyd, the unlucky friend of Churchill, Wilkes, and Colman; Wilkie, author of that ponderous epic, the "Epigoniad," which Hume tried in vain to defend against the assaults of the critics; Mickle, best known as the translator of the "Lusiad"; and Cambridge, who tried in the "Scribleriad" to rival the "Dunciad" with better success than he attained in the "Archimago"—his imitation of Spenser. The greater number of these imitations came after Johnson's protest against the practice, which, like most protests, may have acted rather as a suggestion than a deterrent. One or two of the forms are as much burlesques as imitations, but the frequency of the attempt amongst men who in their day had a certain poetical reputation implies that Spenser was by no means so much forgotten as Southey's language would imply. The names we have mentioned include most of the eminent poets of the period of Pope's supremacy. We may add that Goldsmith, though he blames Spenser for following the romance-writers rather than Virgil, says that "no poet enlarges the imagination more than Spenser," and that his verses "may perhaps one day be considered the standard of English poetry." Goldsmith thinks that Akenside, as well as Gray, must have studied him attentively. This is not so obvious to us; but if, on the strength of this remark, we may add Akenside's name to the list already given, we shall be entitled to reckon amongst Spenser's admirers nearly every poet of the eighteenth century who enjoyed any high reputation, except Young, Johnson, and one or two less popular writers.

It remains true, of course, that Spenser, though read, as we have shown, by statesmen, critics, and poets, was not treated so respectfully as he has been by later critics. It is also probably true that men who loved his poetry did not venture to trust their instincts. The reverse is now the case. It requires as much courage to call Spenser a bore at the present day as it then required to deny that he was barbarous. The true feeling therefore may be less different than appears on the surface; for men are more cowardly in regard to canons of taste than upon any other subject; and we are certainly greater hypocrites, if we have possibly better tastes in these matters, than our forefathers. Lord Macaulay had the courage of his opinions, and we should guess that he only said what many have felt. Few and weary are those, according to his dictum, who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. The remark involves a curious slip, which, however, may confirm its general accuracy. The Blatant Beast never dies in the *Faerie Queen*, and indeed Spenser is of opinion that his life is probably not to end in this world. Some critics may be even inclined to fancy that this beast with his hundred tongues, most of them the

Tongues of mortal men,

Which spake reproachfully, not caring where or when,

who is ranging the world, and grown so strong that none can restrain him—

Barking and biting all that doe him hate,
Albe they worthy blame or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poet's rime;
But rends without regard of person or of time—

is not altogether without modern representatives in the press of some civilized countries. But he has never, in spite of the poet's fears, been able to do much against the "homely verse" of his describer. In the worst of times Spenser was not entirely neglected.

SCIENCE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

MR. SPOTTISWOODE, in his address as President of the first of the Conferences which have been arranged in connexion with the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington, said that he was disposed to regard this Exhibition as marking an epoch in the history of science; and there are undoubtedly reasons why it may be expected to exercise a deep and beneficial influence on the prospects of scientific culture in this country. We have here brought together, not only a collection of remarkable instruments from all parts of the civilized world, and representing almost every school and period of research, but also a numerous gathering of the men who are at the present moment engaged in extending still further the range of discovery, and the practical application of its results. It has often been a reproach against this country on the part of foreigners that it is indifferent to science except in the forms in which it can be turned to immediate commercial profit; and this criticism, though unjust to the heroic self-sacrifice which has characterized many of our leading scientific pioneers, must be admitted to be in a certain degree true as to the general attitude of the public. The germs of discovery, the truths of science floating about, as it were, in the air, and not yet subdued to the industrial yoke, have hitherto failed to excite popular interest. There is a disposition to think that such things may as well be left to those who have a fancy for them, and that it is time enough for ordinary people to give attention to them when there is a chance of some direct personal advantage. This apathetic feeling in regard to science may be easily accounted for. In the first place, it is impossible to take much interest in science without a degree of preliminary knowledge which, elementary as it may be, does not as yet come within the ordinary range of education; and, further, science has hitherto been rather in the habit of lurking in holes and corners, and not making any impressive public exhibition of its existence. In this country the Executive usually hesitates to do anything unless there is a strong pressure of opinion, and it is tolerably certain that science will have little to hope for from that quarter until it has the public at its back; and it is to it, therefore, that an appeal should be made. It may be hoped that the present Exhibition will be the beginning of a movement of this kind. The fact that it is opened under the auspices of a Government department would seem to show that there is not wanting a certain sympathy on that side; but whether any large, substantial measures will ever be taken, will chiefly depend on the interest which such a presentation of science excites among the community at large. Again, an Exhibition of this kind is useful in bringing to light the actual operations of the scientific world, the problems which have been solved, and those others which are still in a nebulous condition, with just here and there a clue peeping out; and thus the interchange of ideas is promoted. Nothing is more striking in a survey of modern science than the intimate and subtle relations which may be traced between one branch and another. There is every now and again some little link to be supplied, for help as to which a worker must look beyond his own speciality. There are always certain subjects on which many minds are meditating simultaneously, and while one is making way in one direction, another is, as it were, boring through on the other side, like the Abbé and his fellow-prisoner in *Monte Christo*. At present this sort of co-operation is loose, fragmentary, and disjointed; but an Exhibition brings the scattered experimentalists into systematic communication. Thus, both in the world of science proper and outside of it, a keener interest is likely to be cultivated in regard to scientific matters, and researches will consequently be conducted with greater spirit and efficiency, and better prospects of success.

This Exhibition is open on the same terms as the South Kensington Museum, of which it is, in fact, an offshoot—free on some days, and a small admission-fee on others—and it may be presumed that the galleries will continue to be visited by a large number of all classes. To persons of scientific training, or with even a rudimentary taste for such things, it is easy to conceive what service such an Exhibition will render. They will read the Handbook, an admirable summary of the chief branches of scientific study by competent authorities, and examine the objects exhibited; and thus lay up a store of suggestive information as a supplement to or a foundation for private studies. But there will also be a large body of people who will chiefly bring away from the galleries an impression of their own stupendous ignorance in such matters. This in itself, however, will be a good thing, for it may be expected, in some cases at least, to stimulate a desire to know something, and after that to know more. Even the dullest and least imaginative minds can hardly fail to be touched by the sight of the instruments by which the old masters achieved their triumphs, or of their earliest works—such as Tycho Brahe's rude quadrant, without telescopes; Galileo's primitive tubes; the air-pump of Boyle; the digester of Papin; Daguerre's first photograph on glass; Stephenson's first engines; De la Rive's apparatus for statical electricity; Ampère's homely work-table and instruments; the wires over which Faraday pondered, and other emblems of scientific effort. It is likely enough that many visitors will be little the wiser for looking at such things, but they will at least be led to wonder how such great results could be obtained from such simple materials, and wonder is often the beginning of inquiry. On the other hand, this Exhibition displays in a striking manner the wealth and luxury of scientific apparatus at the present day.

There are appropriate instruments for almost every kind of work; and the greater part of what had formerly to be done by minute observation and laborious calculation is now done to hand by ingenious machinery. The galleries are crowded with contrivances for the measurement of time, space, gravitation, velocity, heat, &c.; delicate balances of weight and gauges of size; bathometers, for measuring the depths of the sea; tide-calculating apparatus; attraction meters, for dealing with the law of gravitation; telemeters and theodolites. There are also instruments for taking observations as to respiration, alimentation, and all the phenomena of life. A student in these days has obviously an immense start; where he has a firm footing his predecessors had to flounder about as in a shifting morass, and he profits by their painful experiences. Whether the comparative ease and certainty with which scientific investigation can now, up to a certain point, be carried on, tends to the development of that vigour and earnestness by which the highest achievements have formerly been reached, is another question. There are cases in which the difficulties of a task are the best stimulus to the spirit which overcomes them. At any rate it is instructive to observe how much the mind of man has accomplished with the sorriest materials, and this reflection should be an encouragement to make the best use of the facilities which now abound, and which should be valued, not because they make investigation easy, but because they give it a soundness and precision formerly unattainable.

The connexion between the progress of science and the improvement of its mechanism is strongly demonstrated in this Exhibition, as well as in the Handbook which gives a general account of its lessons. It is interesting, for instance, to trace the progress of the telescope with the help of Mr. Lockyer's annotations. Galileo's telescopes are slender tubes of wood, covered with paper, about the length of walking-sticks, with small object-glasses less than one inch in diameter. As the manufacture of glass advanced, the lenses were enlarged, and there are some specimens from Holland which are of enormous focal length, one of them extending to 360 feet. Telescopes of this kind, though powerful, were necessarily very cumbersome, and it was difficult to obtain valuable observations with them. Newton in his telescope substituted a mirror for a lens; and then we have other reflectors made by Sir W. Herschel—whose touching biography by his sister gives them additional interest, as recalling the passionate devotion and self-sacrifice with which he worked, neglecting alike his meals and sleep, and having to be fed by his sister putting food by morsels into his mouth—Lord Rosse, and others. The refracting telescope is now at least as handy and compact as the reflecting one, and the half-inch or so of Galileo's aperture is represented by the 25-inch aperture of the telescope by Cooke of New York, the 26-inch of that by Clarke of Boston, and the 27-inch, of which a model is shown, constructed by Grubb of Dublin, for the Austrian Government. In the class of reflectors, the 2-inch metallic speculum was extended to 4 ft. by Sir W. Herschel, 6 ft. by Lord Rosse, and back again to 4 ft. by Lassell; but, as the silvering of glass has improved, the heavy metallic speculum, sometimes weighing tons, has given way to a much lighter and thinner one of glass, of which the 4-ft. glass of the equatorial reflector at the Paris Observatory is given as a fine example. The use of telescopes has also been greatly simplified, and the awkward apparatus for moving them dispensed with. A single turn of a screw is now enough to adjust them. The introduction and various improvements of the spectroscope have also opened the way for important discoveries in chemistry and solar physics; and Mr. Spottiswoode, in noticing the use of this process not only for the detection of metals by their bright lines, and of other substances by their absorption bands, but, as suggested by Mr. Lockyer, for quantitative analysis by measurement of the lengths of the bright lines in the spectra of the vapours of metals under combustion, justly remarks that its application to practical purposes is doubtless still in its infancy.

Again, in the case of the biological sciences, as Professor Huxley points out, the very conception of many of the problems to be investigated was impossible until the physical and chemical sciences had reached a high degree of development, and were ready to furnish, not only the principles which ought to guide physiological experiments, but the instruments with which such inquiries could be carried out. He also remarks that the improvement of the compound microscope, in the early part of this century, by the discovery of methods of correcting spherical and chromatic aberration, and of illuminating objects, has enabled anatomists "to extend their investigations into minute structures to an unhopèd-for degree, and to use magnifying powers of 2,000 to 3,000 diameters with as much confidence as was placed in those of a fourth that amount forty years ago." And again, he says, "Modern histology could hardly have existed in any shape without the modern microscope, inasmuch as the meaning of many optical appearances of animal and vegetable structures becomes apparent only under the high magnifying powers and perfect definition of our present instruments. But the precise and definable form which our notions of structure and development have been acquiring during the last ten or fifteen years is mainly due to the fact that the anatomist has been supplied by the chemist with compounds such as chromic acid, perosmic acid, picric acid, and the like, by which soft organic bodies can be rendered hard enough to be cut into the thinnest slices without alteration of their essential form and arrangement, and by which different

elements of the tissues can be made to assume different colours and thus become readily distinguishable." And he points to the number and variety of the instruments for the quantitative determination of functional phenomena of all kinds in the present Exhibition as a proof of the rapid progress of physiology since 1836. Another example of the value of improved apparatus is to be found in the case of engineering machinery. When a hundred years ago the idea of a steam-engine was at last taking practical shape, the insufficiency of the machine tools for shaping iron was a great obstacle to the progress of invention. The piston in Newcomen's engine was made air-tight by a layer of water on the top of it, and in Watt's first engine, which had a cylinder of only 18 inches in diameter, it was at one time feared it would break down from the difficulty of fitting the piston closely to the cylinder. These difficulties have now, however, been gradually overcome; and among Sir J. Whitworth's contributions to the present Exhibition may be seen a surface-plate which is the nearest approximation yet attained to an absolute plane surface. Sir Joseph has also, on the principle of employing the sense of touch instead of sight, produced a machine by which the accuracy of any measurement can be tested to the millionth part of an inch; and he has exhibited in the Conference Room the actual gauging of a pencil to within the twenty-thousandth of an inch. It must not be supposed that this minuteness is an idle pedantry. The value of a machine in a great degree depends on truth of surface, and it is also a great advantage to have the corresponding pieces of machinery interchangeable. What is called link-work—a system by which the friction of surfaces is greatly diminished—is also illustrated in this collection by the inventions of Sylvester, Kempe, and others, and excites much interest. It is impossible here to go through such an Exhibition in detail, and we can only say that it reflects much credit on those with whom it has originated, and that it is to be hoped that it may not be a mere passing show, but may develop into some permanent organization.

COUNTRY COUSINS AT THE ACADEMY.

WHEN three weeks have passed from the day of opening, the visitor to the Academy who has armed himself at starting with a season ticket finds the time arrive when he may look round. Day after day he has walked through the gallery with rapt gaze. Men and women have been unrealities to him. Skirts have been trodden on, toes have been tripped over, shoulders have been rubbed. So far the wearers of long dresses are nothing but shadows; so far the possessor of the corns is nothing but the utterer of a malediction. The broad-shouldered man is only an impediment to the view of Mr. Millais's "Over the Hills," or Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Bacchante." It is the pictures that have been realities. They have had flesh and blood. They have talked and laughed and cried. But when three weeks have elapsed the enthusiastic visitor finds that their aspect has begun to change. The flesh tint appears to be in the wrong place. It is wanting altogether, as in "Phryne"; it is superabundant, as in Mr. Linnell's landscapes. The smiles have become smirks, the tears do not trickle, the eyes are fixed. Our first gush of admiration is over; we have begun to criticize; we see faults where before we saw only beauties; and at last we find it a relief to turn our backs upon the walls and gaze at the gazers; the people become realities again, and we even remember to apologize for a ruined dress or a broken shin. Then it is that the place of the country cousin among the visitors is recognized, and pictures are to be found in the crowd to the full as amusing as any on the walls, with the further merit of being in admirably harmonious keeping. Country cousins do not differ in essentials from other folk. Mouths have they and eyes, noses, and especially hats. But they come from the country; they come to the Academy because it is their duty to do so, and they never for a moment think of whether or not they enjoy looking at pictures. To look at pictures is the function of the visitor at the Academy. To this end does he exist. And he looks at all, going regularly through the Catalogue, and never for a moment pausing to think if one picture pleases him and another displeases; or to choose what he will look at longest, and what he will pass by. To him there is no special failure in Mr. Cope or Mr. Hart, no special success in Mr. Perugini or Mr. Poynter. He goes to the Academy as part of a predestined programme of things to be done, and he does the Academy as he does St. Paul's and the Tower, with the utmost gravity and a conscience void of either undue interest or undue doubt. For Augustus the pictures may have one kind of lesson, for Arabella another. His eye kindles at a farming scene, hers at a flower piece. He is charmed to see the Duke at the head of his hunt, by Grant; she, to study the Duchess's back-hair, by Millais. She dwells fondly over domestic scenes, fashionable portraits, and babies. He loves the moorland and the kennel, and studies from the nude. And as it is with Augustus and Arabella, so it is too with Mrs. Brown and Mr. Jones. Piety, not painting, attracts the lady. She began the day with a May meeting at Exeter Hall. There is the young clergyman in the soft hat who sat next her. She comes to the Academy as part of the sacred ceremony of the morning. The two places have always been connected in her mind, and when the Academy was in Trafalgar Square their connexion was not so remote. She is all aglow at Mr. Goodall, thinks Mr. Herbert "too high," loves the camel because her uncle went to the Holy Land, and succeeds in admiring both Mr. Thorburn's "Christian" and Mr. Rooke's "Ahab." Mr. Jones, on the other

hand, who has a villa near Bath, and who began life as a farmer, loves nature. Girls with pigeons, husbandmen with storks, the long-drawn furrow, the cow and calf, the frozen sheep—all these appeal at once to his taste, his experience, and his imagination, so he very soon feels quite at home.

Two branches of art are, however, as a sealed book to the country visitor. He cares little for architecture, and less for sculpture. Indeed, for the most part, he avoids the sculpture on high moral grounds. The curate, it is true, looks carefully through the drawings of restored churches; but the layman, though under certain circumstances he utilizes the sculpture-rooms, uses them as though they were not. The shadow of the great Duke serves by its height to cloak many a quiet flirtation. The bench by the wall is convenient for lovers. They sit all along it in couples, more or less united according to the exigencies of the space and the warmth of growing affection. There, when the first fatigues of the great galleries prescribe rest, do Daphnis and Chloe resort to linger with clasped hands in pleasant silence; or, gazing with indifferent eye on the throng ever surging past, betray the fervour of acknowledged passion or the incipient evidences of dawning love. There Amaryllis sports in the shade, with demure looks and downcast eyes; there Damon, amid the hum of other voices, woos the coy, reluctant nymph. For quiet flirtations no other place is so secure, no sylvan bower more sacred. And it must be allowed that the refuge it offers is fully appreciated, and that neither crowd nor bustle is able to interrupt the tale of hope or hush the frequent sigh. But to others no such sweet moments are vouchsafed. The country parson toils through the Catalogue, looking sympathetically at the burial scenes, the marriage processions, the christening ceremonies, with thoughts perhaps of his distant parish and the surplice fees. He takes suggestions for next Sunday's sermon from Mr. Long or Mr. Bateman; while his wife is critical over the knitting school of Mr. Crowe, and would speedily provide the "Widower" of Mr. Fildes with a nurse for his neglected children. The doctor wonders what Mr. Mark's "Apothecary" will do with his dried fish-skins and the hanging crocodile, while the young lady from Gilton spells hopelessly with frantic shots at the name of Mr. Leighton's "Daphnephoria." Some wish the Cardinal could turn his stony eyes upon the sportive couple beside him, compare the Arctic bears to a well-iced wedding-cake, or think that Zenobia with Palmyra on her breast is like Queen Mary with Calais engraved on her heart. To such irreverent people nothing is too sacred for a joke. They wonder if the ships in Mr. Wyllie's "A. B." are seeking the Boojum, and if Mr. Hardy's hippopotamuses are inquiring tenderly after the poor feet of Noah. When they read the number of Mr. Sidley's naughty little girl throwing snowballs, they think the hanging committee put "555" to it as another way of saying "Fie! fie! fie!" and count it nothing strange that Lear should disinherit so ill favoured a Cordelia. But to most of the country visitors the Academy is the scene of a high and sacred solemnity. They take in the pictures and the people as parts of a memorable historical drama in which they are privileged to take part. They gaze with awe at the portrait of some great personage upon the walls, and step backward in astonishment if perchance they recognize the same features among the throng of sightseers around them. The regular Londoner is so well accustomed to see remarkable people in streets and assemblies that he scarcely looks at them as they pass him in the Academy. He is occupied with thoughts of his own dress or with seeking for a pretty face among the ladies. But to the country visitor such thoughts savour of frivolity. A shilling has been paid for admission and another for a Catalogue, and the value must be taken out of them to the uttermost farthing, and he takes them in the lump, pictures and statues as well as Royal Dukes and pretty faces. In many a country parsonage the results of a day or two in town must form the subject of evening conversation for months to come, and for the present nothing is more important than to hear the price Mr. Millais has received for a portrait, or to listen with retentive ear to the remarks of some audacious critic.

The country cousin appears, however, to the greatest advantage when contrasted with the knowing gentleman about town who shows him or her through the Academy. The simple and confiding faith, the touching belief in the absolute veracity of all he tells them, added to the open and evident admiration of his hat and gloves, his accent, manners, and boots, are all delightful to behold. He does not spend his patronage on them unless, if they are ladies, they are young and pretty, and, if they are of the other sex, rich and of county rank at least. The young ladies are particularly grateful to his feelings in their estimate of his talents and information. He tells them the exact circumstances under which every picture has been painted. He knows the name of the sitter for every head, and is familiar with all the models. He has original anecdotes from all the studios—anecdotes, indeed, whose chief fault is their very originality. Dick Palette, for instance, fell so much in love with Miss Oriana Brown while she sat to him as Dejanira, that on finding his picture was hung and on the line, he made her straightway an offer of his hand and heart. This devotion does not, however, commend itself to our town cousin's views of the fitness of things. Much more approvingly he details the feat of Draco Smith, whose new novel came out on varnishing day, and whose picture and book reciprocally advertise each other. He knows the name of the Ritualist clergyman who figures as first angel in Perugini Green's picture of "Jacob's Ladder." He has often had a friendly round with the prizefighter who lay as Holofernes in one painting, and sat for

Edward III. in another. He has danced at a ball with Lady Gloriana, whose portrait is in the great room, and thinks it a poor likeness. He has a scandalous story about Mme. Petitoigts, whose bust is on the shelf in the round room. He looks particularly mysterious as he tells of pictures not sent in, of pictures sent in and not hung, of pictures sent in and hung, but skied. One artist has purposely delayed to finish his great historical work that he might have an excuse for exhibiting it alone. Another has committed suicide with a toasting-fork, because no room was found for his panoramic landscape. A third is skied because he had boasted in the hearing of an Academician that the colour in his work would kill everything near it. All these tales of wonder, imagination, and humour does he retail at liberty. He knows the fair cousin has never before heard that old, stale anecdote about Byron, or that excellent joke of Theodore Hook's. He is safe and happy, his tongue is loosened, and his ideas and invention flow. Ah, if he could but talk so brilliantly at Lady L. S. Dee's dinners, or when he goes for a midnight smoke at Stodge's studio with fifty of Stodge's witty friends! But he cannot; old jokes will not go down there. The fun, if he has any at command, must be his own. How sweet, then, to him the incense of unaccustomed adulation, the laughter and the blushes of the country cousins. No wonder he should be able to enjoy the society of people who know nobody, who have never been presented at Court, who can give him no little dinners, nor bow to him from coroneted carriages in the Park. On the whole, the strangers have no reason to complain. They probably go away with a more adequate idea of an Academy Exhibition than if they had gone through the paintings only, and never had the poet Black, or the novelist White, or the Secretary at Peace, or the Countess of Purpoudre pointed out to them.

ANGLIA TRANSWALLIANA.

THE last Teutonic settlement in Britain often passes without notice. The Englishry of Pembrokeshire, "Little England beyond Wales," can hardly be said to be an unknown land while it contains the well-known watering-place of Tenby. But we may guess that a good many visitors to Tenby come away with very faint notions of the remarkable ethnological phenomena of the land which they have been visiting. To many it is doubtless enough that they are in Wales; one part of Wales is the same as another. And certainly the authorities of Tenby have done their best to lead their visitors astray. On the castle-hill of Tenby is a statue of Prince Albert, with a bilingual legend in English and Welsh, in which the Prince has borrowed the epithet of the great British lawgiver, and appears as "Albert Dda." Moreover there is a display of heraldry, and a legend—in the British tongue only—about the Red Dragon of the Cymry. Now there is exactly as much reason for setting up a Welsh inscription at Tenby as there is for setting one up at York or Canterbury. The Welsh tongue was doubtless once spoken in all three places, and all three places are called by modifications of Welsh names. For Tenby must not be mistaken for a Danish *by*; the name is British, the same as the Denbigh of North Wales. It is possible that the *bych* may have been changed into the likeness of Danish *by* by the same kind of process by which Jerusalem becomes *Hierosolyma*; but that is the outside of the connexion, if there be any. In this purely English town in a purely English district, one looks up at the strange beast and the strange tongue with a feeling that the Lion of Justice has in some measure laboured in vain. King Henry the First took some pains to plant good seed in his field; whence then these tares of Red Dragons, and of legends in a tongue not understood of the people of Tenby and of all South Pembrokeshire? Laying parables aside, we are at Tenby and the coasts thereof in a district of the highest historic interest. We are within the bounds of the last Teutonic settlement in Britain, as in Kent, on the opposite side of the island, we are within the bounds of the first. Henry wrought the last act of the drama which was begun by Hengest. We are here in the Englishry, in Little England beyond Wales. We are in a district where language universally, where local nomenclature generally, is as Teutonic as it is in Norfolk. To its inhabitants "Albert the Good" may give an idea; but "Albert Dda" is quite thrown away upon them. The Red Dragon of the Cymry was to their forefathers only as the Snark or the Jabberwock, a noisome beast to be hunted down without mercy. The strange fancy of Englishmen for turning their backs on themselves, for wiping out their own history to make room for the legends of somebody else, surely never took a stranger shape than in an outbreak of Welsh nationality at Tenby.

There is no doubt, from the direct witness of William of Malmesbury and other contemporary writers, that Henry the First, among his measures to keep the Welsh in order, planted a colony of Flemings in Dyfed, the modern Pembrokeshire. In the district allotted to them, the southern part of the county, they must have done their work thoroughly. The Briton has left but few traces. The one speech of the district is English, and most of the places have received fresh names. Most of them are called after individual settlers—Johnston, Williamston, Haroldston, Herbrandston, names which exactly answer to the Danish names in Lincolnshire, save that they end in English *ton* instead of Danish *by*. Here and there a place keeps a Welsh name, specially the towns of Pembroke and Tenby, just like London, Gloucester,

and Winchester in other parts of the island. This Flemish settlement in Pembrokeshire is an undoubted fact; the alleged Flemish settlement in Gower is less certain. It rests on no such direct historical evidence as the Pembrokeshire settlement; but it is a highly probable inference from the recurrence of the same phenomena of language and nomenclature in both districts. We know that there was such a settlement in Southern Pembrokeshire; we infer that there was another settlement of the same kind in the peninsula of Western Glamorgan, and in the smaller district of Llantwit Major in the same shire. But the Pembrokeshire settlement is always expressly described as a colony of Flemings. It is recorded both by the English and by the Welsh writers; but the fact that the colony, which was originally Flemish, now speaks English has given rise to a good deal of puzzlement, and to the talking of no small amount of nonsense. Any one who knows the district and its local antiquaries will have heard the question raised over and over again. In local books, too, we constantly see mention of "Flemish houses," "Flemish architecture," "Flemish chimneys," and even a "Flemish court of justice," as if the Flemings had brought over some special style of art with them from their own country. We have even seen an elaborate comparison, which was meant to prove something, between the "Flemish houses" in Pembrokeshire and a house in some other part of England—in Cumberland, if we rightly remember—belonging to a family named Fleming. It would have been easy to improve upon this last notion; for, in some versions of the story, the Flemings whom Henry settled in Pembrokeshire are said to have been before that settled in the North of England. But the so-called Flemish houses are in no way distinctively Flemish, and they were built ages after the settlement of the Flemings. They are simply good, solid, stone-built houses, with pointed doorways and round chimneys. They show the general prosperity of the district at a time when so many stone houses could be built; and they also show in slight military touches that the days of warfare, or at all events the traditions of the days of warfare, had not wholly passed by when they were built. On the other hand, it marks an old-fashioned district where there has been comparatively little change, that so many of them should have lived on to our own day. But there is nothing special or mysterious about them, nothing on which to found any ethnological theory. To call them Flemish houses, attaching any distinct meaning to the word Flemish, is as much to the purpose as it would be to talk of a West-Saxon style in the stone houses of Somerset, or of a Middle-Anglian style in the stone houses of Northamptonshire.

We have brought in this last analogy of set purpose; for of course the great puzzle always is, how a Flemish settlement came to speak English. People constantly ask how the Flemings came to change their language. The difficulty is by no means a new one; it is as old as Randolph Higden, who looked on Flemings as barbarians, and says that in his day they had left off their barbarous tongue, and spoke good Saxon ("dimissa jam barbarie Saxonice satis proloquantur"). And of the two Welsh chronicles known as the Brut, the later, fuller, and less trustworthy one tells us how Henry planted Englishmen—in Welsh, of course, "Saxons"—among the Flemings to teach them English, and how into his day they were English. At the Tenby meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association in 1851 there was a vast deal of talk about the matter. It was clearly a standing local puzzle how Flemings could have come to speak English. What they were expected to speak, what the natural language of Flemings left to themselves was supposed to be, did not appear. Perhaps they were expected, as coming from the modern kingdom of Belgium, which uses French on its coins, to speak French rather than English. That native Britons should have come to speak English was clearly thought a much slighter difficulty than that Flemings should have done so. It seemed like a paradox to many to be told that the settlers in Pembrokeshire had never changed their language at all, and that they spoke English simply because they were Flemings. To one who really takes in the history and the relations of the Teutonic dialects of Britain there is no difficulty at all in the matter. The Flemish tongue is one dialect of Low-Dutch; the English is another. Even now the nearness between modern Flemish and modern English must strike every one who thinks at all upon such matters, and the nearness in the twelfth century, before English had gone through those changes which have parted it off from its fellows, must have been much closer still. The true way of looking at the matter is, as we have already said, to look on the Flemish occupation of Pembrokeshire as simply the last stage of the Teutonic settlements in Britain. First came the various settlements of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes; then after a while the Danes; then after a while the Flemings. And the Flemish settlement has more in common with the earliest settlements of all than the intermediate Danish settlement has. For the Danes settled at the expense of earlier Teutonic inhabitants, while the Flemings settled almost wholly at the expense of the Celts, just as the Angles and Saxons did ages before. There have been later settlements in Britain, settlements from the same part of the world which sent forth the Flemish settlement in Pembrokeshire. intercourse with the Netherlands, and the reception of refugees from the Netherlands, has given a certain tinge to East-Anglia in more ways than one. But here was a settlement altogether of the old kind, a settlement where the colonists drove out the old inhabitants, divided the land among themselves, and gave places new names from their new owners. The causes and circumstances of the Flemish settlement in Pembrokeshire were altogether different

from those of the earliest English settlements in Britain. But the process of settlement must have been very much the same; the only difference was that the Flemings were not, like the first Angles and Saxons, mere heathen destroyers. But to the second stage of Anglian and Saxon conquest, the stage represented by Cwenwealh and Ine and other Christian conquerors, the settlement of the Flemings must have presented an exact parallel.

We need hardly say, at this time of day, that the question about language—the supposed difficulty of Flemings having come to talk English—is purely imaginary. What else should they talk? The processes which created the standard English tongue, or rather which brought it to the front amid a crowd of local dialects, have affected the Teutonic speech of Pembrokeshire, as well as the Teutonic speech of other parts of the island. The Fleming of Pembrokeshire speaks English for the same cause that the Dane of Lincolnshire speaks English. That is to say, one form of standard English is common to all. How far all parts actually speak it is another matter. It is for some local philologist to find out whether there are any local peculiarities in the Nether-Dutch of Pembrokeshire, and whether they at all approach to any peculiarities in the Nether-Dutch of Flanders. After such complete separation for so many ages, we should not expect to find any such special likeness between the two dialects. Still the point is quite worth looking into; and, though the colony was certainly mainly Flemish, we need not suppose that every single man in it had come from Flanders. There may be truth in the Welsh chronicler's statement that King Henry planted Englishmen among the Flemings, though it is not likely that he did it for the purpose of teaching the Flemings English. We may be sure that there were both French-speaking and more strictly English-speaking settlers among them. Normans, English, Flemings, when they got into Wales, largely forgot their differences, and formed one whole as against the Britons. Pembrokeshire was a strictly Norman foundation, the work of Arnulf of Montgomery before the Flemish settlement began. And the foundation of the castle would naturally lead, at Pembrokeshire as at everywhere else, to the settlement of both French-speaking and English-speaking burgesses around it. And there is every probability that the Flemish settlement was a revival, or a continuation, or a strengthening, of an earlier Teutonic settlement from quite another quarter. Though Tenby is no Scandinavian name, yet other names in the district are. At the meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association last year at Caermarthen, its president, the Bishop of St. David's, pointed out that the names Hasgard and Freystrop seemed to point, not only to Scandinavian occupation, but to Scandinavian occupation in heathen times. Whatever we make of Hasgard, it seems hardly possible that any place could have got the name of Freystrop—that is doubtless Freysthorp—if it had not been founded by people who still believed in Frey. If any Scandinavian settlements stayed on till the time of Henry the First, they would merge with the Flemings and the English into one Teutonic community, just as the Saxons at Bayeux were merged with the Normans, but helped to keep Bayeux Teutonic later than other parts of Normandy. In all these points of view, ethnological and linguistic, this little out-of-the-way corner of the Teutonic world is of very high interest, and its local history and peculiarities have never been thoroughly worked out from a scientific point of view. It has points in common with another isolated Teutonic land at the other end of Britain. The Scandinavian islands, Orkney and Shetland, speak English. Indeed we have seen documents in those islands drawn up in the Scottish form of English before they were mortgaged by Denmark. Both cases teach the same lesson, how easily a standard form of any language assimilates all the kindred dialects of a country, but how little effect it has on dialects which are not kindred. English has not assimilated, though it has largely displaced, the Welsh and Gaelic tongues, with which it has no connexion beyond the remotest Aryan kindred. But the tongues of the Dane and the Fleming, as well as those of the Angle and the Saxon, have all been drawn together by the attraction of a single type of standard English. The actual local speech of different parts still remains very different. But all understand the same standard tongue, and all read the same English Bible in which that standard tongue appears in its best form.

MARTYRS OF COMMERCE.

WE are afraid that the gentlemen who live at home in ease, pursuing occupations which are not absolutely distasteful to them and which bring them in a reasonable competency, are seldom sufficiently thankful for their mercies. Nothing would be more favourable to the growth of a grateful contentment than occasionally contrasting their good fortune with some other lots taken almost at haphazard. To point a practical and valuable moral they need not go to the lowest extremity of the social scale—to the occupants of city "rookeries," and the inmates of prisons and poorhouses, who may have been the victims of circumstances over which they had little control. They have only to look at men who have been brought up in a condition of life very similar to their own, but whose career, whether it has been more or less prosperous, has happened to lead them into out-of-the-way places of residence. Two incidents which have lately caused considerable sensation may serve as apposite illustrations of what we mean. One is the melancholy assassination of the French and German Consuls at Salonica by a mob of fanatical Mahometans; the other the

Circular addressed by Commodore Hewett to the European traders settled at Whydah, intimating the prospect of hostilities with Dahomey, and recommending them to make their arrangements accordingly. Whether civilization advances or recedes, there must always be a broad and ill-defined debatable land dividing it from the strongholds of barbarism or semi-barbarism. Civilization has its outposts, picketed, rather than garrisoned, by men who have voluntarily condemned themselves to the hardships of exile, either in the way of duty, or of business, or of both. Habit reconciles one to much that might seem at first sight insupportable, and perhaps the thick-skinnedness of certain temperaments is more serviceable still; yet, when all is said, a life that has come to be accepted as a matter of course may well have its intervals of despondency and depression. There is of course much of the world that is altogether tabooed to Christians. The most enterprising of European adventurers would shrink from trusting to the protection of the Moorish Government by opening a dépôt for the sale of Manchester cottons in the bazaars of some of the cities in the interior of the Emperor's dominions. Certain descriptions of cutlery are in extreme request among the rough and ready Turkoman and Chinese Tartars, and yet it would be considerably more than a man's life was worth to settle as the agent of some pushing Sheffield house in the Khanates or on the plateau of Central Asia; while the roads that lead from the ports of the Red Sea to the spice groves and coffee gardens of Arabia Felix would be the shortest of cuts to the gate of martyrdom, in whatever character you might choose to travel them, unless you knew how to disguise your nationality and faith. But, short of the places where the sojourn of a Christian would be pretty nearly tantamount to suicide, there are many where, on a nice calculation of chances, he may decide that the game is worth its risks. In the fierce struggle of commercial competition the boldest adventurers will push their way towards the front, and that very ignorance of the temper of half-savage populations which is at the bottom of the worst dangers they have to guard against will tempt them on with the expectation of better bargains. It is all, as we have said, a matter of calculation how far it may be worth your while to go in order to distance competitors who would raise the market on you, and to put yourself in direct relations with the savages whose inexperience is to be traded on. And other considerations besides the risk of actual violence are to be taken into account. It needs fully as much courage to face a pestilential climate as to maintain an air of self-relying assurance among a fanatical people who are given to act on sanguinary impulses with small regard to consequences.

A life of this kind must be wearing at the best, whatever the prospect or even the certainty of gain, and probably the prolonged endurance of it implies the cultivation of a certain constitutional recklessness. We can easily understand that elephant-hunters and ivory merchants in tropical Africa may be so exhilarated by ceaseless excitement as to fall in love with their calling. While they are moving forward through perpetual change of scene, they come to find a positive enjoyment in carrying their lives in their hands and facing danger in its manifold forms. Setting a watch over their night camp by way of precaution against an onslaught of skulking savages becomes to them as much a matter of course as making forced marches in search of water, or dodging the rush of a wounded elephant; and when they have come back to the settlement laden with their hard-won spoils, their only idea is to make a fresh start with the least possible delay. But the dull monotony of an unwholesome existence, with death perpetually hovering about one's doors, must be a very different thing. Take the case of a resident in a city of bigoted Moslems. The unfortunate Consuls at Salonica might have been supposed to be comparatively safe and comfortable. Salonica is one of the chief cities of European Turkey, and has long boasted a certain civilization. It possesses a responsible governor with a regular military force, and contains a very large proportion of Christian inhabitants—which, by the way, in this particular instance, was the immediate cause of the deplorable tragedy. But there are many merchants and merchants' agents, and much nearer to England, too, who pass their lives without any of these securities. As we have said, there is no possibility of settling in the inland towns of Morocco, and the few casual travellers who venture into the country go treading everywhere upon mined ground, in spite of Government protection and military guards. But there are great temptations to speculators to try their luck in the trading towns on the western coast. The country is rich in a variety of productions, while the glut of goods in the native markets keeps prices so low as to leave exporters a wide margin of profit. If a man with more enterprise than capital decides to take up his abode in one of these coast towns, the sole assurance he has for the safety of his person and property is probably an occasional glimpse of the flag of his country flying from the roof of some naturalized vice-consul, who is an object of contempt and hatred rather than of respect. As likely as not, indeed, the display of the party-coloured bunting may act on the Moors like a red rag on a bull, especially during the periodical religious festivals which set the people seething with excitement. When the European takes his walks abroad, he is the object of sullen glances which are eloquent of smouldering animosities, and his Frankish garb draws the attention of objectionable boys, who are egged on and encouraged to insult him by their elders. In the frequent disputes which arise with his customers his sole recourse is to the native law courts, where the only chance of obtaining questionable justice is by a lavish expenditure of bribes. Nor is he exempted from the arbitrary impositions of the agents of a needy Government. His

servants, who are generally Jews, are pretty sure to be scoundrels, and are almost certainly spies. Thanks to the climate as well as to other circumstances, he has to resign himself to a good deal of close confinement; and when he ventures beyond the gates for an evening ride in an uninteresting country where sand-hills predominate, it is at his peril. The sword of Damocles is hung over his head, and he has the feeling that at any moment it may break the flimsy thread that holds it. There is scarcely a man among his neighbours who does not regard him with loathing, and who does not believe that the shedding of his infidel blood would be a sweet savour in the nostrils of the Prophet. In ordinary times he may be tolerably safe; for even in Morocco the unprovoked murder of an infidel may entail inconvenient penalties. But it takes very little to warm fanaticism up to blood-heat, and a Moorish Mahometan under strong mental excitement is exceedingly apt to act upon impulse and cast all thought of consequences to the winds. Nor has the stranger the comfort of knowing that, in the event of the place getting too hot for him, the means of a speedy retreat will be at his disposal. There are many chances against Christian vessels happening to be moored in those dangerous roadsteads, and a storm or a ground-swell may easily prevent the coasting steamers from touching on the occasions of their periodical visits.

As, however, there are few lots in life so bad that they might not be worse, the gentlemen we have been compassionating may take comfort in their turn when they look southward to the settlements among the negroes on the coast on which they are vegetating. The seaports of Morocco are, no doubt, very like whitened sepulchres; the climate is sultry, and the people are fanatical and unfriendly. But at any rate they compare advantageously in every respect with such heaven-forsaken trading ports as Whydah. Potentates like the King of Dahomey scarcely stand an inch higher in point of intelligence than the bulk of their barbarian subjects. The negroes are as devoted to the worship of their fetiches as the Moors to their Prophet, and the "customs" which embody their conceptions of religion are infinitely sanguinary and demoralizing. Taught to hold their own lives cheap, they are unlikely to have any great regard for the lives of the white strangers. One of the few arts in which they have attained some proficiency is that of poisoning; and in that there are thriving practitioners of no mean skill. The agents of the factories necessarily employ native labour; and as the negro is always on the watch to shirk and to swindle, there are constant difficulties between him and his master. The man who has been scolded or dismissed is pretty sure to be planning vengeance, stimulated thereto by a reasonable certainty of being able to perpetrate any crime with impunity. And the inevitable dangers to life are serious enough without having them aggravated by helpless exposure to assassination. One is quartered in a shadeless factory, exposed to the intolerable glare of a tropical sun. Probably the only vegetation in the vicinity is in the dense mangrove swamps on the shores of the tidal estuary, and these are rotting and steaming under the fierce sun rays. When one might hope for a fresh breeze from the sea of an evening, it comes blowing over festering leaves and stretches of fetid mud. This is followed towards morning by a thick grey fog rolling up along the course of the river, and if the windows are left open for a breath of air, the air that enters has the seeds of death in it. Under such circumstances, the various hideous forms of reptile and insect life are trilling nuisances scarcely worth mentioning, though there are snakes in the rifts of the walls, centipedes and venomous spiders in the cracks of the ceilings, swarms of poisonous flies and mosquitoes, and the certainty of occasional invasion by legions of ravenous white ants. It is well if men so situated do not seek consolation in drinking; yet strict sobriety is a matter of life and death. And most of those who have resigned themselves to this sort of exile cannot even count on the contingency of finding a short cut to fortune. They are mere stipendiaries with very moderate appointments, and their horizon is bounded, if they are given to meditation, by the crowded mounds in the neighbouring graveyard. Thus commerce has its martyrs as well as religion, with the difference that their martyrdom is a lifelong affair, while its end is frequently the most dismal part of it.

TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of space has been occupied in the morning papers of this week by a case of mysterious poisoning at Balham, and there appears to be no doubt that the Coroner's inquest on the case was conducted in a careless and superficial manner. This, indeed, is proved by the statement of the Home Secretary, that neither the servants nor the four medical officers who had attended the deceased were called to give evidence, that the depositions were not read over and signed in the usual way, and that he was entirely dissatisfied with the Coroner's conduct, and had ordered a special inquiry on the subject. An incompetent coroner is unfortunately by no means a rarity. In the inquiries into the *Mistletoe* disaster one coroner was so conscious of his own weakness that he was afraid to sum up the depositions, and the other accepted without remonstrance a verdict of which one part was in flat contradiction to the other. It might almost be thought that there is no class of judicial functionaries so destitute of discretion as coroners. There seems to be at least a considerable section of them who divide their time between

holding inquests when there is no necessity for them, and muddling inquiries which are of importance. It would be well, therefore, if the Home Secretary could be persuaded to see the necessity of a general revision of this preliminary branch of justice. Considering the sort of people who are usually candidates for coronerships and the manner in which they are elected, as well as the absence of close supervision over their conduct, it is not perhaps surprising that the old reputation of the "crown's quest" should still cling to them, and that the method in which their inquiries are usually conducted should be anything but satisfactory. As a rule, the use of a coroner's inquest is superseded by the activity of the police; but the general principle of a special investigation by a jury in cases of mysterious death is a good one, and ought to be maintained. It is probable, however, that, as at present managed, inquests tend rather to confuse and obstruct the course of justice than to serve as an assistance to it. It is not very difficult for persons who have an interest in a case to get up evidence which imposes on an ignorant jury presided over by an incompetent judge, or to procure what is called an "open" or meaningless verdict; and when a coroner's jury has given its decision it is usually final. However, admitting all that can be said against this form of tribunal, we must say we should be sorry to see it superseded by another form of judicial inquiry which appears to be coming into fashion—we mean trial by the newspapers. The liberties in which a certain class of journals indulge with regard to criminal proceedings have lately assumed a more audacious character. In civil cases they are perhaps deterred by the fear of actions for libel; but in criminal cases they apparently take it for granted that there will be no question of damages, and that they can say what they like. It is obvious that any interference from the outside with a case which is receiving, or is to receive, the consideration of a competent court of law is a breach of those conditions of order and reticence which are essential to the existence, or at least to the proper administration, of such a tribunal. When a case goes before a court it passes beyond the range of loose public discussion. This is a very simple rule, and it cannot be denied that, on the whole, the press has been scrupulous in obeying it. Of late, however, there have been various symptoms of a disposition on the part of some reckless traders in sensationalism to break the bounds, and to take into their own hands the investigation of cases of crime which attract much attention. In the Wainwright case more than one daily journal thought it necessary to employ detectives of its own, and to publish the results of their researches or imaginative speculations. In the horrible case of the murder of a little girl at Bolton the same thing was repeated; and now we have another illustration of the same tendency in connexion with the mysterious death at Balham.

During the last fortnight there have been various references to this case in the newspapers, and so far as these had to do with pointing out that the Coroner's inquiry was inadequate and perfunctory, and urging that a supplementary inquiry should take place, they were reasonable enough. The inquest was held in a private house, almost secretly, and the evidence at hand was not thoroughly exhausted. It is possible that the whole affair might have escaped public notice if it had not been for influences of some kind or another which have stirred the matter. It does not appear whether any reporter was present at the inquest, but no report of the proceedings was published till some days afterwards, and this consisted mainly of the written depositions. If the newspapers had stopped here, they would only have been doing their duty. It is very important to the public that there should be no risk of such inquiries being hushed up, and it is the business of the press to watch what goes on. Not content, however, with the ordinary way of dealing with such things, the *Daily Telegraph* has initiated what may be regarded as a court of its own. It has opened its columns to the gossip-mongers, and has published a mass of rumours and conjectures which has reached it in this way. Among others, a person calling himself "A Barrister" has appeared before this singular court, and it certainly cannot be said that, in the present state of legal education, vulgar stupidity and ignorance of law are conclusive grounds for denying the genuineness of the professional title which he assumes. He begins by saying that he has read with great interest the various communications in the *Daily Telegraph*, and thinks that "some of them let a certain amount of light upon the circumstances of the case"; and that "when they are connected with such positive evidence as has already been made public," it seems to him that "the whole matter lies within a comparatively limited compass." He then lays down what he calls the well-understood rule, that in all investigations "we should move from what we know to what we do not know." Our own impression is that this is a very dangerous rule, at least in the sense in which the "Barrister" applies it, and that it is safer to stop at what you know, and let what you do not know alone. He assumes as a beginning—what indeed seems to be a fact—that the death in question was caused by poison. He then discusses the hypothesis of suicide, calling himself as a witness to prove the cheerfulness and contentment of the person supposed to have committed this act. He admits, however, that there are some points as to which it would be well to have some information, and urges Sir W. Gull "to clear up what actually occurred." Nevertheless, he does not think it worth while to wait for this elucidation, and in the very next sentence dogmatically pronounces that suicide is out of the question. The possibility of accident is next set aside on the ground that "a large dose of tartar emetic is not the kind of thing that goes straying

about at random in an orderly and well-regulated house," and that it would be "a very unusual mischance" if an antimony hair-dye should find its way into wine or soup. Therefore, he holds, the idea of accident is "absurd, on the face of it." He then coolly proceeds to the final alternative—"We are consequently reduced to the terrible conclusion that" the deceased "was murdered"; and not only this, but that "the poison was taken by him during the course of his dinner," and in fact that it was in his wine. Other persons partook of the dishes at dinner, and were not ill. Therefore the "Barrister" concludes that the mischief must have been in the burgundy which the deceased drank at table. This bottle of wine was not produced at the inquest, and there is as yet no evidence whatever as to its contents. But the "Barrister," with true judicial acumen, "takes it for granted." "I arrive at this conclusion," he says, "by what logicians call the 'method of residues'; it must have been in the burgundy, because it could not possibly have been in anything else." The fact is that there is really no evidence, one way or the other, on this part of the subject, not even the negative evidence that the poison could not possibly have been anywhere except in the bottle. Yet the "Barrister" in his confusion of mind says he will confine himself to "absolute and ascertained facts."

The *Daily Telegraph* has also printed a good deal of other correspondence on this exciting mystery, and no doubt there is an abundant stock of this sort of worthless gossip ready to be poured into any utensil that is provided for it. The question is, whether this sort of interference with the preliminary proceedings in what may turn out to be a criminal case is justifiable; and there can be no difficulty in giving an answer. It is very easy for a "Barrister" to conduct a case by evidence invented or coloured by himself, when free from the check of cross-examination; and if this class of practitioners are to find a forum in the newspapers, they will probably not want clients. In the present instance it may be said that the object is, not to assist a guilty person to escape, but rather to bring some person who is supposed to be guilty to justice. But in many cases the effect of newspaper interference in this way would be to obscure and bewilder public opinion on the subject, with a view to the offender's escape, and persons in that position would soon discover the use which might be made of such a system. In any case the discussion of such matters in the press must necessarily be injurious in confusing the public as to rules of evidence and mixing up facts and fiction in an inextricable tangle. The newspapers have a right to report evidence publicly given, and, when the inquiry is over, to comment on it if they choose. But it is certainly not their place to open their columns to all the loose, unauthenticated and unauthenticable gossip that may be sent to them on such a subject. It is to be regretted that the respect of journalists for the character of their profession is not enough to impose the necessary restraint; but if the scandal continues, something will have to be done.

DISCIPLINE IN MERCHANT SHIPS.

A DEPUTATION of shipowners and others has urged upon the Prime Minister the importance of maintaining discipline in merchant ships, and Mr. Disraeli has been advised to answer that the existing law is adequate for this purpose. It may easily be shown, by reference to authority, that the law has always allowed large powers of repression and punishment to the captains of trading ships, these captains being at the same time liable both civilly and criminally for abuse of the powers thus entrusted to them. In a case that occurred nearly fifty years ago, a sailor brought an action against his captain for assaulting and beating him and putting him in irons; and it was conceded in argument by the plaintiff's counsel that, when a ship is on the high seas, where it is impossible to procure assistance, a captain may inflict corporal chastisement on his crew; but it was contended that the rule was different when, as in that case, the ship was at anchor with other British ships within hail. A point of pleading arose in that case, in reference to which the plaintiff's counsel argued that, "if, under the circumstances, the defendant was not justified in flogging the plaintiff, the proceeding was void *in toto*," which perhaps would be small consolation to his client. As may be read in an Oxford translation of Aristotle's *Ethics*,

Of this alone is Deity bereft,
To make undone whatever has been done;

and neither Gods nor Barons of the Exchequer can unflog a man. But it may perhaps comfort Mr. P. A. Taylor to know that, if a sailor be flogged illegally, "the proceeding is void *in toto*." In the case to which we have referred, Lord Lyndhurst, who then presided in the Exchequer, laid down the law clearly and sufficiently in support of discipline. The ship was at anchor off Macao, and the captain was on shore. In his absence an inquiry was held by the officers into the conduct of a sailor named Cronan, and they determined that he had been guilty of disobedience to orders, and sent for the captain, who, coming on board three days afterwards, ordered Cronan to be flogged. The plaintiff Lamb, being probably what is called a sea lawyer, demanded by what authority the captain ordered Cronan to be flogged. And he and others riotously and mutinously resisted the execution of the captain's orders to flog Cronan. The other ships, on signals being made to them, sent boats with armed men, who quelled the disturbance, and Lamb was immediately flogged by the captain's order, and afterwards imprisoned and kept in irons.

The jury having found their verdict for the defendant, it was sustained by the Court. It was clear, said Lord Lyndhurst, that Cronan misconducted himself, and "for the purpose of enforcing obedience in the ship's crew, the captain has authority to order any of the crew who misconduct themselves to be moderately and properly corrected." Then, as to the conduct of Lamb, he appeared to have been the leader of the persons who opposed the infliction of punishment on Cronan, and whose behaviour was extremely objectionable and mutinous. Under such circumstances the captain was justified in directing punishment to be inflicted on Lamb.

The law may be further illustrated by reference to a criminal case which occurred about seven years later, and which was cited in the opinion read by Mr. Disraeli to the deputation. It was laid down in that case that persons on board ship are necessarily subject to something like despotic government, and it is therefore extremely important that the law should regulate the conduct of those who exercise dominion over them. The captain and mate of a ship were indicted for manslaughter of a sailor who was really in ill health, and they pleaded guilty, but represented themselves to have believed the man to be a skulker. The Court said that the question was whether the phenomena of disease were such as would excite the attention of reasonable and humane men. "This," said Baron Alderson, "is a very aggravated case." The only circumstance stated in the defendants' favour was that the deceased was sent on board by a surgeon as fit for work, and this was not proved. They ought to have known that the man was in such a condition that he was likely to die, and therefore the Court would imprison them for a very long period. In several recent cases of shipwreck we have heard of great disorders and crowding into boats among both passengers and crew, and of the captain threatening to shoot those who resisted his authority. If the captain had shot even a passenger under such circumstances, the law would probably justify his act, but only on full inquiry and consideration of the facts. It might well be in such a case that destroying one life might save many. Within the last ten years a case occurred in which the authority of the captain over passengers as well as crew was recognized. But, said the Judge, this authority is based on necessity, and is limited to the preservation of necessary discipline and the safety of the ship. The captain is not bound to wait for actual mutiny, and he might arrest any movement towards it on the part of passengers or crew. But there must be some act calculated, in the judgment of a reasonable man, to interfere with the safety of the ship or the due prosecution of the voyage. "The necessity for exercising a due control over the exercise of this arbitrary authority was all the greater because it was exercised on the high seas, perhaps thousands of miles from land, without any opportunity, until weeks or months afterwards, of appealing to the law for redress in case the authority was abused." The late Baron Channell, who thus charged the jury, asked them to consider whether, in sober seriousness, it was really necessary for the safety of the ship or the due prosecution of the voyage that the plaintiff should have been seized and imprisoned. They would bear in mind that the ship was of considerable size, and must have had a numerous crew, and could they say that the plaintiff's conduct, whatever it was, rendered such measures necessary for the safety or due management of the ship? They must consider whether there had been any necessity for the exercise of authority, and even if there had been such necessity, whether there had been excess beyond what was necessary? The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff with 25*l.* damages; so that out of three cases which have been mentioned, redress was given in a criminal Court in one, and in a civil Court in another, while in the third the captain's necessary exercise of authority was justified. The result of all this seems to be, that the existing law is reasonably sufficient; but, like other laws, it is liable to defective execution through mistakes of judges. The Attorney-General, being questioned in the House of Commons in reference to the case of the captain of the *Locksley Hall*, answered in conformity with these authorities. He said that the legality or illegality of a captain's conduct depends upon the special circumstances which existed at the time when he committed the alleged wrong, and it is frequently necessary for him to exercise his power with considerable severity.

Whether or not it be expedient to man British ships with Greeks or Maltese, as a matter of fact many ships are so manned, and in dealing with a motley crew a captain's authority ought to be considerable. This is clearly shown by the recent case of the *Cannell*, whose captain would have been justified in taking prompt and severe measures to quell the mutiny in which he and his officers perished. This ship had originally an English crew, but at Buenos Ayres all except the two mates, the steward, the carpenter, and two apprentices were discharged; and three Greeks, two Maltese, a Scotchman, and an Englishman were shipped in place of those who left. The ship proceeded to Valparaiso in ballast, and some dispute occurring about provisions, one of the Greeks was heard to say that, if the captain lifted a hand against the crew, "they would see the deck running in blood." Nothing else exceptional occurred until after the vessel left Antofagasta with nitre for Queenstown and Falmouth. On New Year's Eve one of the Greek sailors was lying ill, and the mate told another of them, called "Big George," that he would have to go on the sick man's watch. He refused, and the captain went into the fore-castle with a revolver. Being asked why he came armed, the captain answered that he meant to use his revolver if necessary. Big George then promised to take the

B

sick man's place, but he did not, and nothing more was done to compel him. This was on Friday evening, and nothing further occurred until Tuesday, the 4th of January, when, as the captain was instructing Big George how to put the "seasons" round the rigging, he suddenly and without apparent provocation stabbed the captain in the stomach. The two mates and the steward were simultaneously attacked with shots and stabs, and in the result these four Englishmen were murdered by the five foreigners. The plan was concerted, and may perhaps have been a complete surprise to the victims. If the captain had been a more resolute man, he would probably have compelled Big George to go on watch on Friday evening or put him in irons for refusal, and if in attempting to do this he had provoked a premature explosion of mutiny and violence, he might perhaps have saved his own life and the lives of those who perished with him four days afterwards. But, if he ought to have done this as a prudent and resolute officer, he certainly ought not to have been answerable to the criminal law for doing it. Indeed, if such cases as these occur repeatedly, the law is likely to be expounded by judges at least as adversely to mutineers as it was fifty years ago. It may, however, become questionable whether it is worth while to undertake a voyage with half the ship's crew ready to kill the other half at the shortest notice. The foreigners on board the *Caswell* actually did kill four Englishmen, and the only safety of the Englishmen manifestly lay in being as prepared and ruthless as their probable assailants. It seems a misnomer to talk of a ship's "company" under such circumstances, and probably half, according to the old proverb, would be better than the whole; for the Englishmen might have contrived to work the ship without any help at all, and the help which they had was worse than none. It almost seems as if the dangers of the deep were likely to be more largely experienced by the mercantile than by the Royal navy. A naval battle will be very terrible when it comes, but it is a long time coming, and even an ironclad on a holiday cruise in the Irish Channel is a safer place than a merchantman with irascible and long-knived Greeks on board. After the captain, two mates, and the steward of the *Caswell* had been murdered, the ship rounded Cape Horn, and off the river Plate the two Maltese left her, so that there remained on board the carpenter, two British seamen and two boys, and the three Greeks. It was now believed that the only choice for our countrymen lay between killing and being killed, and they accordingly determined to attack, and, after a severe fight, killed two of the Greeks and wounded and made prisoner the third. It is said that the Greeks intended to take the ship to one of their own ports in the Mediterranean, where they probably hoped to escape notice among the miscellaneous scoundrelism of their country. The ship was within a few days' sail of Rio when the second conflict occurred, and the victors with their wounded captive determined to bring her to Queenstown, and in this they succeeded. The statements which they have made are confirmed by the appearance of the cabin where the fight came off and by the ship's log, but, as their prisoner awaits trial, it must not be assumed that he individually is guilty. All we can say is, that those who perpetrate such atrocities and survive them cannot expect on capture and conviction any sentence short of death. Indeed, if there were now any considerable agitation against capital punishment, such a case as this would go far to quiet it. The murderers of the *Lennie* are awaiting execution, and the survivor of the alleged murderers of the *Caswell* will certainly be tried. We do not, therefore, quite agree with the deputation who urged on Mr. Disraeli that these cases, and the generally growing insubordination, show the need of immediate legislation. As the magistrate's decision in the case of the captain of the *Lockley Hall* has been as far as possible corrected by the Home Secretary, we must assume that the magistrate erred, as judges of higher rank sometimes err, in applying a law which, rightly understood, is sufficient for its purpose. The administration of any law will always depend to some extent on public opinion, and after these cases of the *Lennie* and *Caswell* mutineers are not likely to obtain much sympathy. It appears that Mr. Disraeli was right in saying that the ship-masters who addressed him rather underrated the power which they by law possess.

WATER SUPPLY OF HASTINGS.

A REPORT in the *Lancet* on the water supply of Hastings will be read with interest, not only as affecting a popular seaside town, but also as an illustration of difficulties which beset many other increasing towns. This town has outgrown the district from which its natural water supply comes, and a larger quantity must be brought from a longer distance. It has been suggested that the necessary supply might be obtained by boring down to the Lower Greensand at Glynde, about twenty miles from Hastings, and the engineering difficulty of such a scheme would not be serious, although the expense of this or any other adequate plan would be considerable. We believe that a similar method was adopted some years ago at the neighbouring seaside town of Eastbourne, but under more favourable circumstances, as the supply could be obtained nearer to the place requiring it. Expense, however, cannot in such a matter be regarded, and the townsmen of Hastings will find it dear economy to allow any slur to rest on the water supply of their town.

The total watershed area available for Hastings may be roughly described as a triangle, with the sea for base. It covers no more

than 3,000 or 4,000 acres, and is broken into glens which run down to the sea. It lies in the Wealden deposit, and consists partly of sand and partly of clay. The surrounding hills are steep, the strata are broken by numerous faults and fissures, their dip is not favourable for the accumulation of water, and a considerable portion of the district is thickly populated. A Report was made last year to the Town Council of Hastings by Mr. Topley, of the Geological Survey, and the Report in the *Lancet* appears to be partly founded on Mr. Topley's statements. The present supply of water is said to be derived, first, from wells; secondly, from surface drainage; and thirdly, from superficial springs. A well at Hollington, which at present supplies St. Leonards only, has been lately acquired by the Corporation, and it is now proposed to add it to the general town supply. This proposal is naturally resented by the inhabitants of St. Leonards, who view it as an admixture of their good water with the doubtful water of Hastings. This well at Hollington is estimated to yield 75,000 gallons per day. An old well near the gas-works yields about 40,000 gallons per day. This well is stated to communicate with subterranean fissures of unknown extent, which prevent the water from rising above a certain height, and it is, in fact, utilized as a large storage reservoir. There seems, however, some danger in this practice, as no one can say how near the fissures come to the surface nor how far they reach. The storage of this reservoir is roughly estimated at 50,000,000 gallons, and it is connected by mains with all the wells and reservoirs of the town, except the well at Hollington, and even that will shortly be included. The supply of water obtainable from deep wells being limited, it is necessary to augment it with superficial spring and surface drainage water. At Shornden and in the valleys of the Old Roar, Clive, and Ecclesbourne reservoirs have been constructed, which are supplied from these sources. Each of these reservoirs collects and stores the water of the surrounding springs, and in one or two cases a stream is impounded. The reservoir in the Old Roar valley is the largest, and it holds 25,000,000 gallons. It is fed at the upper end by the Old Roar stream, which flows down a valley now pretty thickly inhabited. "This stream," says the *Lancet*, "is most objectionable," and we can hardly doubt that the objections stated are to a great extent well founded. "The springs which contribute to the reservoir seem little better"; Ecclesbourne and the two Clive reservoirs are described as presenting similar features. The water in all was "opalescent and swarming with water fleas." The general character of the water drawn from these various sources is said to be "unsatisfactory and dangerous," and although this is matter of more or less disputable opinion, there is the further consideration of quantity, and this is matter of fact. The present population of Hastings and St. Leonards may be taken at 35,000, exclusive of autumn visitors. The reporter estimates that only 30,000 are now supplied with water, and he adds that the private wells, which supplement the town supply, are in many cases badly polluted and should not be used at all. Allowing for the exceptional wants of the autumn, when water is most important, it seems no exaggeration to say that a present population of 40,000 should be provided for. The smallest daily allowance that can be sufficient is twenty-five gallons per head, which gives a daily requirement of 1,000,000 gallons. In London the allowance is about thirty gallons per head, and in some places it is still higher. A smaller quantity would of course be sufficient, with economy, for actual sanitary necessities; but in a fashionable watering-place the supply should be abundant, if only for the reputation of the place. It is highly desirable that a constant supply should be provided, and liberal allowance should be made for the flushing of sewers and the watering of gardens. Last year the average daily consumption of water was about 640,000 gallons, and with the additional works now proposed, and careful storage, the proper quantity might, in favourable years, be obtained. But bad years have to be provided for as well as good ones, and even bad seasons. It is stated that in four months of 1874, and these the most important months of the year—namely, from July to October—the daily consumption fell to 300,000 gallons—that is, twelve gallons per head for a population of 25,000, or seven and a half gallons per head for a population of 40,000, the latter estimate being the more probable. Now it is calculated that the deep wells, the yield of which is pretty steady and the water of which is good, cannot, by any improvement, be made to yield more than about four hundred thousand gallons per day. The rest of the supply must be made up by the impounding and storage of land drainage and superficial springs. It has already been shown that much of the present water supply is obtained in this way. It is now proposed to construct similar works, with the addition of filter-beds, in the Fairlight and Warren valleys. But these new supplies will hardly do more than balance the losses which must be submitted to elsewhere. The Old Roar and Clive reservoirs, if not those of Ecclesbourne and Shornden, must shortly be relinquished. "They are getting too dangerous," says the *Lancet*, adding that its judgment on this point is confirmed by Mr. Topley in his Report. It is also observed that water of this kind is ill adapted for storage, and during a long drought becomes very bad, and sometimes even dangerous.

Large towns everywhere must recognize natural conditions, and, as Hastings depends greatly for its prosperity on London, it need not complain of encountering a share of the same troubles. It is now living through the same experience as London did fifty years ago, with this difference, that it is a much smaller place, and has no considerable river. When alarm first began to be felt as to the quality of Thames water, various plans were proposed for

obtaining water from the upper part of the Thames, or from minor streams such as the Colne and Wandle, and also by boring wells. The popular belief that you could get as much water as you wanted by boring deep enough was soon disproved by experience. The object of such borings was to obtain water from the sandy strata which lie beneath the London clay, such water being originally collected at the points where the pervious strata rise to the surface at the boundaries of the great basin in which the metropolis is situated. But it was long ago concluded that water did not exist in these strata in sufficient abundance to afford a constant supply to the metropolis, or even to a considerable district by raising it from below the clay. Here and there Artesian wells, as they are called, succeeded, but sometimes a second well was found to tap a first, and it was soon discovered that, although these wells had been used immemorially in France and Italy, they were no adequate resource for a population accumulating so rapidly as that of London. Meanwhile, the Thames and its tributaries became more and more polluted by the growing population on their banks, and water was taken for consumption at higher points, and finally the use of the same stream as conduit and sewer was seen to be impossible. All this seems to be now happening over again on a small scale at Hastings, and its Town Council, after trying every means to utilize the water of its own area, will be forced to go beyond it. The very completeness of their arrangements, if they stop short of this final step, aggravates the existing difficulty. St. Leonards is now complaining that its peculiar water is to be mixed with that of Hastings, and for good or evil the two places have been made one. With many advantages they suffer this drawback, that they cannot easily obtain as much good water as they ought to have. Nature has not provided for a large town upon this site where modern society requires one; and the want of nature must be supplemented by art, and the question is how this may best be done. There are usually two plans and only two available, wells and surface reservoirs, and neither can be applied without danger of collision with existing interests. Even the supply from the Lower Greensand, near Glynde, although Mr. Topley believes that it would be very large, would not be unlimited, and we know not what drought elsewhere might be caused by sending this water to Hastings. The story of the two brewers who sank artesian wells in London is typical of the whole subject of water supply in England. It has become evident that economy on a large scale must be practised by preserving our rivers from pollution and by constructing storage reservoirs in suitable localities.

It is rather surprising that the vigorous agitation in favour of temperance or total abstinence does not direct itself, among other objects, to this of improving the general water supply of the country. Perhaps Hastings has too much beer, and certainly it has, or will have, too little water. No amount of scientific or moral lecturing will dissuade people from using alcohol as a supposed corrective of impure water, and beyond all question, much of the water now supplied to English towns is impure, and there are many places besides Hastings where the impetus necessary to real improvement must be supplied from without. An adequate plan for the future wants of Hastings could hardly be adopted without Parliamentary sanction, which is costly. It is not desirable that this Report in the *Lancet* should be used to excite immediate anxiety. But it will convey a useful warning against narrow measures and shortsighted economy. The general result of the inquiry is well summed up in a leading article in the same paper, which, after describing the natural features and circumstances of Hastings, concludes that "its water supply must be small or bad," that is, small having regard to the probable increase of the place, and the character which, as a health-resort, it would desire to maintain. Owners of property have derived benefit from the attraction of visitors to the place, and must accept the corresponding burden. It is to be feared that St. Leonards must surrender its valued well at Hollington, and if it could prevent Hastings from taking this water directly, the same result might perhaps be attained by subterranean tapping. The inevitable tendency of the age is to deal with these questions, not by piecemeal, but largely. A time may perhaps come when St. Leonards will find itself associated for water supply, not only with Hastings, but with other towns on the South coast, drawing water supply from the lower strata of the chalk hills. The local authorities should remember that, although danger may be distant, panic may be near. Some accidental and limited pollution may be laid hold of by newspapers in want of a sensation, and a cry may be got up which ten years of unblemished sanitary administration will not allay. The general ignorance of the public on these matters makes it an easy victim to interested or hostile agitation, and it cannot be doubted that, in an exceptionally dry summer, the water supply of Hastings would offer a tempting subject to any writer possessed of a little scientific knowledge and a striking style. It may be hoped, therefore, that the warning of the *Lancet* will not be neglected by the Town Council. They have time and they can find means to effect a complete reform.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THE picture of the season, as we have already said, is Mr. Leighton's "Daphnephoria" (241), "a triumphal procession held every ninth year at Thebes, in honour of Apollo." "Its name was derived from the laurel branches carried by those who took part

in the festival—the laurel, or more properly the bay, being sacred to Apollo." The procession, though flowing onwards in an unbroken stream, may be divided into four or more constituent parts. It is led by a priest, with the commanding air of a god, impelled by passionate ardour. The figure is moulded after the noblest Greek type; but the rigidity of sculpture has been fitly made to yield to the mobility and suavity suited to a picture. The drapery, too, loses the rigidity of marble, and becomes decorative in ornament, apparently consisting in tasteful adaptations from Greek vases. Next follow three lads, bearing a trophy of golden armour. Thirdly comes a lovely choir of Theban maidens, crowned with laurel and bearing laurel branches, who sing a hymn to Apollo. The procession closes with boys carrying votive tripods. Nor must we forget the surroundings of nature. The climate of Greece, which has always been accounted an inspiring element in Greek art, is here at its prime; sunlight falls in dazzling rays upon the city of Thebes, seen in the middle distance; and the stalwart forms of stone-pines—too gigantic, because they dwarf the figures—together with the luxuriant growth of olive, bay, and oleander, tell of the fertilizing power of the sun, whose chariot Apollo guided. To this general description may be added a few words of criticism. It is not irrelevant to remark that this procession in honour of Apollo, the art-inspirer, has none of the riot common to the numerous processions and dances in celebration of Bacchus, the wine-inspired. Neither Apollo nor the Muses are present, but their spell is felt. The lines and the tones are mellifluous even to a fault. The joyousness of the scene, so different from the ponderosity of a Roman triumph, is true to the Greek people and their art. The gaiety of the Greeks led them into games and festivities. The artist's treatment of the nude conforms in a good degree to the conditions laid down by Winckelmann; it is guarded by knowledge and guided by beauty. Beauty here, as with the Greeks, moves to worship; it is a beauty calm and serene, unshadowed by a cloud, unmarred by violent action. The ancients regarded slow movements as indicative of great minds. In this procession the movement comes out of repose, and to repose it will return. It may be fairly objected that the colour seems to derive its tertiary concords from Germany, with a possible infusion from M. Hamon and other vaporists in France. The generic style also, like the colour, is composite; assuredly it cannot be ranked as strictly Greek; perhaps it may be best designated as Romantic-Classical. If we mistake not, posterity will assign to Mr. Leighton the honour—shared by artists of all time whose names are recorded in history—of having formed an individual style which, notwithstanding certain infirmities, is essentially his own.

William Schlegel truly says, "When we ground our judgment of modern painters merely on their greater or less resemblance to the ancients, we must necessarily be unjust towards them, as Winckelmann undoubtedly has been in the case of Raffaele." This passage strikes at the difficulties encountered in the three great classic pictures of the year. We should say that Mr. Leighton's "Daphnephoria" is the most romantic and modern; that Mr. Armitage's "Phryne" is in its modelling the most plastic; and that Mr. Poynter's "Atalanta" is the most of a go-between, two-thirds of the composition being pictorial, and one-third sculptural. The better opinion seems to be that in these days the antique needs adaptation to changed conditions, and it is always interesting to observe the varying points of view taken by different painters and sculptors. Mr. Albert Moore is a leader in the school which permits no compromise. "Beads" (258) is the all but meaningless title given to two sleeping figures which in their contour and diaphanous drapery might pass for literal transcripts from antique marbles. Mr. Eyre Crowe, the cynic among the newly-elected Associates, paints a "Rehearsal" (10) of *The Birds* of Aristophanes. The picture, which is of course comic, though in a pseudo-classic sense, might throw tragedy into relief; according to a Socratic saying, "All opposites can be fully understood only by and through each other; consequently we can only know what is serious by knowing also what is laughable and ludicrous." Euelpides and Pisthetairus are depicted by Mr. Crowe as having "fled from Athens and its vices" in order to enjoy a more tranquil region—a community of birds. The artist introduces the "Chorus of Birds," who exclaim, "Ah, ah! we are betrayed." "The scene chosen represents the rebuff of the intruders on being at first mistaken for bird-catchers." The handling of the picture is trenchant in touch, as befits pictorial sarcasm. We may also commend, for sound workmanship as well as for realism in the accessories, "After the Dance" (91), by Mr. Waterhouse. But the intrusion of a pretty girl, quite after the modern manner, into the midst of the antique world shows how hard it is to preserve the unities. Grand as a reading of the character is Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Cleopatra" (1282); proud as an empress, voluptuous as a mistress.

The vocal art of poetry translates kindly into the silent art of painting; speech is, in truth, suggested by the expression of the face, the action of the hands, and indeed by the attitude and movement of the whole body. This, the natural, and for the most part unconscious, language of the human framework, it is the business of the artist to render emphatically and clearly. Mr. Herbert has in good measure succeeded in this endeavour in his carefully studied and symmetric composition, "King Lear Disinheriting Cordelia" (189). Lear, enthroned in the midst, gives vent to a towering rage as he vociferates to poor Cordelia, "Here I disclaim all my paternal care." The three daughters are ranged around, and we must say that they are so little like to the creations of Shakspeare that they appear just as if they had escaped from a convent. Much more true to nature

and to the text of the poet is the well-known picture by Mr. Madox Brown. We have to do with a national tragedy; the scene is laid in Britain, the characters are British, and yet these three daughters as depicted by Mr. Herbert are aliens. The architectural surroundings are alien also. The baldacchino-like portico which enshrines, as it were, the majesty of the King, is in its architecture foreign to our island. This last objection, which we do not press strongly, may yet indicate in how completely a non-natural sense Mr. Herbert has interpreted our national poet. Nevertheless "King Lear Disinheriting Cordelia" cannot be forgotten whenever the history of English art in the nineteenth century comes to be written. Almost the only other illustration of Shakespeare worthy of notice is "The Meeting of Oberon and Titania" (175), by Mr. Poole. The technique is not so strong as might have been expected from what the artist has done in former years, yet the imaginative faculty is still conspicuous. The scene is laid in a wood near Athens, and the painter has taken the liberty of adding a lake glistening under the silver moon with blue ghost-like hills rising against the sky. Upon such a poetic landscape Shakespeare makes to "enter Oberon, on the one side, with his train, and Titania, on the other, with hers." Oberon's first words are "Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania." The artist introduces us to "moonlight revels" of wild weird devilry; strange umbrageous foliage offers a retreat wherein elves might nestle in the night, and elements of air and earth are present which haunt a summer's dream. The conception is not carried out to completeness, yet the artist succeeds in conveying the spectator into a land of visions possessed by spirits of the night. The present Exhibition has fewer pictures from Shakespeare than usual.

Every Exhibition contains a multitude of pictures which almost defy classification. Amongst such miscellanies the following may be thrown together, inasmuch as the artists severally appear to have striven to redeem their subjects from commonplace. In this endeavour Mr. Elmore has not failed in "A Morning Reverie" (50); the theme is a highborn lady, with sorrows laden, in maiden meditation fancy free. The study of lines, both in the pose of the figure and in the disposition of the draperies, is singularly responsive to the sense of beauty. The same room affords space to a repulsive, though well-painted, picture, "The Princess" (80), by Mr. Dollman, inspired by Mr. Tennyson's "Medley." A scimitar lies ready for use on the table, and "two tame leopards couch" on the ground; such would appear to be the threats held out against dissentients from the rights of women. A fanciful and zephyr-like figure, "A Breezy Morning" (528), by Mr. T. R. Spence, though not disagreeable, defies even the most elementary rules as to the composition of lines. Mr. Stokes, taking as his text "Coward Conscience, how dost thou afflict me" (596), falls into spasmodic sentimentality. Mr. Daffarn appears as one of the last survivors of the defunct brotherhood of Pre-Raphaelite painters in "The Forsaken" (419); what a compound of agony and ugliness! Mr. Strudwick would appear to be a disciple in the school of Mr. Stanhope—a painter whom we regret not to meet this year, because, though we often dissent from his art, he has a weight of thought with which it is instructive to come in contact. We are sorry not to be able to say much in praise of Mr. Strudwick's "Songs without Words" (577), because the picture is not only without words, but without meaning. Here, again, we have to contend against a non-natural art; the figure is on a scale at least double that of the landscape; the lady reclines disconsolate on the chilly ground, reckless of rheumatism. Were not the provocation unusually great, we should shrink from a hint at the one step which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. Mr. Dobson, as usual, is refined and not quite weak in a figure called "The Offering" (227). One or two spurious religious pictures are scattered about, we will not say as good seed, but as waifs and strays. Mr. Dicksee is divided between divers winds of doctrine in "Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard" (915); the style is neither wholly classic, Bedouin, nor sacred, but a mixture of the three. One sign of a great artist is unity of motive, while the mark of a man who has nothing worth saying is often a confusion of tongues. As a surprise, but scarcely as a pleasure, we encounter Professor Carl Müller, whose spiritual but feeble effusions in the way of "Christian Art" we have known in Düsseldorf, Remagen, and elsewhere. "The Virgin and Child in front of a Grotto" (355), and "The Virgin and Infant Christ with St. Joseph and an Angel Playing" (1252), are wholly wanting, not only in art mastery, but in the ardour and inspiration of religion. Fortunately the victory of the Germans in arms has been attended by the revival of a more robust and vigorous art.

SIGNOR ROSSI.

SIGNOR ROSSI, in a curiously illogical letter lately addressed to the daily papers, protested against the criticism which has implied that he is incapable of understanding Shakespeare's characters, and gave an explanation of his Hamlet which must have surprised most people who saw him play the part. In speaking of the actor's appearance as Hamlet, we observed that, as far as one could judge of an actor's conception of a character from what he did with it on the stage, Signor Rossi seemed to have settled very definitely the question whether Hamlet was mad or not. The impression naturally conveyed by the actor's extravagant, at times uncouth, behaviour was that he intended to represent a lunatic. From Signor Rossi's letter, however, we

learnt with some surprise that this was distinctly not his intention, and that he imagines Hamlet never to have been completely mad. When an actor's meaning in an important part is so generally misapprehended as was Signor Rossi's in Hamlet, it is likely that the fault lies with him as much as with his audience. There are plenty of instances of actors whose means have failed them for transferring their impressions to their hearers, and who, with minds full of passion, have produced a cold effect upon their audiences; but it is somewhat astonishing to find so practised an actor as Signor Rossi giving an impression the opposite of what he intends through the whole of a long part. In the same letter which informed us that, though his Hamlet might appear mad, he was not really so, and that it was not his but our understanding that was at fault, Signor Rossi gave his views on King Lear, which it seems his hearers had been equal to comprehending through the medium of his performance on the stage. There is a novelty in Signor Rossi's method of first acting a part and then explaining what he meant by his acting, but it would perhaps be better if the explanation came before the performance. It would save a lazy playgoer some trouble if with his play-bill there were handed to him a critical account, from the actor's point of view, of the performance he was going to witness.

Signor Rossi's notion about King Lear is that he should be represented as what the Scotch call "doited" at the beginning of the play; and no doubt this view is capable of being sustained. The division of his kingdom between Goneril and Regan was certainly not the act of a wise man; and the dialogue between Regan and Goneril at the end of the first scene may be brought forward to show that their father's mind was in a shaky state. His age is "full of changes"; his poor judgment in casting off his favourite daughter may be the "infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself." "The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash"; from which speeches one may no doubt construct a theory that Lear was not only doited in his old age, but had been little better than half-witted even in the heyday of his youth. The commentators who delight in grubbing up meanings out of Shakespeare's text which no one else has ever supposed to exist there might do well to turn their attention to this passage. By sufficiently careful consideration of it they might arrive at the conclusion that Lear was a kind of vicious imbecile, whose slandered daughters were doing the best possible thing for him in refusing to encourage his extravagance and folly. Signor Rossi, from this and other passages, such as Lear's impatience for his dinner, has decided that the King's faculties should be shown from the first to be in a crazy condition. The actor exhibited with finished care in gesture, voice, and look the various symptoms of failing memory and reason with which he illustrates the change in Lear from a senile confusion and incompetence to more extravagant madness; and he may be given credit for carrying out his idea of the character at the expense of stage effect and interest. One can imagine how the representation of King Lear passing from a state of honour and grandeur to one of degradation, through which his grandeur should be yet perceived, would, in the hands of an actor with the necessary gifts and training, appeal to the hearts of an audience. But it is difficult to feel any deep interest in the fortunes of an old man who, when he has handed over his crown, has little token of kingliness left about him; and when King Lear's character is represented as answering pretty nearly to his daughters' description, it is possible to understand their conduct towards him. They might have expressed themselves more becomingly, but it was not strange that they should object to having a hundred knights, subject to no authority but that of a petulant dotard, quartered upon them. Signor Rossi would seem to have forgotten that Goneril and Regan are not the only people from whom one can learn something of Lear's attributes. Kent, in an assumed character it is true, says that he reads authority in the King's countenance, and that is precisely what one cannot read in Signor Rossi's. Kent's word may be taken to be worth as much at least as Goneril's and Regan's; and it is possible that, when they spoke to each other of their father's infirmities, both knew that their speeches were the expression rather of what they found it convenient to assume than of what they believed.

Signor Rossi, starting by presenting for King Lear a figure that fails to arouse any absorbing interest or sympathy, did not—and in this he was perhaps consistent—surprise his hearers' feelings with the more passionate parts of the play. Everything that he did was careful, but hardly once could one think of Lear's sufferings, and, so thinking, forget the presence of a clever actor giving a somewhat mean rendering of a great part. The skill with which the player indicated the gradual increase of disturbance in the King's brain was remarkable; but the burst of passion which one hoped for at the end of the first and second acts was wanting. After having learnt how different Signor Rossi's idea of Hamlet is from the idea which he conveyed to other people, we could easily believe that he had within him in Lear the feeling of his part, as much as the young actor in George Sand's *Pierre qui Roule* has. But, like that actor, Signor Rossi appeared cold when he should have seemed consumed with passion. By far his most successful scene was that with Cordelia in the French camp; here the tenderness which found expression once in the representation of Hamlet was more fully developed; here the actor seemed able to transmit his emotion to the spectators; and it is to be regretted that the whole of his performance was not up to the level of this scene.

As Macbeth, Signor Rossi was more successful than as Lear; but

in this character also there was a want of the quality which rouses an audience to forgetfulness of the stage and the actor, and makes it believe in the presence of the man whom the actor has to personate. The first scenes gave a kind of promise which was not fulfilled by what followed. The actor's air and bearing were, as they should be, those of a man accustomed to mix in strife and turn the current of battle. His byplay was intelligent and cleverly executed; it seemed altogether that Signor Rossi might here have found a part in which he could explain to an English audience the great reputation which he has in Italy. But when he had to grapple with the soliloquy at the end of the scene before the murder, the faults which had been observed in his other parts, of heaviness in diction and inability to carry his audience with him, appeared again. There was more merit in the following dialogue with Lady Macbeth, where the speech "Bring forth men-children only" was especially delivered with good effect. The dagger speech in the succeeding scene suffered from the dragging out of the action with which it was begun; the following of the phantom dagger with eye and hand was not so impressive that one liked to look on it for very long; and the speech itself was monotonous. This defect Signor Rossi avoided in the passage beginning "Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more," by pitching his voice in a higher key for the imaginary utterance, a device which was not imposing. The actor's tone might well be varied here, but it should take a deeper rather than a keener quality; it should be charged with the echo of a never-ending horror, and ring with prophecies of remorse.

In the banquet scene Signor Rossi took a view of Macbeth's dealing with Banquo's ghost which is often taken by German actors, and for which there is no doubt something to be said. It is not terror so much as rage at finding that when the brains are out the man is not dead, by which he is overcome. The courage which is naturally startled by the first appearance of the spectre asserts itself afterwards to such an extent that Macbeth rushes at it with naked sword as it vanishes for the last time. This pursuit of the ghost was less dexterous in execution than most of Signor Rossi's stage business, and the scene ran some risk of becoming ridiculous by the conduct of the ghost itself, which walked in and out like a neglected guest who on his first appearance was delighted to find an empty place, which he could not but leave on seeing that it belonged to some one else who was irritated at his occupying it; and who on his second entrance wandered aimlessly in search of a seat, and, finding none, went away as humbly and quietly as he could. There was some invention in Signor Rossi's start of terror and flinging away of his crown and sword at the end of the scene; but it did not seem to fit in well with what had gone before. It was difficult to judge of his acting in the scene of the Pit of Acheron, because the stage was needlessly dark and the actor stood for a great part of the scene far at its back. The success of this scene also was on the first night of the play endangered by the erratic behaviour of the show of kings, for which excuse might be found in the very small space in which they were allowed to show themselves. Some of Signor Rossi's best effects were found in the concluding scenes of the play. The action with which he dismissed the messenger who brings news of the advance of the English force was impressive; and the player's bearing was good throughout. But neither in *Macbeth*, nor in his previous performances, has Signor Rossi proved that he possesses any greater qualities than intelligence, care, and experience. In the Lady Macbeth of Signora Glech Pareti, who played Regan in *King Lear* remarkably well, there was much to admire. The part was invested with the tenderness for an individual, Macbeth, which is sometimes found allied with cruelty towards the rest of mankind; and there was a supple courtesy displayed towards Duncan on his arrival and towards the guests in the banquet scene. The intensity of the invocation in her first scene, and the smile of fierce triumph at its end, were admirable.

REVIEWS.

TAINE'S ORIGINES DE LA FRANCE CONTEMPORAINE.*

THAT history is capable of being treated as a science is a well-known theory of M. Taine. Given one "situation," the scientific historian of the future will be able to say that such or such another "situation" must inevitably succeed to it; and by means of this power of foreknowledge man may even hope to acquire a certain mastery over his destiny. He may so modify the circumstances under his immediate control as to alter the whole course of events for centuries to come; his eyes being opened to see the line of rail on which the train of events is running, he may be able at the critical moment to turn the points and send it off in another direction. This may seem to the ordinary unphilosophical mind rather chimerical, but at any rate the theory has its uses. It enjoins study of the past, even to its minutest details, as the only means of acquiring wisdom for the future. It puts an end to the devising of ideal states of society and forms of governments so dear to the French mind. A constitution, M. Taine believes, must be discovered, not invented; and, when found, must be accepted without regard to personal preferences; "d'avance la nature et l'histoire

ont choisi pour nous; c'est à nous de nous accommoder à elles, car il est sûr qu'elles ne s'accommoderont pas à nous." M. Taine describes with some humour his early difficulties as an elector before the true theory of constitution-making, or rather constitution-finding, had dawned upon him:—

En 1849, ayant vingt-et-un ans, j'étais électeur et fort embarrassé; car j'avais à nommer quinze ou vingt députés, et de plus, selon l'usage français, je devais non-seulement choisir des hommes, mais opter entre des théories. On me proposait d'être royaliste ou républicain, démocrate ou conservateur, socialiste ou bonapartiste: je n'étais rien de tout cela, ni même rien du tout, et parfois j'enviais tant de gens convaincus qui avaient le bonheur d'être quelque chose. Après avoir écouté les diverses doctrines, je reconnus qu'il y avait sans doute une lacune dans mon esprit. Des motifs valables pour d'autres ne l'étaient pas pour moi; je ne pouvais comprendre qu'en politique on pût se décider d'après ses préférences. Mes gens affirmatifs construisaient une constitution comme une maison, d'après le plan le plus beau, le plus neuf ou le plus simple, et il y en avait plusieurs à l'étude, hôtel de marquis, maison de bourgeois, logement d'ouvriers, caserne de militaires, phalanstère de communistes, et même campement de sauvages. Chacun disait de son modèle: "Voilà la vraie demeure de l'homme, la seule qu'un homme de sens puisse habiter." A mon sens, l'argument était faible: des goûts personnels ne me semblaient pas des autorités.

If ever his countrymen succeed in finding the constitution which suits them, it will, according to M. Taine's view, only be by studying themselves. Their usual method of procedure must be reversed, and they must understand their nation before they can make a constitution for it. But to know what a nation now is, one must begin by knowing its origin and its growth. The "régime nouveau" is the offspring of the Revolution, the Revolution is the offspring of the "ancien régime"; and, with the view of affording an answer to the question "Qu'est-ce que la France contemporaine?" M. Taine has undertaken to describe each of these phases of national life. It is the first, the "ancien régime," which forms the subject of the present volume. M. Taine assures us that he taken no side, and has no aim but truth; that he is writing history "en naturaliste," and has considered his subject only as if he were looking on at the metamorphosis of an insect. Whether such a scientific state of mind is really attainable may be doubted. The naturalist who watches the insect emerging from its chrysalis state never was an insect himself, and has no personal preference for one stage of insect life over another. But the historian, himself the result of the metamorphosis he undertakes to describe, can hardly be so indifferent. How is the Legitimist, who wishes he had remained a caterpillar and shudders at the memory of the agonies he passed through in the process of metamorphosis, to look at the phenomena under consideration with the same eyes as the Liberal, who feels that he has passed from a lower state of development to a higher, and that, whereas under the "ancien régime" he was a despised and down-trodden grub, he is now a beautiful creature, spreading his wings in the free air of heaven? However, M. Taine has at any rate striven to be fair; and his account of the "ancien régime" is full of interest, considered simply as the opinion of a clever and brilliant writer. It is crammed with extracts from writers of the time—perhaps over-crammed for a book of such pretensions, in which one expects the author to weave the result of his studies into his own narrative. M. Taine pours his materials out before his readers in a stream of quotations, mixed with lively incisive comments, and his work is more of a critical review than of a history or a philosophical study. As an easy and agreeable road to an extensive acquaintance with the manners and literature of the eighteenth century, the work will be a godsend to that class of ready talkers who affect universal knowledge. Who does not know the man who spends the morning in secretly getting up the last new book, and astonishes a dinner-table in the evening by a display of his learning? After perusing M. Taine such a one will be able to discourse with charming familiarity of "the classical school" and the "Encyclopædists," and will be a mine of neat French sayings and good stories. For a bon-mot, a piquant anecdote of private life, a fashion in dress, any and every incident may go towards assisting the scientific historian to form his conception of the period. Doubtless when the history of our own age comes to be written on scientific principles, the narrator will not forget to note how the triumph of the German armies over the French was foreshadowed when Parisian women unconsciously did homage to their future conquerors by assuming the yellow tresses of the Teuton. Seriously, a good deal of the new historical philosophy strikes us as being much on a level with this suggestion. It is easy to see how everything led up to a certain result, when that result has come to pass. M. Taine does not attempt to be severely accurate in the use of political terms. Thus he follows the common practice in speaking of the French noblesse as an aristocracy, when in the accurate sense of the word it had long ceased to be such. An aristocracy governs, and, after the establishment of the monarchical power, even the highest grade of the French noblesse, albeit pampered and indulged to the utmost, did not govern. So, in defending the rural *seigneurs* against the charge of tyranny, he says:—"Leur caractère n'a rien de féodal; ce sont des gens 'sensibles,' doux, très polis, assez lettrés, amateurs de phrases générales." Here we see that the writer is not using the adjective "féodal" with any strict political meaning, but simply as a synonym for brutal and tyrannical, just as some people employ "democratic" in similar dyslogistic sense. The best informed Frenchmen are apt to get astray when they touch English matters, and M. Taine, when he speaks of "Le baronnet ou squire qui est justice sur son domaine," evidently conceives that the authority of a justice of the peace is connected with and limited to his own land. To

* *Les Origines de la France contemporaine*. Par H. Taine. Tome I. L'ancien Régime. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1876.

believe in the mythical courtesies of Fontenoy, to which M. Taine alludes, seemingly with undoubting faith, is perhaps a point of honour with Frenchmen, however scientific. Otherwise we would refer him to Mr. Carlyle for an unvarnished account of that famous incident, where Lord Charles Hay's polite invitation to the French Guard to "fire first" resolves itself into a taunting expression of hope "that they would stand till we came quite up to them," and the equally polite answer of D'Aueroche does not appear at all.

M. Taine, with his minute researches into manuscript documents—the correspondence of intendants, farmers-general, magistrates, military commandants, prefects, and so forth, the *procès verbaux* and *cahiers* of the States-General, the reports on the *maison du roi*, and what not—stands in complete opposition to the unhistorical, miscalled philosophical spirit of the eighteenth century:—

Avec de telles ressources [he is speaking of his manuscript authorities], on devient presque le contemporain des hommes dont on fait l'histoire, et plus d'une fois, aux Archives, en suivant sur le papier jauni leurs vieilles écritures, j'étais tenté de leur parler tout haut.

It was just this sort of study which the leading minds of the eighteenth century feared or scorned:—

D'abord on ignorait l'histoire; l'érudition rebutait parce qu'elle est ennuyeuse et lourde; on dédaignait les doctes compilations, les grands recueils de textes, le lent travail de la critique; Voltaire raillait les Bénédictins. . . . La science était tenue d'être épigrammatique ou oratoire; le détail technique ou cru aurait déplu à un public de gens du monde; le beau style ornait ou faussait les petits faits significatifs qui donnent aux caractères anciens leur tour propre et leur relief original.

The classical school, whether in fact or in fiction, dealt in abstractions and generalizations, suppressing the individual and the personal. It had no historic sentiment to be shocked when Greeks, Romans, Turks, mediæval knights, were brought on the stage, all talking exactly alike, all uttering the same cold and polished declamations:—"On ne voit dans l'homme qu'une raison raisonnée, la même en tout temps, la même en tout lieu." M. Taine shines in criticism, and his analysis of the classical school and the revolutionary philosophy is one of the most elaborate and best executed parts of his book. It is curious to find him attributing as malign an influence to the eighteenth-century philosophy as the most bigoted old Tory that ever execrated the name of Tom Paine could do. If, to quote his illustration, we saw a man, of somewhat weak constitution indeed, but of healthy appearance and quiet habits, drink eagerly of some new liquor, and then fall to the ground in convulsions, we should conclude that poison was mingled in the draught. And poison, he tells us, was in the philosophy of the eighteenth century. In England, he admits, the revolutionary doctrines did little harm, and soon died out. In France they took root and flourished:—

C'est que la nouvelle semence est tombée sur le terrain qui lui convient, je veux dire dans la patrie de l'esprit classique. En ce pays de raison raisonnée, elle ne rencontre plus les rivaux qui l'étouffaient de l'autre côté de la Manche, et tout de suite elle acquiert, non-seulement la force de sève, mais encore l'organe de propagation qui lui manquait.

This philosophy, with its discredit of tradition, its notions of recasting all human institutions according to the principles of pure reason, its application of mathematical methods to politics and morals, its Rights of Man and its *Contrat social*, was fostered by the privileged classes who had everything to lose by it. Like the foolish woman of Scripture, they plucked their house down with their own hands. The edifice was so rotten that probably nothing could have propped it up for long, but the crash need not have been so sudden and so disastrous if the inhabitants had devoted their energies to restoration instead of demolition. M. Taine does full justice to the *privilégiés*—King, noblesse, and clergy—whose virtues as well as whose vices contributed to their ruin. They had once been living and creative forces, as he shows in the picturesque, but slight and rather superficial, notice he devotes to the growth of the Church, of feudalism, and of the monarchy; and even when, politically considered, the nobles had become mere parasites draining the life and strength of the nation, they were not in themselves the purely malignant beings they were made out to be in revolutionary declamations. However haughty the provincial nobility might be towards the *bourgeoisie*, they usually had kindly feelings for the peasants among whom they lived. More especially was this the case after they had become imbued with the new philanthropic spirit. As to the good done by many of the religious houses, M. Taine cites the reclamations in their favour sent up from the rural districts when their suppression was under consideration. The real crime of the seigneur was that he was a perpetual creditor, ever taking toll of the peasant's scanty earnings, and yet doing nothing to justify his existence. The jealousy of the central Government had left him no local authority or influence; twenty gentlemen could not meet and deliberate together without a special permission from the King. The greed of the Court noblesse, privileged among the privileged, monopolized all the good things the State had to give; the higher grades of the army were reserved for courtiers, and no outlet was left for the ambition of the poorer gentry. The Marquis of Ferrières describes the greater part of the lower nobility in 1789 as "si las de la cour et des ministres qu'ils sont presque des démocrates." Still stronger was the feeling of the lower clergy, who were condemned for the most part to abject poverty without hope of rising. Alike in the ecclesiastical and the noble orders, the men in the ranks were jealous of their chiefs:—

On s'en apercevait tout à l'heure à l'épreuve. Si les deux premiers ordres sont contrainsts de se réunir aux communes, c'est qu'un moment critique les

curés font défection. Si l'institution d'une chambre haute est repoussée, c'est que la plèbe des gentilshommes ne veut pas souffrir aux grandes familles une prérogative dont elles ont abusé.

M. Taine's description of the provincial nobility and the lower clergy will be the more interesting to ordinary English readers because the life of those classes has not been made so familiar to them as that of the higher nobility of the Court. A hundred writers have acquainted us with the charming, useless, and wicked society of the "ancien régime," upon whose characteristic traits M. Taine dwells long and almost lovingly. The one thing to which the "ancien régime" gave its mind—social life—it understood to perfection. "Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789," is the well-known remark of Talleyrand, "ne connaît pas la douceur de vivre." It was, in Mr. Carlyle's phrase, "a Universe all of Opera," and the opera was very well put on the stage—"Il faut dire que le décor est réussi," says M. Taine. Society flung about its money with theatrical liberality; it would have been ill-bred to stop for a moment to count the cost. Sooner than not spend, the *grand seigneur* would have thrown his money out of the window, as Marshal Richelieu actually did throw a purse which he had given to his grandson, and which the boy had, with misplaced economy, brought back to him unspent. The man of this type never agitated his well-bred calm by looking into the state of his affairs. "Monsieur l'archevêque," said Louis XVI. to M. de Dillon, "on prétend que vous avez des dettes, et même beaucoup." "Sire," answered the Archbishop, "je m'en informerai à mon intendant, et j'aurai l'honneur d'en rendre compte à Votre Majesté." They ruined themselves, in George Sand's phrase, "comme de beaux joueurs qui perdent sans montrer d'inquiétude et de dépit." Under the same imperious code of manners every passion was restrained or concealed; and so long as Desdemona and Cassio preserved the *convenances*, Othello, too well trained to make a scandal, only smiled cynically, and extended towards them the same indulgence which he claimed for himself. It is necessary to understand the conventional manners, the repression of individual sentiment and natural instinct, the studied indifference and heartlessness of this society, in order to comprehend how, when the inevitable reaction came, it took up eagerly the affectation of extreme "sensibility," piqued itself on being natural, cultivated the domestic affections, and, knowing in truth nothing beyond the four walls of a salon or the palings of a park, began to "babble of green fields." It learned the new philosophy of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and even began to put its doctrines into practice. "Jamais l'aristocratie n'a été si digne du pouvoir qu'au moment où elle allait le perdre." No previous Government had been so mild and beneficial, no prince so humane and charitable as Louis XVI. Society was dreaming of a golden age to come, and woke only to find itself in the death-throes of the Revolution. That the French noblesse made such a poor fight for their life was, if we believe M. Taine, because by long education they had become too elegant and amiable, too much in subjection to the proprieties, to protect themselves with their own hands. "Jamais on ne verra un gentilhomme arrêté chez lui casser la tête du Jacobin qui l'arrête. Ils se laisseront prendre, ils iront docilement en prison; faire du tapage serait une marque de mauvais goût, et, avant tout, il s'agit pour eux de rester ce qu'ils sont, gens de bonne compagnie." Peter Fingar has caricatured this sentiment in his *petit-maître* rebuking the felon howling in agony on the wheel:—

"Sir," quoth the bean, "don't, don't be in a passion;
I've nought to say about your situation;
But making such a hideous noise in France,
Fellow, is contrary to *bien-séance*."

We suspect, however, that something more than habitual deference to *bien-séance* is needed to account for this predominance of passive over active courage in the French noblesse. Their submission to the power of the day—a weakness not peculiar to them, but even now more or less characteristic of all classes of Frenchmen—was in great measure the natural result of living under a despotic government. What would the blind instinct of hitting back when struck, with the lack of which M. Taine charges them, have availed a French noble against a *lettre de cachet* consigning him to the Bastille? He only bowed to omnipotent fate when personified by the Jacobin, as he had bowed to it when personified by the King. Another cause of the helplessness of those who should have been the defenders of order is pointed out by M. Taine. Their philosophy had been founded upon extravagantly high ideas of the intelligence and virtue inherent in humanity. They talked much about man, but they never took the trouble to study him, and never realized till it was too late that he was but a wild beast, imperfectly tamed at the best. When they had let the brute loose, and his carnivorous nature displayed itself, they still hoped to stroke and coax him into good behaviour. "Au plus fort de la Jacquerie, les sages du temps supposèrent toujours qu'ils vivent en pleine églouie, et qu'avec un air de flûte ils vont ramener dans la bergerie la meute hurlante des colères bestiales et des appétits déchainés." This delusion is not wholly unknown among political theorists in our own day, nor is the spectacle of men playing with doctrines to which, if carried into practice, they would themselves fall victims, peculiar to the eighteenth century.

STEPHEN'S HOURS IN A LIBRARY.*

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S second collection of *Hours in a Library*, which will be welcomed by all who read the first,

* *Hours in a Library*. Second Series. By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

opens with Sir Thomas Browne; and it would not be easy to find a more entertaining companion in a library than this now too generally forgotten humourist. Mr. Stephen begins his essay with a quotation from a suppressed passage of the *Religio Medici*, in which the author wrote, "Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say that I am the happiest man alive. I have that in me that can convert poverty into riches, adversity into prosperity, and I am more invulnerable than Achilles; fortune hath not one place to hit me." This assertion may perhaps be included among the many things in his writings which Sir Thomas says are to be "taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason." And yet, as Mr. Stephen observes, the statement may not have been "merely tropical." With a mind that never wearied of accumulating all kinds of disconnected odds and ends of knowledge, which his imagination at once set to work to bind together by some quaint analogy, with a store of poetical feeling and a happy absence from his disposition of any gall or bitterness even on subjects which most men of his time approached as if to the manner born in the panoply of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, Sir Thomas Browne certainly seems to have had unusually good grounds for boasting of happiness. His longest and perhaps his best-known work, the *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*, lets us, as Mr. Stephen says, into some secrets as to his taste and character:—

Every corner is filled with a strange, incoherent medley, in which really valuable objects are placed side by side with what is simply grotesque and ludicrous. The modern man of science may find some objects of interest, but they are mixed inextricably with strange rubbish that once delighted the astrologer, the alchemist, or the dealer in apocryphal relics. And the possessor of this miscellaneous collection accompanies us with an unfeeling flow of amusing gossip, at one moment pouring forth a torrent of out-of-the-way learning; at another, making a really passable scientific remark, and then lapsing into an elaborate discussion of some inconceivable absurdity, affecting the air of a grave inquirer, and to all appearance fully believing in his own pretensions, and yet somehow indulging himself in a half-suppressed smile, which indicates that the humorous aspect of a question can never be far removed from his mind. Mere curiosity is not yet differentiated from scientific thirst for knowledge, and a quaint apologue is as good a reward for the inquirer as the discovery of a law of nature.

And in ages when the elephant had no joints, and storks refused to live except in free States, there was plenty of matter for Sir Thomas to collect. There is no extravagant judicial sternness in his inquiry. He, it is true, warns us "that we must not believe on authority that the sea is the sweat of the earth, that the serpent before the Fall went erect like man, or that the right eye of a hedgehog, boiled in oil and preserved in a brazen vessel, will enable us to see in the dark. Such stories, he moderately remarks, being 'neither consonant unto reason nor correspondent unto experiment,' are unto us 'no axioms.'" But he discusses with the utmost gravity the existence of the phoenix, who is mentioned, "not only by human authors," but also by such "holy writers as Cyril, Epiphanius, and Ambrose." He is spoken of also in Job and in the Psalms. However, no less than eight reasons are alleged against his existence, of which the first is that no one has ever seen a phoenix, and the last that no animals really spring or could spring from their predecessors' ashes. Yet, having marshalled this formidable array of facts against the phoenix, Sir Thomas ends by saying, "How far to rely on this tradition we refer unto consideration," and adds a reflection on the improbability of Plutarch's statement "that the brain of a phoenix is a pleasant bit, but that it causeth the headache." In Sir Thomas Browne's next book, *The Garden of Cyrus*, starting from this garden, he "rambles through the universe, stumbling over quincunxes at every step." One of his quaintest sayings, which Coleridge has noted, is in his peroration where, among other reasons for going to bed, he says that "to keep our eyes open longer were but to act with our Antipodes."

One of his finest and most remarkable characteristics was his toleration. "He doubted whether the damned would not be ultimately released from torture." In passing through Roman Catholic countries he felt no offence at their modes of worship, but rather sympathy:—

At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought and memory of my Saviour. . . . I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence and dumb contempt. . . . At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of laughter and scorn.

In another passage, meditating upon hell, he says:—"Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains which, to grosser apprehensions, represent hell. The heart of men is the place the devils dwell in." This may be compared with the speech of Mephistopheles in Marlowe's *Faust*. Again, justifying his love of church music, he says:—"Even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer." That power, says Mr. Stephen, "of extracting deep devotion from vulgar tavern music is the great secret of Browne's eloquence." There is another peculiarity of Browne's to be found in the *Religio Medici*:—

His worthy commentators have laboured to defend Sir Thomas from the charge of vanity. He expatiates upon his universal charity; upon his inability to regard even vice as a fitting object for satire; upon his warm affection to his friend, whom he already loves better than himself, and whom yet in a few months he will regard with a love which will make his present feelings seem indifference; upon his absolute want of avarice or any kind of meanness; and, which certainly seems a little odd in the midst of these self-laudations, upon his freedom from the "first and father sin, not only of man but of the devil, pride." Good Dr. Watts was

shocked at this "arrogant temerity," and Dr. Johnson appears rather to concur in the charge. And certainly, if we are to interpret his language in a matter-of-fact spirit, it must be admitted that a gentleman who openly claims for himself the virtues of charity, generosity, courage, and modesty, might be not unfairly accused of vanity. To no one, as we have already remarked, is such a matter-of-fact criticism less applicable. If a humorist was to be denied the right of saying with a serious face what he does not quite think, we should make strange work of some of the most charming books in the world. The Sir Thomas Browne of the "*Religio Medici*" is by no means to be identified with the everyday flesh-and-blood physician of Norwich. He is the ideal and glorified Sir Thomas, and represents rather what ought to have been than what was. We have all such doubles who visit us in our day-dreams, and sometimes cheat us into the belief that they are our real selves, but most of us luckily hide the very existence of such phantoms; for few of us, indeed, could make them agreeable to our neighbours.

There is much more of interest to be found in Mr. Leslie Stephen's hour with Sir Thomas Browne; but if we dwell longer on it we should have no room left to speak of his other papers. As it is, we must pass over Jonathan Edwards, William Law, and Horace Walpole, to come to Dr. Johnson's writings, of which Mr. Stephen shows a nice appreciation. He has some valuable remarks on Johnson's style, which, he says, Johnson himself, "like all other men of strong idiosyncrasy, formed as he formed his legs":—

The peculiarities of his limbs were in some degree the result of conscious efforts in walking, swimming, and "buffeting with his books." This development was doubtless more fully determined by the constitution which he brought into the world, and the circumstances under which he was brought up. And even that queer Johnsonese, which Macaulay supposes him to have adopted in accordance with a more definite literary theory, will probably appear to be the natural expression of certain innate tendencies, and of the mental atmosphere which he breathed from youth. To appreciate fairly the strangely cumbrous form of his written speech, we must penetrate more deeply than may at first sight seem necessary beneath the outer rind of this literary Behemoth.

Mr. Stephen is perfectly ready to admit that the *Rambler* is unreadable and full of commonplaces; but he points attention to what is too little recognized, that much of Johnson's poetry is "noble in expression, as well as lofty and tender in feeling." How many of the people who quote the lines about pointing a moral and adorning a tale know that they are quoting Johnson? Mr. Stephen's explanation of the cumbrous style seems to us true. Johnson was always

instinctively feeling after the grander effects of the old school. Nature prompts him to the stateliness of Milton, whilst art orders him to deal out long and short syllables alternately, and to make them up in parcels of ten, and then tie the parcels together in pairs by the help of a rhyme.

Mr. Stephen goes on to cite other writers of the time on whom the struggle between impulse and prescribed form had an injurious effect, and compares them to "men who have been chilled by what Johnson would call the 'frigorific' influence of the classicism of their fathers, and whose numbed limbs move stiffly and awkwardly in a first attempt to regain the old liberty." We are not disposed to agree with Mr. Stephen's suggestion that, but for the inimitable Boswell, Johnson would probably have sunk very deeply into oblivion; but there is no doubt much truth in the sentences with which he ends his paper:—

He was a great force half wasted, so far as literature was concerned, because the fashionable costume of the day hampered the free exercise of his powers, and because the only creeds to which he could attach himself were in the phase of decline and inanition. A century earlier or later he might have succeeded in expressing himself through books as well as through his talk; but it is not given to us to choose the time of our birth, and some very awkward consequences follow.

We must again pass over two interesting articles on Crabbe and on Hazlitt, and come to the last, which is certainly not the least interesting of the series, on Mr. Disraeli's novels. Here, as in other places, Mr. Stephen has with keen insight and in penetrating language pointed out a fact which is too little recognized, and which will no doubt be denied by many. It is the fashion to decry Mr. Disraeli's novels as impossible and artificial. Their poetry is said to be tinsel, their imagination mere Oriental exuberance. We suspect that most of the people who speak of Mr. Disraeli's novels in these terms speak with that perfect impartiality of judgment which is secured by complete ignorance of the matter to be judged, and we are inclined to go with Mr. Leslie Stephen in wishing that Mr. Disraeli could have stuck to his novels instead of rising to be Prime Minister of England. This opinion, Mr. Stephen is careful to say, is independent of any judgment which may be passed upon Mr. Disraeli's political career. He is, however, equally careful to observe in passing that Mr. Disraeli's ironical method, which is highly valuable in a writer, may not be so desirable in a Minister of State. It is probably the general inability to apprehend or admire this method which has prevented Mr. Disraeli's novels from being even more popular than they are. There are many people who are extremely angry if they find themselves unable to decide accurately whether a writer is in jest or earnest; and, as Mr. Stephen observes, Mr. Disraeli is constantly passing imperceptibly from one phase to the other:—

The texture of Mr. Disraeli's writings is so ingeniously shot with irony and serious sentiment that each tint may predominate by turns. It is impossible to suppose that the weaver of so cunning a web should never have intended the effects which he produces; but frequently, too, they must be the spontaneous and partly unconscious results of a peculiar intellectual temperament. Delight in blending the pathetic with the ludicrous is the characteristic of the true humorist. Mr. Disraeli is not exactly a humorist, but something for which the rough nomenclature of critics has not yet provided a distinctive name. His pathos is not sufficiently tender, nor his laughter quite genial enough. The quality which results is homologous

to, though not identical with, genuine humour: for the smile we must substitute a sneer, and the element which enters into combination with the satire is something more distantly allied to poetical unction than to glittering rhetoric. The Disraelian irony thus compounded is hitherto a unique product of intellectual chemistry.

This description is happily expressed, and is in the main true; and Mr. Stephen's criticism on the various novels is full of insight and skill; but he has not to our thinking fully appreciated the fine qualities of Mr. Disraeli's writing. In *Contarini Fleming* he says the author "takes a more ambitious flight, and with considerable success." This is somewhat faint praise to give to a book which deals with one of the most difficult themes that could be found—a theme that writer after writer has attempted to handle and failed in the attempt—and deals with it with a success which is certainly little short of complete. *Contarini Fleming* is in fact exactly what its author styled it, "a Psychological Romance"; it is the history of a poet, the story of his character's development. It is no small feat to rivet a reader's attention on the sayings and doings of a dreamy sensitive child who is misunderstood and little liked by all around him, to make him so tell his own story that it catches one's sympathy, without a touch of false or maudlin sentiment, to follow up the gradual growth in him of the poetic faculty and its struggle with political ambition, to make the hero speak constantly of himself, expose all his weaknesses, and yet never become wearisome or disagreeable, and to induce one to lay down the book with a sigh for the abeyance of Contarini's poetic powers. Here we think Mr. Stephen has misapprehended the author; he says that Contarini's architectural scheme, which is the last thing we hear of him, was not the form of ambition to be expected from a poet. Nor was it; but was it likely that Contarini's restless passionate nature would long be content with such a scheme? Mr. Disraeli proved his knowledge of human nature when he told of Contarini Fleming's plan for the spending of his remaining years; but he knew, we fancy, well enough, though he left his readers to find it out for themselves, that the plan would not last, and that, long before the great tower was built, its designer's poetical impulse would overmaster him again. But for this Mr. Stephen's estimate of Mr. Disraeli's writing appears to us admirable; and the whole of his volume may be read with pleasure and profit.

BOUZIQUE'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.*

IF the merits of M. Bouzique's work fail of obtaining their due appreciation, it will certainly not be for want of a trumpeter. In a brief preface his translator informs us, with a distinctness which leaves nothing to be desired, both what is the true character of the present History and how it differs from all which have gone before it. The author, after tracing Christianity to its primal sources, has "presented the orthodoxies of the successive periods," which, "instead of being the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, are thus seen to be its corruptions and debasements." This view of the case is too obvious to admit of discussion. "The book is anything but controversial. It is as rigidly deductive as Euclid's Geometry." And whereas all former histories have been "fac-similes of partisan aims and interpretations, here at least is A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY ITSELF"—the capitals are not ours—and not only that, but moreover "this History of Christianity is in reality a history of civilization in its chief constituent elements." Nor can there be any doubt of the public recognition of the great treasure thus offered for our acceptance. "Men and women, the young as well as the old, will welcome the volumes," which should "be put into the hands of all ages and all classes." As the author speaks the truth throughout he speaks it in regard to the Papacy, which, "founded in falsities, is seen to be built up of shadows, exaggerations, and assumptions." Finally, the reader will find himself "carried back from Rome to the uplands of Galilee, and the quickening presence of the great religious Teacher of the world." We confess that, after perusing this magnificent programme, we felt almost tempted to shrink in unaffected diffidence from the grave responsibility of reviewing a work which, if one-half that is here said of it were even approximately true, must constitute a new epoch in literature, in theology, and in modern history. We were perhaps somewhat reassured by finding that the entire history, which extends from the Birth of Christ to the year of grace 1870, is comprised in three small volumes, and that, even so, room is found in the first volume for a comprehensive sketch, occupying about one hundred pages, of all "the ancient worshipers" anterior to the Christian era, from Brahmanism to "Mosaism." Still the prospect looked rather an alarming one. And it was clear, even from a glance at the Table of Contents, that the author's own estimate of his achievements and confidence in the unerring soundness of his judgment were fully equal to his translator's. In the summary of the first chapter we find the dogmatic announcement, as a simple record of facts, that "the Apostle John was not the author of the fourth Gospel;" and in the summary of the second it is stated that "Nero did not persecute the Christians." Turning to the first page of the Introduction, we are told that "the history of Christianity is perhaps that which is least read," though it is that which it most concerns us to know. And a few lines further down we come upon the guiding principle on which the present work has been composed, and which is consistently assumed

throughout as an axiom, and as supplying the key to all problems of ecclesiastical history:—

There is no moral progress with superstitious forms of worship, which live only by the infatuation of the multitude. There is no liberty with sacerdotal castes of which the organisation, the doctrines, the traditions are a continued system of despotism for the chiefs and of servitude for the people.

As "sacerdotalism" in some form or other has been from the first an essential element in the Christian system, and still survives, not only in all the great historic Churches, but, with inconsiderable exceptions, in all the principal sects which have separated from them—that is, throughout nearly the whole of Christendom—no one can deny to this leading principle of the author's the merit of being sufficiently sweeping and absolute. As the priesthood is "the *πρωτον ψευδος*" of actual Christianity, to borrow the words of another writer, it follows of course that the Christian Church has gone on a fatally wrong tack from the beginning. And that is just what M. Bouzique undertakes to prove, we were going to say, but, to speak more accurately, it is the fundamental assumption on which his History is based from beginning to end.

We have no time to linger over the introductory notice of the ancient religions of the world, which contains nothing new, and, from the attempt to compress so vast a quantity of matter into so short a space, is, if possible, even more unattractive and unsatisfying to the reader than the rest of the work. It is probably with a purpose that M. Bouzique dwells on the close similarity in some details of the Buddhist and Roman Catholic ceremonial and institutions; but the fact, however explained—and it is obviously capable of more than one interpretation—has long been familiar to all readers of M. Huc's interesting *Travels in Thibet and Tartary*. The fault to which we have already adverted would alone be fatal both to the interest and the usefulness of this singularly pretentious and disappointing book. It is in reality not so much a history as one of the dullest and dreariest of abridgments. As such, it might have been more or less serviceable for purposes of reference had it been furnished with a copious index, instead of having none at all, though it would in no case have been comparable in value to such a summary of history as Gieseler's. If M. Bouzique had not the leisure or perseverance for composing a complete Church History—which indeed would have been the work of half a lifetime—he would have done more justice to his subject and to his own peculiar views about it by selecting some special period, whether earlier or later in the Christian era, for careful illustration, just as Dr. Newman, e.g., selected for his own very different purpose the History of Arianism. If it could be shown, for instance, from a review of the early controversies on the Trinity and the Incarnation and the Councils which decided them, that the dogmatic and hierarchical principle was a corruption of the more than Unitarian simplicity of the original Gospel—which is what our author wishes to have understood—he might have been content to leave to others to trace out the inevitable sequel in the later history of the mediæval and modern Church. As it is, he has set himself to crowd the events of eighteen centuries into a space quite inadequate for the treatment of the first three, especially by a writer who aspires to reverse in toto the received and traditional view of Christian faith and history. And accordingly he is continually propounding assertions of the most sweeping kind, which, to say the least, ought not to be made without some attempt to examine the evidence on the other side, but the unreserved acceptance of which is a fundamental postulate of the entire plan of his work. Thus, for instance, we come very early across the statement that, "with the exception of brief interpolations, there does not exist in the New Testament any trace of the Trinitarian conception. . . . In the three first Gospels, as well as in Paul's Epistles, Jesus is veritably a simple man." That the great majority of readers of the New Testament have always understood it differently does not appear to him any reason, we do not say for distrusting his own judgment, but for taking the trouble to refute theirs. Again, a little further on we read, "With Paul you find no traces of the Trinitarian idea. He would have thought it a profanation to entertain the idea, and blasphemy to announce it. No more does Paul speak of the Word and his incarnation; this is a theory peculiar to the fourth Gospel." He had already asserted that the fourth Gospel was not written by St. John, and "its dogmatic portion is the work of a Platonizing Christian, not to say a Gnostic." But as scholars of such eminence as e.g. Professor Westcott and Professor Lightfoot are convinced of the contrary, the received view deserved at least the compliment of a refutation. If, however, the fourth Gospel "seeks to establish the deity of Christ," that belief was not received till the end of the second century in the Church; "it is not before the reign of the Emperor Commodus (180-192) that it seems to prevail." It did not indeed take definite shape till long afterwards. From the Council of Nice onwards the Catholic Church and its members are usually designated by the clumsy sobriquet of "Consubstantialists" and "the Consubstantial Church." And it was not till the seventh century that "by successive councils and by heaping no-sense on no-sense the imperial Church had at last succeeded, under the inspiration of Plato and Hermes, in constituting its three and one God, and its god-man Christ." The date is apparently fixed for the convenience of suggesting that Mahometanism was in truth a devout recoil from this corruption of the primitive monotheism.

Even in recounting plain matters of fact, the author, while he never betrays the faintest shadow of hesitation, lacks either the

* *The History of Christianity*. By E. U. Bouzique. Translated from the French by John R. Beard, D.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

time or the patience to be accurate. When he comes across a critical question of any delicacy, he is pretty sure either to slur it over or to misrepresent it. Thus we are told that Liberius "subscribes the formula of Sirmium"; but there were three formulas of Sirmium, and the question hotly discussed among rival critics is which of them Liberius signed. M. Bouzique seems unaware of their existence. Again we read that Nestorius "did not the less believe, as his contradictors, that that union (of the Godhead and Manhood) took place at the instant of the conception." On the contrary, that was precisely what Nestorius persistently denied; he said that nothing should induce him to call an infant just born his God. Once more we are informed that the Fifth Ecumenical Council "with one voice pronounces the condemnation of Origen and his errors." It is most probable that the Council did condemn Origen by name, though that is disputed, but it is almost certain that the fifteen anathemas on his errors, to which the author is evidently referring, issued from a local Synod held ten years before. He again appears unconscious of the existence of the controversy. With a similar disregard of all critical principles, the Athanasian Creed is represented as a composition of the eighth or ninth century, like the Isidorian Decretals, without even a hint of any earlier date being suggested or conceivable by any one. It is rather startling to be quietly informed, on purely *à priori* grounds, that "the persecution attributed to Nero has all the appearance of an historical error, notwithstanding the [very detailed and explicit] testimony of Tacitus and Suetonius." The following extract on the state of the Church towards the close of the second century offers a fair example of the author's method, and an exceptionally favourable specimen of his style:—

The greater part, ignorant, or no longer understanding the old discussions, come to believe that there has always been an identity of doctrine between Paul and the Churches of Judea. At the time that they preserve the Pauline doctrine, they none the less think that in all respects they are the disciples of the twelve apostles. The last assume a totally new physiognomy. They are no longer the exclusive preachers to the Jews, but the instructors of the whole human race; there are ascribed to them both the ideas of Paul and the diverse theories which circulate among the Christians of Hellenic origin. The trinitarian form of baptism is introduced into the Greek translation of the Gospel of Matthew. John, the presbyter of Ephesus, fades away to yield his place to the apostle of the same name, who thus becomes the putative author of the fourth gospel, the declared foe of the Ebionites, those zealous disciples of the twelve, and the consecrator of the oriental doctrine of the incarnate Word, of which carried a question he had never the least suspicion. Peter, in his turn, is carried by the legends through the Hellenic lands, then conducted to Rome, where those same legends appoint him bishop and associate him with Paul in preaching and martyrdom. In the absence of history, which furnishes nothing respecting the last days of the life of the apostles and the first disciples, the same prolific source begins to create for each of them a fictitious existence corresponding to the ideas which prevail in that period in the Platonising Church.

It is hardly fair perhaps to criticize the author's style without having seen the original, but unless his translator has done him great injustice, it is as little inviting or helpful as his method. The narrative is written throughout in the historical present, and cut up into sentences which might have been composed for shilling telegrams. There seems to have been extraordinary carelessness in correcting the press, to judge from such literary curiosities as "there were no alternative," "Nectorius," "Philip the Bel," and many more that might be mentioned. But for the habitual ignorance or disregard of English idiom throughout the printers cannot be responsible. No one who read half a page anywhere could possibly mistake this for an English book; and were not Dr. Beard's name on the title-page we should certainly have presumed that the task of translation had been entrusted to a foreigner. Not to dwell on such queer barbarisms as "the ascent of Gregory VII." for accession, "*suspense*" for suspension, and the like, which are of constant occurrence, what is to be said of the following constructions, culled at random from a few pages only in the same chapter?—"Theophilus has no longer difficulty to read the writings of Origen"; "the civil power is an object of its enterprises"—meaning, apparently, that the episcopate was aiming at civil power; "Constantine entitles himself bishop of the outside"; "decrees of councils frequently speak in condemnation of the dissolution of the clergy"—which appears from the context to mean dissolute conduct. Then again we read of "articles which are consigned," &c., of a Pope "*loosening* subjects from their oath of fidelity," of the Cardinals "*charging with nullity* the dismissal of Celestine," and plenty more in a similar style, which certainly is not English. And the same word is often written differently in different places; thus we have "clerks" and "clerics," "chorepiscopi" and "chorebishops." All this of course is not the fault, but the misfortune, of the author, whose forbidding style and method of writing has been caricatured rather than relieved in the process of translation. We have spoken already of his curt and careless manner of riding roughshod over critical difficulties. But he is scarcely more happy in his treatment of broader historical questions. Nothing can be more thoroughly one-sided and unappreciative than his estimate of the character and career of Hildebrand, which he might have learnt to understand better from German writers whose views are quite as widely removed from orthodox sympathies as his own. His account of Becket is still more unsympathetic and superficial; and it is simply an ignorant blunder to call him "a martyr to the doctrine of the Papal autocracy," with which he came into collision hardly less than with the Royal power. To call him a martyr to the doctrine of ecclesiastical independence, which is quite another thing, would be a plausible, though an inadequate, view. We cannot follow the author through

his review of the Reformation, but we may just observe that to explain Protestant persecution, like Calvin's burning Servetus, by the trite commonplace that "the doctors of Wittenberg and Geneva had not entirely thrown off the old man, and still kept in their hearts the sentiments of intolerance which they had sucked in on the bosom of their Roman mother," is a view which no one familiar with the writings of the Reformers can for a moment admit as even tolerably correct. The translator, it may be added, when he volunteers his own explanations, is quite capable of capping the blunders of his author in the simplest matters of fact. He gives us, *à propos* of the Vatican Council, a note to expound the meaning of bishops "*in partibus infidelium*," that is, among the heretics. These bishops, having no Catholic charges, hold an inferior position." We need hardly say that every one who knows anything about the subject, or about the Latin language, is aware that *in partibus infidelium* does not mean "among the heretics," but "among the heathen," and that the bishops in question very often do hold "Catholic charges." All the English Roman Catholic bishops before 1850 took their titles from places, like Melipotamus, in heathen countries, as the Scotch Roman Catholic bishops do still.

We must find room for one concluding extract for the edification of our readers, who will be struck with M. Bouzique's peculiarly lucid and appreciative estimate of the contemporary state of religious matters in England:—

A portion of the Anglican Church allows itself to be drawn away, and a High Church [*sic*] is constituted in its bosom. However the Roman Catholics in no way take part in this movement notwithstanding the prepossessions of which they are the object. Far from that, it is at this moment that Pius IX. publishes the Bull which formed the kingdom of England into an ecclesiastical province. From all sides there resounded among the Protestants the cry *No Popery*. They inveighed against the Anglo-Catholics or Puseyites, whom they considered as the accomplices of the Court of Rome. Some of the latter [the Court of Rome?] give way, but the majority hold firm, and repel the internal tyranny as well as the papal authority. They form an alliance with the parizans of the High Church. Both deny to lay tribunals all power in matters of dogma. Provincial councils [of Oscott or of Canterbury?] proclaim that the Church of England is essentially one, and declining the royal supremacy, affirm to a general assembly of the clergy belongs the exclusive right of representing the church (1854-1855). They aspire to form a free church in a free state.

The subject is pursued through two or three more pages. We hear for the first time of a great assembly in 1865 of Anglican and Russian dignitaries presided over by the Bishop of Oxford and a Legate from the Metropolitan of Moscow, which decides among other things that "the Church of England . . . shall receive into its Universities the Orientals, who shall be addressed to them by the clergy of their country." The "Ritualists" will learn with satisfaction, not perhaps unmixed with surprise, that they "are united with the bishops," and that "more than half the Anglican ecclesiastics have given in their adhesion" to the same cause. We must leave our readers to construe for themselves as best they can the oracular summing up, "This is, with a few exceptions, an identity between Anglo-Catholicism and the High Church"; after which lucid announcement the author passes from narration to prediction, and into that shadowy region we must decline to follow him. M. Bouzique evidently took pains to collect a mass of statistics which might have been serviceable to future writers had he condescended to give his authorities, but he lacked either the leisure or the capacity to arrange and systematize them. What sort of history he would have written under more favourable conditions it is impossible now to determine. What he did was to fill three volumes with the undigested contents of his commonplace book. To publish the work in such a form was a great mistake; it was a more unpardonable error to translate it.

IN A WINTER CITY.*

PERHAPS the strongest impression made by Ouida's work is a doubt as to the author's object. She writes all sorts of hard things against the vices of the world, the sins of the age in which we live; but all the time we catch the flavour of the very things that she condemns lying underneath her oburgations, and we feel that she is spinning phrases rather than expressing genuine indignation, doing her best to fascinate her readers by the very naughtiness of the subject she has chosen, while professing to detest it. Why, if she dislikes the theme so much, is she always writing about married women and their lovers, their complaisant husbands, and the *chères amies* of those husbands? generally, ladies of the *demi-monde*, whose personality is in no wise important to the story, and who are dragged in, as it would seem, out of liking for unsavoury subjects. It is difficult to reconcile this incessant reprobation with so much evident delight in questionable details. If Ouida desires to sing the praises of virtue, she might do so in a better way than by chanting the litany of vice; with Mme. Mils and Maurice, Lady Featherleigh, and the rest of the undesirable people of whom she speaks with nauseous reiteration, she weakens the effect of her eulogies on Lady Hilda Vorarlberg and the man for whom she sacrifices all that such a woman would most value—that penniless but chivalrous Duke della Rocca, whose creed was "All for love and the world well lost."

Less coarse than she used to be, but still coarse—less like a

* In a *Winter City*: a Sketch. By Ouida, Author of "Puck," "Signa," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

sign-painter and more artistic, but still a sign-painter and inartistic—Ouida indulges her besetting sin of gaudy colouring and profuseness in the *Winter City* as in all her works. She knows nothing of the strength which comes from reticence, from simplicity, from concentration. She never contents herself with one word where she can use two, and she has the trick of repetition to a wearisome degree. Unquestionably clever, she is also as unquestionably shallow; and even in her sharpest sentences we detect a certain ring which suggests successful imitation rather than absolute originality. She inveighs against dress and worldliness, immorality and heartlessness; but we should like to see her library, and to know what novels she had been studying before she wrote her own. She is clever, striking, glittering—but it is only mock work after all; and it suffers, as all such work does, when contrasted with that which is purely creative and real—that which has been honestly thought out by the worker, unassisted by hints and suggestions from foreign sources. The story of *In a Winter City* is simple enough. It is merely the narration of how the Lady Hilda Vorarlberg—a cold, disdainful, beautiful, and artistic young widow, with fifty thousand a year and an unpleasant temper, who has never known the faintest approach to love, and who lives like a passionless statue in the midst of companions who are, to say the least of them, odd—loves and is beloved by the Duke della Rocca, an impoverished Florentine noble, who, with the most urgent need to marry money, has not yet been able to make up his mind to sacrifice his name for any number of thousands to be had with the daughters of "rag and bone merchants from New York, or oil-strikers from Pennsylvania, or speculators from Wall Street." As Ouida says:—"Paolo della Rocca loved his name as a soldier does his flag, and he could not bear the idea of possibly transmitting to his children traits and taints of untraceable or ignoble inherited influences." Wherefore he constantly murmured to his match-making friend—"who, having had him as a lover when he was twenty and she was thirty, felt quite a maternal interest in him still as to his marriage and prospects"—"A little more time!—next year." Urged by his friend the Duke de St. Louis to make his court to Lady Hilda Vorarlberg, Della Rocca begins in the good old way of a little aversion. Here is the thing of all others that he most dislikes, but the thing which "seemed cast across his path by a caress of Fortune from which it would be madness to turn aside." She was cold; but he "had little fear, if he once endeavoured, that he would fail in making his way into her graces. With an Italian love is too perfect a science for him to be uncertain of its results." She was a woman, too, of "unusual beauty and of supreme grace, and a great alliance"; but

he had a wholly different ideal for his wife; he disliked those world-famous *élégantes*; he disliked women who smoked, and knew their Paris as thoroughly as Houssaye or Dumas; he disliked the extravagant, artificial, empty, frivolous life they led; their endless chase after new excitements, and their insatiable appetite for *frissons nouveaux*; he disliked their literature, their habits, their cynicism, their ennui, their sensuality, and their dissipation; he knew them well, and disliked them in all things; what he desired in his wife were natural emotions, unworldly innocence, serenity, simplicity, and freshness of enjoyment; though he was of the world, he did not care very much for it; he had a meditative, imaginative temperament, and the whirl of modern society was soon wearisome to him; on the other hand, he knew the world too well to want a woman beside him who knew it equally well.

Lady Hilda on her side cannot understand a life without money. For ten years she had had the possession of her enormous fortune of fifty thousand a year, and use had made it a second nature to spend as much as she liked and to gratify every whim, every desire, no matter at what cost. She had also lived on a certain moral pedestal in her own mind:—

She had loved herself very dearly all her life, lived for herself, and in a refined and lofty way had been as absolutely self-engrossed and amorous of her own pleasure and her own vanities as the greediest and cruellest of ordinary egotists.

When she finds that she is in love with Della Rocca, and that she cannot marry him because to marry him would be to give up her fortune and live on the poor pittance belonging to him—and that she cannot make him her lover, as her cousin Mme. Mila would have done, and indeed as any one in her society would have done, because she is cold, proud, and has the self-respect of a modest woman still untouched—then the conflict begins, and the dramatic interest of the story is at its highest. Della Rocca, who had allowed her to feel rather than see his love when he thought her the absolute mistress of her fortune, having so much pride as to be fearful lest she should think it was her money and not herself that he sought, now, when he knows from her brother that she will lose everything if she marries again, confesses himself warmly enough—more warmly, we imagine, than such a woman as Lady Hilda would have allowed, or than one so clever as Paolo, he who had erected love-making into a science, would have thought judicious. But the things of the world prove stronger even than a lover's love; and Hilda puts away the temptation offered to her of "voluptuous sweetness," "amorous endearment," "the joys of great and mutual passion," by which Della Rocca pleads his cause, and gives up the man for the money:—

He knelt at her feet, and held her hands in his.

"Does your life content you?" he said at the last. "Can greatness of any sort content a woman without love? Can any eminence, or power, or possession make her happiness without love? Say that I am poor; that coming to me you would come to what in your sight were poverty; is wealth so great a thing measured against the measureless strength of passion? Are not the real joys of our lives things unpurchasable? Oh, my love, my love! If you had no preference for me I were the vainest fool

to urge you; but, as it is—does the world that tires you, the society that wearies you, the men and women who fatigue you—the adulation that nauseates you—the expenditure that after all is but a vulgarity in your sight—the acquisition that has lost its charm for you with long habit, like the toys of a child; are all those things so supreme with you that you can send me from you for their sake? Is not one hour of mutual love worth all the world can give?"

His arms held her close, he drew her down to him nearer and nearer till his head rested on her breast, and he felt the tumultuous throbbing of her heart. For one moment of scarce conscious weakness she did not resist or repulse him, but surrendered herself to the spell of his power. He moved her as no mortal creature ever had strength to do; a whole world unknown opened to her with his touch and his gaze; she loved him. For one moment she forgot all else.

But all the while, even in the temporary oblivion to which she had yielded, she never dreamed of granting what he prayed.

As the story, however, is not meant to be a tragedy, and as Lady Hilda is designed to be a beautiful character, superficially encrusted by the world's selfishness and the vices of the age in which she lives, but noble and pure at the core, we know that before it is too late she will follow the counsel of her heart against her prudence, and marry Della Rocca in spite of his ruined palace and diminished rent-roll. It would not have happened so in real life; but then authors have the rights of parents over their children, and can make them do as they like; and if it pleases them to create a moral harlequinade and make their characters of all colours, that is their own affair. To the critic belongs only the right of remark that the characters are of all colours, and that the actions ascribed to them belong to the same school of art as that which should give a tree the leaves of a pear, the flower of an orange, and the fruit of an apple. Neither Della Rocca nor Lady Hilda would have married into poverty, no matter what the love they had for each other. He, indeed, would have adopted Mme. Mila's view of their possible relations, seeing that anything else would have cost too large a sum in the ordinary estimate of values; and she would either have yielded to this arrangement, had her passions developed in proportion to their vigour at birth, or, more probably, she would have trodden them under foot altogether, and have discarded her love as a weakness to which it would be high treason against herself to yield. Granting all her weariness of society, her emptiness of heart, and her sense of desolation, still her wealth was as her second nature, and we can scarcely think that she could ever have been warned up to the point of abandoning it. Ouida thinks differently; but we deny her symmetry of drawing, seeing that she has made this action of the heroine appear inconsistent with the earlier and stronger lines of her nature.

All this is, we fancy, a sop thrown to appease the Cerberus of British respectability and sentiment. The real meaning of the book, as we read it, lies rather in Mme. Mila, and in the invectives scattered broadcast against the women of the day, and society as Ouida knows it. And in these invectives the most noticeable points are their bitterness, their fierceness, and their coarseness. One could sometimes fancy one was reading a personal attack aimed at some living woman. Take, for instance, the description of "La Femme Galante" of the present day. "The frivolous and fragile faggot of impulses that is called Frou-frou"; that "poor, feverish, wistful, changeful morsel of humanity, a slender, helpless, breathless, and frail thing, who, under one sad, short sin, sinks down to death," is not, Ouida is careful to tell us, the *Femme Galante* whom she scourges. This, indeed, is the married woman of high place and fair name "who has studied adultery as one of the fine arts, and made it one of the domestic virtues"; beside whom "Frou-frou were innocence itself, Marion de l'Orme were honesty, Manon Lescaut were purity, Cleopatra were chaste, and Faustine were faithful. She is the female Tartuffe of seduction, the *Précieuse* Ridicule of passion, the parody of Love, the standing gibe of Womanhood"—and, in short, the peg whereon Ouida hangs pages of unpleasant verbiage, offensive suggestion, and equivocal denunciation. We at no time admire this writer's work, partly because of this very element of unfeminine coarseness which comes out now in one direction, now in another; but Ouida, coarsely moral and indelicately virtuous, is Ouida at her worst. What with foul themes, false sentiment, impossible action, and verbal sign-painting, *In a Winter City* will fail to please any educated taste; but there are no doubt other tastes which, for aught we know, it may suit well enough.

THE LIFE OF SCHOPENHAUER.*

THE author of this very amusing little volume proposes to effect for the general English reader what M. Ribot has already accomplished for the French student of mental science by diffusing a knowledge of Schopenhauer and his philosophy. M. Ribot's book has already been noticed in our columns (see *Saturday Review*, September 11, 1875); and we think he has given a more satisfactory account of the philosophy of the Frankfurt sage than will be found in the pages before us. But the biography of Schopenhauer is here far more complete and detailed, and it must be borne in mind that in his particular case the man is quite as remarkable as the writer; indeed the latter cannot be fully appreciated without some knowledge of the former. The material of which Mme. Zimmern has availed herself was ample and easy of access, and she has made good use of it, the basis of her work being

* Arthur Schopenhauer; his *Life and his Philosophy*. By Helen Zimmern. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

the Memoir of Schopenhauer by his friend Dr. Gwinner. The tendency of Schopenhauer's theory she perfectly explains, rightly defining his position as that of the earliest representative of that influence of the Indian intellect upon Europe of which we find abundant examples at the present day.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in 1788 at Danzig, where his family, of Dutch extraction, had long resided, and had been known as great and influential citizens; so great, indeed, that when Peter the Great and his Empress visited the old Imperial city, the house of Arthur's great-grandfather, Andreas, was selected to lodge them. The memorable event gave rise to a family anecdote. When the Imperial pair entered the house assigned to them, they chose for a sleeping apartment, although it was winter, a room without stove or fireplace. Old Herr Schopenhauer met the difficulty by emptying several barrels of brandy over the tiled floor, closing the room, and setting the spirit on fire, to the great amusement of the Czar. When all was burned out, the guests lay down to rest in the hot air, and rose comfortably in the morning to thank their host for his strange display of hospitality.

Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer, grandson of Andreas, lived for many years in France and England, and imbibed a taste for the literature and manners of both countries, which he afterwards impressed upon his son, encouraging him from early boyhood to read the *Times*. He ultimately settled at Danzig, where he carried on the mercantile business of his forefathers with consummate ability, and at the age of thirty-eight married Johanna Henriette Trosiener, daughter of one of the patricians of the city. On the subjugation of Danzig in 1793, Heinrich, sacrificing a tenth part of his fortune, fled with his wife and little son to Hamburg, which still retained its privileges as a Hanseatic city. Two years were passed by the family in a tour through Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Germany, and towards the end of 1804 Heinrich lost his life by a fall from an attic window into a canal—a misfortune which calumny attributed to suicide on account of pecuniary losses. His memory was held in the highest respect by his son. Shortly afterwards his widow Johanna moved to Weimar, where, herself esteemed as an author, she shone as one of the stars of the place, then at the height of its brilliancy. Arthur, meanwhile, in compliance with his deceased father's wishes, had toiled, sorely against his will, in a merchant's office, lamenting that he could not devote himself to literature. At last, acting on the advice of her Weimar friends, his mother allowed him to follow the bent of his inclination, and he entered upon an academic career at Gotha, where, in addition to the ordinary curriculum at the Gymnasium, he took private lessons in Greek and Latin, thus showing a veneration for classical learning which he retained to the end of his life. Both as a student and as a writer of German he gained much local renown, cultivated aristocratic society, and became somewhat extravagant in his attire. However, at the end of six months a squabble with a professor caused him to leave Gotha and proceed to Weimar, where he took lodgings, that irritable misanthropic temperament with which all the readers of his works are familiar displaying itself even in these early times so habitually that his cheerful, easy-going mother could not tolerate him under her roof. It was a fortunate circumstance that he had for a fellow-lodger Franz Passow, afterwards celebrated as a Greek lexicographer, who greatly assisted him in his classical studies.

In 1809, on the completion of his twenty-first year, Arthur Schopenhauer matriculated in the medical faculty at the University of Göttingen, where, with unwearying energy, he studied everything, noting down in manuscript all that he heard, and adding comments of his own, in which his instructors were often severely criticized. The fame of Fichte attracted him in 1811 from Göttingen to Berlin, and with the disappointment occasioned by the celebrated Professor's lectures began that contempt for the post-Kantian philosophers of Germany the expression of which has so largely contributed to the popularity of his works. At Berlin he also heard Schleiermacher and H. A. Wolf. For the latter, the great philologist, he had the profoundest reverence; with the former it was otherwise. With respect to his abhorrence of Fichte, Mme. Zimmern rightly observes that, whatever views he held with respect to the "Wissenschaftslehre," he might have accorded a word of praise to the unflinching patriotism displayed in the address which Fichte delivered in 1808. But to Schopenhauer, as to Göthe, political enthusiasm was unknown, and the former had a special dislike for his own countrymen, as is well illustrated by the following anecdote, relating to an outburst which occurred during a sojourn in Italy:—

"The German Fatherland has reared no patriot in me," he once said; and he often repeated both to his own countrymen and to French and English, that he was ashamed to be a German, they were so stupid a people. "If I thought so of my nation," said a Frenchman in reply, "I should at least hold my tongue about it."

Schopenhauer did not long remain at Berlin, and his first work, the short treatise entitled "Die Vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom Zureichenden Grunde," which is by no means unimportant, and which was published in 1813, obtained for him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, bestowed by the University of Jena. His mother and he were never on good terms, and when, on his return to Weimar to reside there, he presented his mother with his treatise, she sneeringly pretended to infer from the title, the "Fourfold Root," that it must be a book for apothecaries, and was undutifully told in reply that the treatise would be read when her works would not even find a place in a lumber-room. Johanna was not to be set down. "The whole edition of yours will be

still on hand" was the retort. Unlike Peachum and Lockit, both mother and son were in the right. Arthur sold scarcely a copy of his first edition of the treatise, and Johanna's works, eagerly read at the time, are now, if they are ever mentioned at all, merely remembered as some very old English novel-readers remember the "Minerva Press." We should not, however, forget that it is to the mother we are really indebted for all we know of the earlier portion of the son's life.

There was a practical cause for the estrangement between Arthur Schopenhauer and his mother which perhaps had more to do with it than difference of taste or temperament. While he hated commerce, he abhorred the notion of gaining a livelihood by means of literature or philosophy. This feeling is prominently revealed in all his attacks on the University professors of his day. The men who live for science and those who live by science are as wide apart, intellectually and morally, as heaven and earth, and he who would teach truth should be in the enjoyment of a worldly competence not at all dependent on his teaching. Johanna was extravagant, and Arthur feared, not without reason, that she was squandering his patrimony. If left without it, what would he do? He might become as base as Fichte or Hegel. His mother's faults were in some measure compensated by her *salon*, which made him acquainted with many celebrated men, above all, with Göthe, who was highly pleased with the "Fourfold Root," and hoped to find a convert to his beloved theory of colour. Schopenhauer did not prove so subservient a disciple as had been hoped, and though the young man and the veteran much admired each other, there was no great sympathy between them. Those who know how frequently Schopenhauer appears in print as a declared misogynist may be especially amused by the fact that he was consumed by a passion for Caroline Jagemann, the chief actress at the Court Theatre of Weimar, and the recognized mistress of the Duke; but the circumstance is more important than about this time he was first introduced by Friedrich Mayer to that Indian lore which afterwards had so much influence on his thoughts.

Four years spent at Dresden, whither Schopenhauer removed in the spring of 1814, were chiefly occupied by the composition of his *opus maximum*, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, published in 1818 by Brockhaus of Leipzig. This was in one volume, the second not having been added till many years afterwards. A brief exposition of the theory which it inculcates we have given so recently that anything like a repetition here would be superfluous. Its completion was followed by the visit to Italy to which we have referred above, and under the Southern sky he led a life by no means corresponding to the asceticism which he so strongly inculcates in his writings. While he taught as a Buddhist, he lived as a European *bon vivant*, and, like Kant, was a hearty eater to the end of his days. Still, far from being a hypocrite, he honestly avowed his inability to act up to his own ideal. He expressed to his friend Dr. Gwinner his fears that he would never attain Nirvana, and once, after looking at the portrait of the Abbé de Rancé, the virtuous founder of La Trappe, an order which he regarded with profound reverence, he turned away with a mournful air, saying, "That is a matter of grace." He was suddenly brought back from Italy by the news that the mercantile establishment at Danzig, in which a great part of his own and all his mother's fortune was invested, was threatened with bankruptcy. His genius as a speculative philosopher had by no means affected his character as a shrewd man of business, and while his mother, who would not listen to his advice, was left almost penniless, he, by anticipating the crash which ensued, saved the bulk of his property.

The most miserable part of his life was spent at Berlin, whither he removed in 1820, hoping to make a position as a lecturer on his own philosophy. Never were hopes more vain. His great work, on the fame of which he had reckoned as an introduction, had received even less attention than the luckless "Fourfold Root." He had no chance of rivalling Hegel and Schleiermacher, and every day his lecture-room became emptier. In 1831 he was driven from Berlin by the cholera, and it is a notable trait in his character that he was terribly subject to panics, which could with equal facility be produced by epidemic maladies and popular tumults. His extreme Conservatism in politics, his dislike to popular rule, which extended even to a condemnation of trial by jury, could be traced to natural timidity. At the same time his nervous irritability could make him on occasion even ferocious. While he was at Berlin, the discovery that his landlady was in the habit of allowing an acquaintance to hold coffee-parties in his ante-room so moved him to wrath that he threw her out of his door, and so severely injured her arm that he was sentenced by a court of law to maintain her for life. The annuity thus awarded proved a long one, and when the good lady died at last, he wrote on the certificate of her death, "*Obi amicus, obi onus*." Generally, however, he seems to have been a beneficent man, and to have done what he could for his poor relations. In 1833, after a few more migrations, he settled at Frankfurt. With this ancient city, in which he passed the remainder of a life ending in 1860, his name is chiefly associated. Here at last he learned what celebrity was, and though his secluded misanthropic life first led people to style him the "Whimsical Fool of Frankfurt," he was ultimately recognized as the "Sage"; he was regarded as one of the lions of the place as he strode along the street, and the landlord of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he dined every day, replied, when asked if he had any royal visitors, "Yes, Dr. Schopenhauer."

His first gleam of prosperity was his successful competition in 1839 for a prize offered by the Royal Norwegian Academy of Drontheim for the best essay on the Freedom of the Will. With the Royal Danish Academy, which in the following year offered a prize for the best inquiry into the grounds of moral obligation, he was, indeed, unsuccessful; nor did the publication in 1844 of a new edition of his principal work, with an addition, attract much attention. But the collection of miscellaneous essays which he published in 1851 with the title *Parerga and Paralipomena* was received with decided favour, and its success brought into more general notice his earlier productions. An article on his philosophy generally, in the *Westminster Review* for April 1853, was speedily translated into German by one of his disciples, and this helped to diffuse the knowledge of the long-overlooked "Sage" among his own countrymen. The third edition of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* actually turned out a profitable speculation, and when, at the age of seventy-two, the great Pessimist peacefully, though somewhat suddenly, shook off his mortal coil, he was already a man of renown, with declared partisans and admirers.

If this book reaches, as it merits, a second edition, we would recommend a careful revision of proofs. No one can be more perfectly aware than the writer that whereas, in naming the author of *Faust*, every free-born Briton has a choice between "Goethe" and "Goethe," and, by way of a frolic, may write "Goethe," "Goethe" is a thing of naught.

UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.*

THE officers and crews of the North Polar Expedition have passed the winter in utter sequestration from mankind, beneath the sunless sky that bends over that region of our globe, which only becomes accessible by the yearly discharge of its ice-drift through Smith Sound into Baffin's Bay. They were last heard of at the Carey Isles, near the entrance to Smith Sound, by the finding of letters which Captain Nares on the 28th of July deposited in a cairn of heaped stones upon the summit of a hill in the south-eastern island of that group. It was Captain Allen Young, in his own vessel, the *Pandora*, who ran up twice, on the 18th of August and on the 10th of September, to call at the Carey Isles, several degrees north of his appointed course, that he might fetch any correspondence left at that *poste restante* by the *Alert* and *Discovery* some weeks before. We have to thank the *Pandora* for the assurance given us by their parting message that the North Polar squadron had so happily evaded the troublesome navigation of Melville Bay towards the close of the season. But the proper errand of the *Pandora* lay in quite another direction; not at all to the north, but rather west by south from Baffin's Bay, which is the common gateway of the Arctic regions in that hemisphere.

The ancient problem of geographical speculation and nautical experiment concerning the feasibility of a passage by water along the northern coasts of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, has not ceased to invite the adventurous mind. The geographical question of the existence of a chain of water-basins, gulfs, sounds, straits, or other channels, all the way between the two oceans, has long been settled. But the feat of nautical skill is yet to be performed. It seems to be generally acknowledged that no sailor could have been more competent to try it again last year than Captain Allen Young. He served under Sir Leopold McClintock in 1859, when three detached parties, journeying across the ice with sledges, explored the shores of Prince of Wales Island and King William's Island, around the closed southern end of McClintock Channel, or Franklin Sound. The obstacle to what is still inappropriately called the North-west Passage has been proved to lie in that piece of water alone. It is simply the accumulation and retention of drift-ice in summer, by the conformation of the mainland opposite those large islands and Victoria Land. The ice comes down McClintock Channel, which is funnel-shaped; but it is here stopped by the promontory of Boothia Felix from passing off either into Hudson's or Baffin's Bay. Let this one land-locked basin, at the suitable time of the year, be once crossed by a vessel equipped for such navigation, and the remainder of the voyage to Behring's Straits would not be difficult, as it lies through Simpson and Dease Straits and other channels, which are sheltered by Victoria Land from the northern drift of ice. The real difficulty is to get a ship round the southern end of Prince of Wales Island, whether approaching it through Peel Sound or through Bellot Strait, out of Prince Regent Inlet, from the eastward side. Captain Allen Young, indeed, should know more than any other man of the coast-line of Prince of Wales Island. He intends to try again this year, having been stopped last year by the ice, which covered all the width of Peel Sound below the La Roquette Isles, near the outlet of Bellot Strait. We shall be pleased to hear of his ultimate success.

These voyages have been undertaken at Captain Young's private cost, but he accepted the pecuniary aid of two partners towards the late expedition. One was Lady Franklin, who cherished a hope of the finding of some memorials of her lost husband where the survivors of the *Erebus* and *Terror* shipwrecked company must have perished in 1848. The other contributor was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, in whose service one

travelling reporter met Dr. Livingstone on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, while another joined the Russian army at the capture of Khiva. Arctic scenery, and Arctic adventure in general, if not exactly the North-west Passage and the fate of Sir John Franklin, had become once more a topic of interesting newspaper discussion. As Mr. Stanley had once more plunged into Equatorial Africa, it was Mr. MacGahan who had to embark in the *Pandora* for a voyage to Peel Sound, and possibly that way to the Pacific Ocean. The *Daily Telegraph*, by an arrangement similar to that made in the case of Mr. Stanley's present African mission, shared with the *New York Herald* the current publication of Mr. MacGahan's letters. They are collected in the volume with which we have now to deal, and of which, from a literary point of view, there is not much more to be said. It is augmented by several chapters made up of tolerably pertinent information extracted from other books. These describe the migratory life of the Innuits or Eskimos, apart from their scanty settlements in Greenland, with their traditions of romance and mythology preserved by Dr. Rink. There is also some account of McClintock's efforts, and those of his lieutenants, Hobson and Allen Young, who went in search of the traces of Franklin sixteen or seventeen years ago. These matters need not here detain us further than to offer one or two remarks.

It seems, after all, not unreasonable, since we know there were a hundred men under Captain Crozier's command in April 1848 marching towards the mouth of the Great Fish River, to presume that they somewhere deposited the final records of that unlucky expedition, before the last man of them died on their dreadful journey. The probability of their having made such careful provision for the safety of those documents is rather greater from the fact of the Eskimo people being found in possession of a variety of trivial relics which our countrymen may have kept about their persons to the last. It is true that Lieutenant Hobson in 1859, after finding the latest written account of them at Point Victory, and the two skeletons further along that shore lying in a stranded boat, with the other tokens of their desperate condition and its end, looked in vain for the customary monument of a deposit, a conspicuous heap of stones. McClintock himself also went across Simpson Strait, and examined Montreal Island, near the mouth of Great Fish River, as well as the mainland coast and that of King William's Island, without seeing the cairn that might have been expected to mark a spot chosen for leaving the papers which we should have read with mournful satisfaction. But still there is a chance of their discovery, as there is much more than a mere chance of their existence; and the widow of Sir John Franklin was therefore justified in a hope, which she has not lived to realize, that something beyond the bare fact and date of his death, June 11, 1847, may yet be ascertained. It is doubtful, however, with a view to the interests of geographical science, whether the complete records of Franklin's expedition, sent out above thirty years ago, would prove of any great value at the present time. The enterprise of the North-west Passage, in which Captain Young perseveres with so much determination, has rather become a simple problem of dodging the ice-drifts, as we have explained, in sailing through waters now comparatively well known. It is an exploit of bold and adroit navigation, which may be worthy of ambition on the part of a seaman who loves his noble profession, and of which all Englishmen would feel in some degree proud. But it can hardly be said that the cause of science imperatively demands its speedy performance. From that point of view, one would think, it seems more desirable for our exploring ships to approach as near as may be to the North Pole. The incidental knowledge, too, which may be gained by the Polar Expedition concerning the ocean currents and the ice-drifts that so much affect the temperature of our Atlantic shores is likely to be of great practical utility. On the other hand, few persons would now dream of using the North-west Passage as a commercial route, though it was originally designed for access to the fabulous wealth of the Indies. Nor is there any temptation to colonize those vacant provinces of the British Empire in which not even the Eskimo can make a dwelling-place, and which the Arctic explorer visits scarcely once in ten years.

But where the conductors of popular journalism lead the way it is conceivable that the metropolitan caterers of excursion trips by contract may at some future time attempt a new field of operations. The successors to Messrs. Cook and Gaze will perhaps be enabled to issue return tickets from London, available within the season, ice permitting, for a summer voyage to the scene of Sir John Franklin's disasters, there and back, or even through Behring's Straits and round Alaska, to get home by San Francisco. Steam has almost rendered it possible to traverse the lesser of those distances and return to London between July and October, but for the obvious risk of being caught by the ice. The *Pandora*, which left Portsmouth on June 27th, was opposed in her outward voyage across the Atlantic by violent contrary winds; but twenty days would in ordinary circumstances suffice to reach Disco, the whalers' port of Baffin's Bay, and ten days more should bring the steamer, with a fresh supply of coal from Kudliset, well into Lancaster Sound. It is there, after proceeding further west through Barrow Strait to Peel Sound, or after turning directly south by Prince Regent Inlet, that the vessel incurs a danger of being prevented by the ice from getting out again two or three weeks later. The *Pandora* herself, in the first week of September, returning through Barrow Strait, had some difficulty with the ice blockade off Cape Rennell, the promontory of North Somerset fronting Wellington Channel to the north. In Prince Regent Inlet, east of North

* *Under the Northern Lights.* By J. A. MacGahan, Correspondent of the "New York Herald." Author of "Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

Somerset, there is not so much fear of obstruction as in Peel Sound on its western side; but the only way from the bottom of Prince Regent Inlet to the westward is through Bellot Strait, which divides North Somerset from the Boothia mainland. Whether Bellot Strait or Peel Sound be the more difficult passage to get into Franklin Sound is a question not yet positively decided. Each has been stopped up at the particular times when a passage has been sought; but a future attempt either way is perhaps destined to be successful. It cannot, however, be effected, with the present means and appliances, in the Arctic sailing season of every year, but only in the most favourable years; for the expedients of boring and cutting a way through packed ice are limited to a thin crust of it, and a short distance to be traversed. When the *Pandora*, on the last day of August, having run down Peel Sound to La Roquette Isle, within sight of the mouth of Bellot Strait, encountered a field of consolidated ice-floes, from five to thirty feet thick, which extended fifty miles and filled the whole space from shore to shore, nothing more could be done. After waiting three days for the chance of an opening by some change of wind, Captain Young resolved to turn back, and he was but just in time to escape being shut in at the upper or north end of Peel Sound. This should be a warning to the mere summer excursionists of the future, who might else be tempted by advertisements of the wondrous enjoyments of an Arctic voyage.

The better part of those enjoyments, to judge from Mr. MacGahan's report of them, can be obtained without going further than the Greenland coasts of Baffin's Bay. Icebergs of exquisite hues and a fantastic variety of forms, assuming different aspects from hour to hour by the magical power of transformation which there is in the low sunlight and softened atmosphere of a Northern summer day, are constantly met with in that grand vestibule of the Arctic seas. The land presents to view a broken line of high rugged mountains, rising abruptly out of the water, above three thousand feet, to the sharp peaks and pinnacles behind which lies the measureless expanse of an elevated glacier, stretching far away with a continual upward slope into the unknown interior of Greenland. That vast country, in size a continent, and belonging neither to Europe nor to America, but itself a distinct section of the earth's surface, lies hidden under a massive plate of ice which fills up its deepest valleys to a height not much below its mountain tops. It is in the condition even now through which our own and other European countries have passed in former geological epochs, being continually planed down, and hewn or filed into shape, by the sliding and grinding or cutting action of the glaciers as they slowly descend to the ocean. The iceberg is well known to be merely a broken-off fragment of mountain glacier, formed probably in some elevated recess of the Alpine region far inland by the congealed snows and rains of many years. It is often found to contain pools of fresh water, an acceptable supply to the crews of passing ships. Mr. MacGahan has an eye for the beauty of these superb works of nature, and feels an intelligent interest, though his scientific studies are not very profound, in the mighty processes of which such tokens may be seen where he went last year. He makes himself still more at home with the merry and hospitable settlers of the Greenland shore. They were visited by the *Pandora's* company at Ivigtut, a station for the mines of kryolite worked by a Danish Company; at the little seaport town or hamlet of Lieveby, in Godhavn, the harbour of Disco Island; and at Yuyarsusuk, in the Waigat Strait, near the place where coal is got without any price but the labour of digging it from the face of a cliff above the sea-beach. The Eskimo people in these simple villages, with whom are a very few Danes or half-bred persons employed in Government office or in mercantile business, seem to be a kindly and gentle race. But Mr. MacGahan and his comrades, of whom Lieutenant Pirie, R.N., and the Dutch naval lieutenant, nicknamed Van Tromp, are most frequently mentioned, saw those friendly Eskimo people at a favourable time. The men were all gone away seal-hunting, so that the frolicsome women and girls, being left to amuse themselves and to entertain their English or foreign visitors as they pleased, were in a very agreeable mood of innocent freedom. The dress of an Eskimo fashionable young lady, consisting of a short jacket, a pair of seal-skin knee-breeches, pretty red leather boots with tops of white linen, and some trimmings of fur, with the hair in a top-knot on the crown of her head, would have a certain piquancy of effect at a fancy ball in Europe. Mr. De Wilde, the artist of the *Pandora* expedition, has lent the aid of his pencil to Mr. MacGahan in representing some of those queer native figures with whom the officers and sailors joined in a feast and dance to beguile their short delay in the port of Disco. These parts of the narrative contain an admixture of humorous anecdote and banter which may perhaps be appreciated more readily by Mr. MacGahan's travelling companions than by readers of his book not personally acquainted with "Tromp" or any of the party. One person on board is so described that we should have been pleased to have made his acquaintance when he was to be met walking in Fleet Street, as Mr. De Wilde has drawn him, with his umbrella held for the sake of dignity over his honest old head. This person is "Eskimo Joe," the brave and faithful servant of Captain Hall's *Polaris* expedition, by whose unselfish labours, after the death of Captain Hall, some of that party were fed and sheltered and kept alive through a whole winter. It appears, from what Mr. MacGahan says, that Joe has been very ungratefully and unfairly treated. He really seems to be one of those good fellows, simple heroes of a despised tribe, whose example has now and then proved a capacity for the virtues of true manhood in every race of mankind. As Joe and his wife Hannah are now residing

at New York, it is to be hoped that Mr. MacGahan's testimony on his behalf may serve to win some kind of modest provision for his old age.

NEW CLASSICAL POETRY.*

IT is natural that the favourable reception given to the *Songs of Two Worlds* should have led the author to continue his poetical exercises; and it is no doubt a true instinct which has led him to "tread the classic paths of song," of a special aptitude for which he had given evidence in a sketch, "From Hades," in his third series. Not that he loaded the language of his blank verse with idioms or expressions closely imitated from the classics, as is the wont of some modern poets, or sought the ear of scholars by echoing, with little difference save of tongue, the words of Homer or the dramatists. It was rather the spirit than the letter of Greek poetry which was reproduced. In the *Epic of Hades*, now before us, we have an expansion of the little piece which we have just mentioned, and it deserves to be commended to the attention of all who take an interest in the problem how to turn classic models to good account. We have coupled with the *Epic of Hades* a volume of mixed pieces by the author of a neo-classic drama of some eight or ten years ago, *The Sorrows of Hypsipyle*, because those among them which are on classical themes have the merit of simplicity and directness, and so far belong to what one may hope is a new or a reviving school.

The form of the *Epic of Hades* is a dream of a visit to ghost-land by the author, a singer of our younger day. His handling of this theme cannot be called wholly subjective or wholly objective. He brings the various ghosts clearly before us in such a way that we can recognize them at once without the help of labels. In his choice of subjects the author has not shrunk from venturing on ground already occupied by at least two Victorian poets, those associated with the names of Marsyas and Andromeda. But in neither case need he shrink from comparison. His Marsyas is full of fine fancy and of vivid description; a blending of new and old in what a fabulist would call the myth and the after-myth. The finding of the flute, the contest with Apollo, the arbitrament of the Muses suspended for a time by the question of superiority betwixt breathed or hand-wrought—auletic or citharadic—music, the turn of the scale when the sun-god throws his voice into the balance, all these furnish passages of fine conception and execution; whilst the vindication of a noble strife for fame, even if its end be

To fall upon the icy ledge, and fall,
Where other footsteps dare not,

is a worthy tribute to the more modern shades which inspire this portion of the strain:—

Him
Whose sad young eyes grow on us from the page
Of his own verse: who did himself to death:
Or whom the dullard slew: or whom the sea
Rapt from us.

But as the vision of Marsyas deserves study as a whole, we shall quote only a fragment of it, to show the author's nicety of description of nature's aspects. It is where the shepherd amid the summer stillness catches the goddess's flute-notes:—

The time when a deep silence comes
Upon the summer earth; and all the birds
Have ceased from singing, and the world is still
As midnight, and if any life there move—
Some fur-clad creature, or cool gliding snake—
Within the pipy overgrowth of weeds,
The ear can catch the rustle, and the trees
And earth and air are listening.

The Andromeda has to us one recommendation denied to Kingsley's—a more congenial metre; another is its unstrained and natural narrative, whether the heroine is rising within her palace home to a sense of destined self-sacrifice, or, as the strains of priest and procession fade in the far distance above, listening on the rock-ledge for the coming of the sea-monster, till the catastrophe

At the dead dark hour before the dawn,
When sick men die.

Both in this picture and in the kindred one of Medusa, later in the volume, sufferings for the salvation of a people, directly or indirectly, and the

strange chain of sacrifice
That binds an innocent life, and from its blood
And sorrow works out joy,

are dwelt upon and interwoven with the myth. Andromeda dates her insight into the real meaning of her life and deeds from the time when the eternal calm of the tomb was broken for a brief space by

One who was divine
Not as our gods, joyous and breathing strength
And careless life, but crowned with a new crown
Of suffering.

In glancing at some of the other tenants of Hades who are made to figure in this poem, we must be content just to mention the touching presentment of Laocoon and his sons, a group interpreted into new life by intensely natural treatment, and to confine ourselves to the portraiture of Helen and Heracles, the latter inwrought in the myth of Deianeira. The author has endeavoured

* *The Epic of Hades*. By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.
Songs Now and Then. By J. Ashe. London: Bell & Sons. 1876.

to give consistency to the riddle of the resistless beauty who was "the Hell of men and fleets and ships," and to win for her the reader's condonation, as well as that of Menelaus and the Trojan elders. His clue to her fickle frailness, her quick wearying of the court and love which it is her curse to inspire, and

A weary look no other than the gaze
Which oftentimes as the rapid chariot whirls,
And oftentimes by the glaring midnight streets,
Gleams out and chills our thought—

is the secret of a shepherd first-love "in a little landlock'd bay, whose banks sloped gently downward to the yellow sand," on whom were expended her first-fruits of passion, and after whom Theseus, Menelaus, and Paris, were only so many successive pastimes, fraught with fate and ruin to nations. Looking back upon the scene of her love's young dream, her saddened spirit quickens to enthusiasm, and she fondly asks—

Break they then still,
Those azure circles on a golden shore?
Is there a spot upon the older earth
Where spite of all, gray wisdom and new gods,
Young lovers dream within each other's arms
Silent, by shadowy grove, or sunlit sea?

The key to the whole after-career is furnished in the following lines:—

Love like a flower,
Love springing up too tall in a young heart,
The growth of morning, life's too scorching sun
Had wither'd long ere noon. Love like a flame
On his own altar offering up my heart
Had burnt my being to ashes.

Remembrances of the Greek chiefs of divers dates, of the false Paris and the nobler Hector, of the sack of Troy, the death of Priam, the carrying-home to Greece, the Rhodian episode, and her fate after others reigned at Sparta in place of Menelaus, are inwoven in the tale with considerable dexterity, and the "fairest woman of the poet's dream" attributes her escapades to the gods having marred "her life with too much beauty."

A key is also found for the tale of Heracles and his tragic death, worked out, by the way, with much force in Mr. Warren's *Philoctetes*. Our poet sets in prominence the weak side of the hero, as pleading excuse for the often-left helpmate's jealousy. In the course of a few pages we recognize scenes and thoughts borrowed from the *Trachiniae*, though the loan is skilful and legitimate. But the gist of the whole tragedy as it is here epitomized is Deianeira's description of her hero, as

Mighty in war, mighty in love; now bent
To more than human tasks, now lapp'd in ease,
Now suffering, now enjoying;

or, as Heracles's own interpretation of his life puts it:—

I have lived
As he lives who through perilous paths must pass
And life-long trials, striving to keep down
The devil within him; born of too much strength,
And sloth, and vacuous days; by difficult toil,
Labours endured, and hard-fought fights with ill.
Now vanquished, now triumphant, and sometimes,
In intervals of too long labour finding
His nature grown too strong for him, falls prone
Awhile a helpless prey, then once again
Rises and spurns his chains, and fares anew
Along the perilous paths.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens servavit odorem Testa diu." It is satisfactory to find Mr. Ashe, like the writer with whom we have coupled him, drinking still at the old sources, and displaying in his verse a kindred spirit and flavour. He, too, lays himself out rather to catch the spirit of classic models and to expand hints from ancient epics, such as the "Gift of Herè," or the promise made by that goddess to Æolus on condition of his "listening to her hard behest" about the ships of Æneas. We are introduced to Deiopeia, fairest of Herè's attendant nymphs, awaiting her destined bridegroom "on the windy top of old Pelorus," and the picture and soliloquy are equally classical. At first the nymph bemoans the lot that has withdrawn her from the splendours and glories of Olympus, now exchanged for the contemplation of her bridegroom's

Stormy isles,
Goat-feeding Lipara with heart of fire,
Didyme, Ericusa, and the rest.

But anon the calming down of the elements is made to synchronize with her lord's coming. The waking up of the maiden, whose eyes had closed in fear and terror—

when the dizzy whirl
Of windswept motion numbed her brain to sleep—
to a morning of hope and contentment, is very pretty:—

Gradually
A sense of things grew out of troubled dreams;
And she was lying on soft grass, beside
The green marge of a fountain; but the sun,
Bright on it, only shed stray beams on her,
For shade of graceful poplars hung o'erhead,
Whose leaves the breeze snow'd silver, twinkling, made
A pleasant pattering sound, like summer rain.
Two streams, which took their sources from the fount,
Ran near, reflecting many-coloured flowers.

Another like sketch, entitled "Psamathe," takes its warranty from a hint in Catullus's Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis (lxiv. 11-8), and follows the fortunes of a stray Nereid who, like the Muriels of romantic poetry, had a mind to visit the haunts of

earth, "to hear the music of men's speech and clasp their hands in love." Her earth-dream ends in disenchantment, and we are permitted in the sequel of the poem to strain our eyes after her as she slips beneath green waves, and we

Can see no more the snowy arm
And pearl-white shoulders glancing mid the foam.

The story is prettily told, and the chief drawback to Mr. Ashe's poetry is a little mannerism, such as the tacking of the initial "a," which we find in "akin" or "afloat," to any number of words. We count three in as many pages, "aroll," "aroar," and "aglow," and we doubt whether the number might not be multiplied by a closer survey. Another poem, called "Acade," is indebted somewhat to classical fancies; and yet another, called "A New Alexis," which is graceful and tender, though the topic is, we cannot help thinking, of doubtful taste. Truer, and more to our fancy, is a blank-verse presentment of Cleobis and Biton, from the account of them in Herodotus (p. 85-7). But it would be wrong to leave our readers under the impression that the author of *Songs Now and Then* at all confines himself to classic themes. He is far from unsuccessful in modern love songs; he records passing thoughts and memories in short pieces that are sonnets in all but form. Still we like best the lyrics which tell a tale of his first love amongst the muses; and in closing our necessarily brief notice of his new volume we shall recommend it to the reader by quoting his "May Day" (p. 57):—

O day, divine as love or dreams!
The wizard sun
Works such enchantment with his beams,
As would have won
The heart of Pluto to set free,
Nor snatch to Hell,
Ceres's fair child, Persephone,
In Eanna's dell.
O splendid flashing of his eyes!
The locks of gold!
O revelry of youth, that lies
Round brows, as old
As death the phantom, as the glow
Of dawn dew-pearled;
As time, as passion, as the woe
That galls the world!
O day, divine as love or dreams!
The hills are glad!
I hear the laughter of the streams,
Of Orcaid,
And Faen! O day! a Danne
To this gold shower,
The earth burns like a rose for thee,
A virgin flower.

PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC.*

LET no one in search of information regarding pearls and pearl fishing turn to Mr. Boddam-Whetham's pages. The alliterative title which he has prefixed to them has no reference to real gems, but is an example of one of those devices to which bookmakers have recourse who are uneasily conscious that their literary wares stand in need of some adventitious allurements. Why Mr. Boddam-Whetham could not have contented himself with a plain title we cannot understand. His book is an account of travels in the Hawaiian, Samoan, and Fijian islands. A title which should say so simply would prove quite as taking, we should think, as one which admits of a double interpretation. But then it might seem to lack ingenuity, and accordingly it was rejected in favour of a grandiose but meaningless jingle of words. Moreover, on what grounds the islands above mentioned are dubbed pearls of the Pacific is not at all clear, unless it be that the figurative epithet is supposed to be poetical. But even in poetry we expect epithets to be suitable. When the Spaniards boastfully styled Cuba the Pearl of the Antilles, they were so far justified that the island is beyond all doubt the largest, richest, and most beautiful in the West Indies. But the superiority of the three groups visited by Mr. Boddam-Whetham over all others in the Pacific Ocean is an assumption for which there is no warrant. Want of taste and literary judgment are not displayed in the selection of the title alone, but constantly reappear, though most glaringly at the beginning of the book. Nor are the merits of the author such as make us readily forget his defects. Mr. Boddam-Whetham encountered no stirring adventures, and saw little out of the beaten track; his descriptive powers, too, do not enable him to throw the charm of novelty over an oft-told tale. Still the islands which he visited lie so far out of the course of all but a few English tourists that his narrative may for some people not be without a certain interest.

When Mr. Boddam-Whetham reached Honolulu, he found the Hawaiians in all the excitement of a most important contested election. The royal line of the Kamehamehas had become extinct in 1872, and the successor who had then been chosen to found a new dynasty had also died childless and without naming an heir. It devolved therefore upon the Legislature of the kingdom to elect a new sovereign. It speaks much for the political progress made by a people who were naked savages at the time of Captain Cook's visit, that a disputed succession gave rise to no civil war or disturbance of any kind outside the capital. The only riot that

* *Pearls of the Pacific* By J. W. Boddam-Whetham. London: Hurst & Blackett.

occurred was a less serious affair than often might be witnessed a few years ago on the occasion of a Parliamentary election in a third-rate country town here at home; while in the rest of the kingdom the choice of the Legislature seems to have been at once acquiesced in. There were two candidates for the throne. Queen Emma, whose visit to this country some years ago may be remembered, was the popular favourite, at least in Honolulu. She was the widow of Kamehameha IV., a former king, and was granddaughter of an Englishman who married the daughter of a native chief. Her competitor was a native chief. It would seem, if the scandal of Honolulu is to be trusted, that the Hawaiians have made progress in the less desirable practices of representative government, as well as in obedience to the decision of the constituted authorities. For the members of the Legislature are accused of having taken bribes. The Ministry then in office desired the election of Kalakaua, the rival of Queen Emma, and they carried their point. If Mr. Boddam-Whetham correctly understands the working of the Hawaiian Constitution, there were at the time two Legislatures in existence. The term of that elected in 1872 had not come to a close, while the term of that elected in 1874 had not begun. It would seem therefore that it was the old Legislature which ought to have assembled to choose a new sovereign. But, as a matter of fact, it was that of 1874 which came together. Of course, Queen Emma's partisans accused the Ministry of having summoned this body for its own purposes. As the election of a King, even in the South Seas, is not an everyday occurrence, our readers may desire to have the description of the scene before them:—

The Legislative Hall was on the second story of the building, and on entering we found three-quarters of it occupied by the Assembly, the remaining quarter overflowing with anxious spectators, whites and browns. The desks of the nobles and representatives were arranged in a semi-circle around that portion of the hall assigned to them, the upper part being occupied by the throne, draped in black, and the dais of the President. On the right of the dais were the seats reserved for the Ministers, Consular representatives, &c. The roll of the nobles and representatives was called at twelve o'clock precisely, and all responded except one member, who was absent from the country, there being thirty-four representatives and eleven nobles. . . . After the Prime Minister had read the announcement of the death of Lanililo, the balloting for his successor commenced; Kalakaua, who had occupied his seat among the nobles, having previously left the hall. The whole proceedings were carried on both in English and Hawaiian, and in a most orderly and parliamentary manner; but the shouting and cheering which were heard going on outside betokened that those who were holding forth to the mob indulged in a more fiery and inflammatory mode of address than was considered proper in the Hall of Assembly. The result of the ballot was the election of Kalakaua by a vote of thirty-nine to six for Queen Emma.

A Committee was at once appointed to wait upon the newly-chosen King to announce to him his election to the throne. But no sooner had the Committee issued from the building than it was assailed by the mob, the carriage in which its members had seated themselves was speedily wrecked, and the members were dragged out and severely beaten. It was with difficulty that they regained the shelter of the Court-house. The Ministers had made no preparations to quell a riot, possibly because they knew the native forces could not be depended upon, and shrank from suing for protection from the foreign Consuls. The mob soon learnt that it was master of the situation, and proceeded to break open the doors, to ransack the building, and to maltreat the representatives. Eventually, however, a party of marines from a British and an American man-of-war in the harbour restored order. During the remainder of Mr. Boddam-Whetham's stay in King Kalakaua's dominions, he encountered no adventure equally exciting. He saw the hula-hula, a native dance not unlike that of the Nautch girls of India; and of course he visited all the sights of the island, especially the volcanoes, extinct and sleeping. But in his descriptions there is nothing striking or novel. Of the natives he brought away a kindly opinion, having found them uniformly courteous and obliging. But they are slowly dying out. They pass their time chiefly in amusement, working as little as possible. Trade at the time of his visit was stagnant, the cotton industry was depressed, and altogether the future prospects were not bright.

The next group visited was the Samoan. The people are still in the naked savage state. The men tattoo almost the entire body, so that at a distance they appear to be dressed in blue; and they are as fond of idleness as the Hawaiians. But they are fine, stalwart, and well built. Their chiefs are especially fine-looking and tall, and they wield almost unlimited authority over their tribesmen. They have a dialect of their own, and a large number of words are used only in application to them. The Samoans are described as gentle in disposition and easily managed. A considerable number of Europeans have settled among them, and exercise great influence. They have introduced cotton-planting, which here has proved a profitable industry. And the islands are the centres of a brisk trade. It is a remarkable proof of the enterprise and commercial aptitude developed by the present generation of Germans that almost the whole carrying trade of these regions has passed into German hands. It was in a German sailing vessel that Mr. Boddam-Whetham made the voyage from Honolulu to Apia, the chief town in the Samoan group, and although at the time of his visit the harbour of Apia was crowded with shipping, only one vessel hoisted the Union Jack. But, although commerce seemed so much more flourishing than in King Kalakaua's kingdom, the Samoan islands have this great drawback, that the climate is very trying, being both hot and moist. A trip to the latest addition to the British Empire—Fiji—was the

utmost limit of Mr. Boddam-Whetham's travels. He strongly approves of the policy of annexation, and is sanguine in his expectations of the benefits that will accrue from it. But we need not follow him in his history of the quarrels between the white settlers and the Ministry of the native King, which preceded annexation, and render it necessary. The scenery of the islands he describes as very fine, and their resources great. But cotton-planting there, as in the Hawaiian group, has proved a failure, and is being superseded by sugar-growing. The Fijians are described as powerful and well made, but, like the natives of the preceding groups, they are indisposed to work. Consequently the plantation hands are mostly brought from other islands. In the interior of the islands, the tribes, as we have all heard, are man-eating savages. And Mr. Boddam-Whetham quotes in full the report of a native of rank, who had been sent on a mission to one of these cannibal tribes, of his experiences amongst them, which gives a very vivid impression of the savagery of these interesting fellow-subjects of ours. Since annexation the hill-tribe chiefs have been persuaded to acknowledge British authority. It is to be hoped the acknowledgment is not merely formal. On the sea-coasts the people are orderly and have embraced Christianity; but an anecdote told by Mr. Boddam-Whetham (though, we are afraid, not a new one) suggests doubts as to the reality of the conversion as well as concerning the wisdom of the missionaries. One of the chiefs, we are told, asked to be baptized, but was refused on the ground that he had a number of wives. He went away with a very dejected countenance, but some time afterwards returned, and joyfully told the missionary that he had got over the wife difficulty. The good clergyman was profoundly pleased by the proof thus given him of the chief's sincerity, and bestowed many encomiums upon his convert. At last, however, he bethought himself to inquire how the convert had disposed of his surplus wives. "I have eaten them," was the triumphant reply.

THE DEMOCRACY.*

THE author of *The Democracy* has chosen a motive which has been pretty frequently used in poetry, but is rather less common in prose fiction. He tells the story of a man of ability and character, almost of genius, who, rising from the lowest class, and animated by a passionate devotion to the cause of the people, ultimately yields to the seductions of the world, forgets his aspirations, and with them loses everything that gave him importance and interest. It is obvious that success in the conduct of a plot so ambitious as this cannot be obtained without an unusual knowledge of the extremes of society. If the tale is to have any reality at all, the gutters and the gilded saloons must be described with much more tact and sympathy than are commonly given to novelists. Tact and sympathy are not wanting to the author of *The Democracy*, but he has not got them in sufficient measure to avoid an air of unreality, which is the chief fault of a very careful, and in many respects very praiseworthy, story.

Besides the general difficulty of which we have spoken, there is another to be overcome, in the delineation of the character of the hero. If he is to be made more interesting than the successful or unsuccessful agitator of everyday life, he must have a somewhat refined cast of talent, developed out of rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Kingsley, in a novel which *The Democracy* in some places resembles, made his Alton Locke a poet. Poets, of course, can go everywhere, and their native sensibility is fine enough for anything. It has proved more difficult to bring Paul Nethersole, the hero of *The Democracy*, within range of the temptations that were too much for the Republican virtue of Alton Locke. The writer has been obliged to bridge over the gulf between Clerkenwell Green and Grosvenor Square in a rough-and-ready way. On the other hand, there is much ingenuity in the development of Paul Nethersole's character out of surroundings and antecedents carefully disposed so as to produce an interesting "irreconcilable" of good taste and not ungente manners. Everything is so arranged as to beget in him a kind of personal grudge against society, property, and authority, and, at the same time, a distrust of mere vulgar fanaticism and the rhetoric of Trafalgar Square.

Paul Nethersole was the son of a small tradesman who displayed in humble life qualities which, had he only been a king, would have endeared him to Mr. Carlyle. Lucius Nethersole was a miser, not absolutely from love of money in itself, but because he had his eye on an ever-receding future of ease and respectable good-fellowship. He was a fierce martinet in the matter of neatness, perpetually flicking particles of dust off his furniture, and arranging chairs and tables with mathematical precision. "On the rare occasions on which he was false to avarice the passion for domestic symmetry had led him astray." To the "veracity" and "thrift" thus indicated in his pleasing character, Mr. Lucius Nethersole added a violent and dangerous temper. Not very long after his marriage he had driven his wife and her infant child Paul from his house, and when the story opens he was living alone with his elder son Peter. Peter was a genius in his way. "At ten he announced a discovery to his father—how to tilt the scale and save a quarter of an ounce." In spite of Peter's congenial qualities, Lucius was beginning to think it would be respectable to bring his wife and her boy back again, and he succeeded without much

* *The Democracy*. By Whyte Thorne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

difficulty in getting them to return. Mrs. Nethersole had made a living while separated from her husband by her skill as a dressmaker, and had been aided by the patronage of a certain Lady Fermor. She had given Paul, now a lad of twelve, the best education within her reach; he was head boy of a Classical and Commercial Academy which had turned out many pupils afterwards distinguished in retail trade. When the young scholar and his mother answered the appeal of Lucius and went back to his house, their misfortunes began in earnest. There was no more education for Paul; it was proposed to make him a page in Lady Fermor's household, and, after resisting as long as he dared, he ran away from his ferocious father. Paul had only lately learned "that there were tribes of the English, and that he was one of the lower." The discovery was made more bitter by a kind of childish passion for Lady Fermor's daughter Henrietta. To be her servant, and that in buttons, seemed intolerable, so he fled away on a snowy night, fell asleep on the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, was rescued by a casual passer-by, and in his company made the acquaintance of some typical members of the "Democracy."

Paul's preserver was a working-man named Berdoo, whose object and aim in life was to do no manner of work. His delight was in conversation and contemplation of the spectacle of life. Here is his statement of the Cyrenaic philosophy:—

Enjoy! Not to do that is the unpardonable sin. The one thing I think terrible is to grow old without having *tasted*. For my part, every dinner I eat, every pipe I smoke, every pretty woman or fine picture I look upon, every strain of sweet music I hear, I consider as one sensation of pleasure of which I have made sure. The thing is thenceforth and for ever beyond the power of fortune—nothing, not even Omnipotence, can take it away. Miss your opportunity; put it off, as so many people do their joys, to a more convenient season, and a thousand accidents may happen. It may never come in your way again, or, if it should, age may have taken away your relish for the feast of life.

This clever nonsense, with its scraps of Scripture misapplied, is much more what might be expected from the idliest of "idle fellows" than from a speculative working-man, however indolent. Berdoo's philosophy is meant to balance that of old Nethersole, always putting off enjoyment, till age has taken away his relish, or till it has ceased to be possible. Perhaps there is too much of this sort of reflection in *The Democracy*, and there is certainly too much about old Nethersole, who takes up the space that is sadly needed at the end of the story, where the incidents are crowded together with little art. This fault of inappropriate tone and incongruous language rather spoils the humour of all the characters drawn from low life. To take another instance; when Paul, after some queer adventures, gets a place as shopboy to an atheistic and Republican bookseller, he meets a certain "Robespierre Pegler." Pegler is meant to be the common agitator of Clerkenwell Green. He is the author of "The Secret History of the Royal Families of Europe"; he lives in a garret in a court off Drury Lane, where his furniture mainly consists of a gin-bottle, a dagger, and a list of persons whose heads are to fall in the next revolution. He describes himself to Paul as "not a man, but a cause. I am '89. I am the Revolution. I am the proletariat in arms. I am death to tyrants—do you mark the word, boy?—tyrants." This fustian is not inconsistent with the fact that Mr. Pegler used to earn a supper by taking the Tory side in the discussion forums of taprooms. But it does seem inconsistent with the fact that Pegler was a man a good deal trusted by the promoters of demonstrations, and by all the small political people of the book. Indeed none of them are very much better than Pegler, and the pity of the hero for the degradation and wretchedness of the proletariat is meant to be enhanced by the fact that he does not find in that class any leaders except foolish fanatics and interested sneaks. Paul passed two or three years with Frere, the atheistic bookseller, and with his pretty and religious daughter Lucy. Just as Berdoo talks too much like an æsthetic essayist, so does Lucy speak too much in the more serious tone of Mr. Matthew Arnold's theological criticisms. She has a vague spiritual orthodoxy of her own, expressed in choice language which she could hardly have learned from the literature in her father's shop. Her influence counteracted that of the Peglers and of Frere; and if Paul had been disposed to buy a dagger and to sneer at Noah's Ark, Lucy would have brought him back to common sense and decency. The natural result was that she fell in love with him, though the explosion of her passion was deferred by circumstances.

It chanced that a certain "swell," named George Chilver, was anxious to see something of the people. His philanthropy was at once "exploited" by a dirty little politician named Washington Bee. Bee, with Pegler and others, got up a "demonstration" *à propos* of nothing in particular, Chilver supplying the funds. There is an amusing scene in the Committee-room:—

"There's banners," suggested a Committee-man.

"Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality!" said Mr. Pegler.

"And Free Thought," added Frere; "that's worth all the rest."

"Citizens," said Mr. Pegler, glaring revengefully on Frere, and rising with all the indications of a great oratorical effort, "I have an amendment against the words 'And Free Thought.' I do not oppose them as a sentiment, but as an expense. It will cost us an extra yard for every banner, not to speak of gold fringe."

The absurd demonstration ended in a puny riot. Pegler stopped a carriage, Lady Fermor's of course, and insulted her daughter. Frere was hit on the head, and died; his death-bed scene is very well described. Paul went on living in the same house with Lucy, and becoming more and more convinced that gold fringe and banners would never win the people's battle. Meanwhile, his

father again drove his mother from his house, and, not being able to live on the twopence a day which she earned by sewing braces, she died of starvation. Recognizing in her death, and in his wretched old father's prosperity, an instance and a result of the institutions of property and of authority, Paul became a convert to socialism. To get knowledge, which he could not but see was absolutely wanting among his comrades, he studied at a working-man's college, where Chilver happened to be lecturing. The plot now moves pretty swiftly. Paul became the friend of Chilver, he took to literature, made money, and occupied himself much in deeds of charity. It struck Chilver that Paul would be a good man to have in Parliament, and as he himself was not Chilver at all, but Lord Fermor in disguise, he easily put his *protégé* into a Radical pocket borough which he happened to possess. Few things, in a mild way, can be much more improbable than that a man of title, living as a rule in ordinary society, should have kept his identity concealed for years from the people with whom he associated; but this rather clumsy device is necessary to bring Paul at once into connexion with public life, and with Chilver's, now Fermor's, sister, Lady Henrietta. At first Paul took the House of Commons by storm, and made speeches about the "Condition of England question," and brought forward motions for "an Inquiry into the State of the Nation." In its laxer moments the opinion of the House associated him with working-men's tea-parties and plum-cake. Unluckily, Fermor once asked his friend to his house, where the tea-party was of a more distinguished sort, and from that moment it was all over with Paul. He fell hopelessly in love with Lady Henrietta, felt much more pain at the thought of his own social awkwardness than of any other social difficulty, and tried to win Lady Henrietta's heart by learning to ride, taking rooms in May Fair, buying a gold latch-key, and toning down his political opinions. The end of it was that his partisans who had hailed him as the "hope of the human race," hooted him off the platform. Lady Henrietta, who was entirely indifferent to the fascinations of his seat on horseback, and probably ignorant of the existence of his gold latch-key, rejected him when he had the audacity to propose to her. From the day of her marriage to another Paul was no more seen, not at least by Lucy, who had showed him with extreme plainness that she loved him, nor by his father, nor by Berdoo, who became a parish beadle, and contemplated existence from the serene and lofty height of that office. *Pacem summa tenent.*

There is something inartistic in Paul's disappearance, like "a burst bubble on the waters of life." Probably we are meant to suppose that he committed suicide, which would have been a natural termination to his infatuated folly about Lady Henrietta. But the whole of the conclusion of the story, with Paul's wonderfully sudden lapse from virtue into second-rate dandyism, is rather hurried and unnatural. If the change had been confined to his opinions, it would only have been usual; but Paul has not been represented as a vulgar nature likely to be fascinated by "dressing-gowns cut and finished with almost as much nicety as a walking coat." Altogether, there is a want of distinctness in the conception of Paul, in spite of all the trouble that has been lavished on him, and there is a want of proportion in the various parts of *The Democracy*. An impression of melancholy is left, on the whole, and there is too much questioning of life. In spite of these blemishes, however, it is quite in a different class from the ordinary stories of the day. *The Democracy* has plenty of humorous scenes which are amusing enough, and would be even more so if one could be sure that they were true to life in Clerkenwell as well as in the House of Commons. The reader is tempted perhaps to wish that the book had been recast before publication, but he feels justified in hoping for satisfactory later work from the author.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE centenary of American independence has called forth a review of some of the most remarkable aspects, past and present, of American social and political life, from the pen of an intelligent foreign resident of long standing. Herr Kapp*, already favourably known as the author of a work on the employment of German mercenaries in America during the colonial connexion with England, has brought together some of the results of his American experience in two good-sized volumes. Most of these essays, indeed, have appeared before, but they were well worth collection. A considerable part of the book relates to a subject on which a German emigrant should be qualified to speak with especial authority—namely, the character of the immigration from Germany and the circumstances under which it takes place. The author sensibly dissuades his countrymen from entertaining any expectation of the permanence of the German nationality in America, or of the ultimate constitution of a Republic parcelled out among English, Irish, Germans, and Americans, as Switzerland is shared by German, French, and Italian Swiss. The circumstances are totally dissimilar, and the utmost that can be expected is that the German element may exert an appreciable influence on the national character. A large part of the essay is occupied with exposing the infamous frauds practised upon the immigrants, including details of the particular hardships and misadventures of certain vessels. There is also a very interesting account of the early struggles of the now flourishing

* *Aus und über Amerika. Thatsachen und Erlebnisse.* Von Friedrich Kapp. 2 Bde. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

ing German communities in Western Texas. The author's German feeling comes out strongly in the reprint of his correspondence during the Civil War. The Germans, it will be remembered, were far more uncompromising opponents of slavery from an abstract point of view than the native Americans; and accordingly Herr Kapp has scant patience with the prudent hesitations of President Lincoln, and does not enter at all into the feeling of American statesmen that the question was one to be considered in the light of its bearing on the preservation of the Union. Though living in the midst of Americans, he appears to have been as little able to appreciate the intense determination of the people as the majority of observers at a distance, and hence he is full of doubts, misgivings, and mistrusts which are shown by the event to have been wholly gratuitous. It is also significant to find him so influenced by national feeling as to prefer the incompetent Sigel to General Howard, who was regarded by Sherman as one of his ablest officers. With all these drawbacks, the letters are a lively record of the impressions of a thoughtful mind, placed at the centre of stirring events. An historical sketch of the slavery conflict preceding the Civil War, and a sound exposition of the Monroe doctrine as originally promulgated, are also among the more valuable constituents of these volumes. The Monroe doctrine, it is not always recollected, was elicited by the proceedings of the Holy Alliance on the continent of Europe, and was originally designed to obstruct any forcible interference in the contest between Spain and her revolted colonies. The more questionable denial of the right of a European Power to acquire territory on the American continent is believed to have been interpolated into the original draft by the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams.

Herr Constantin Rössler* is a very wordy writer, whose handsome and substantial volume may be described as imposing in more senses than one. Any interest attaching to it arises from the author's honest belief in the Prussian State Church, not as a Church, but as a State Church. He disapproves most particularly of Strauss, Schopenhauer, and *id genus omne* on the one hand; he has so little affection for the Romish Church, on the other, as to hint, not obscurely, that the time will sooner or later arrive when it will have to be persecuted out of existence; but he seems somehow to have attained the conviction that nothing more is required than "the centralization of religion" as a department of State for the edification of the nation, the education of youth, and the reformation of manners. Starting from the basis of the most extreme Erastianism, he has reached nearly the same practical conclusions as those developed in Mr. Gladstone's early work on Church and State from the contrary point of view.

Count Baudissin's contribution to the history of Semitic religion† are acceptable reviews of the present state of our knowledge on a subject which is as yet very obscure from the poverty of material. It is indeed a question how soon the influx of information from Assyrian sources may render this observation inapplicable; at present, however, it is difficult to get much beyond the particulars of the polytheistic phases of Semitism incidentally imparted in the Scriptures. The clearness and copiousness of Count Baudissin's dissertation on the only strictly Biblical subject treated in his volume contrast forcibly with the inevitably meagre and speculative character of the remainder of his essays. This disquisition treats of the conception of the heathen divinities entertained in the Old Testament, very carefully, and with a great affluence of quotation, tracing the progress from the original conception of these deities as national tutelary genii endowed with an actual sphere of authority, to their subsequent subordination to Jehovah, and their ultimate resolution into mere figments of the imagination. Count Baudissin's views as a Biblical critic are moderate and conservative; he does not believe in the original identity of the Jewish Deity with any local Semitic divinity. A portion of his essay is devoted to an examination of the traces in the Old Testament Scriptures of the later view by which a substantial existence was accorded to the gods of the heathen, while they were at the same time regarded as evil spirits. Other essays discuss kindred topics, such as the traces of serpent-worship among the Semites, which Count Baudissin regards as purely indigenous, and the origin of the Sibiline and Gnostic sacred name *Iao*, which he considers as undoubtedly identical with the Hebrew *Jehovah*. Another investigation of great interest discusses the genuineness of the fragments of Sanchoniathon's Phœnician history, professedly preserved by Philo of Byblus. Count Baudissin does not believe in their authenticity, and considers that they were probably fabricated by Philo himself, or some other advocate of the Euhemeristic theory of mythology which they express, but to which a genuine Phœnician document would have afforded no countenance. A second volume is announced as in preparation.

Albrecht Weber's lectures on the literary history of India reappear in a second edition with the addition of so many notes and comments as to render them almost a new work.‡ The extremely unsettled condition of most Indian literary problems necessitates frequent modification either in the maintenance of the writer's own views or in his attitude towards the opinions of others, while his

sturdy honesty suffers him to leave no difficulty unacknowledged. A more thorough and intrepid love of truth could not be desired, and the author's intellectual characteristics are reflected in the simple, straightforward, but at the same time rugged and arid, character of his exposition. The lectures are designed to afford a general view of the literary history of India from the time of the Vedas, including of necessity the religious development of the Indian mind, and to some extent the scientific also. The general tendency of his criticism is to bring down the dates of the masterpieces of Indian literature. The great epics, he thinks, may have been written about the commencement of the Christian era; Kalidasa may have flourished about the fourth century, and Bhavabhuti as late as the seventh or eighth. He points out the influence of the Greeks on Indian astronomy, and suspects that the author of the *Ramayana* may have been acquainted with the *Iliad*.

A curious and learned essay by F. Kittel* discusses a subordinate point of Indian mythology, the origin of the veneration of the *Linga* as a religious symbol, principally in the worship of Siva. The practice is usually supposed to have been adopted by the Aryan conquerors from the indigenous population. Herr Kittel, however, maintains the contrary view, and seems to assign strong reasons for his opinion.

Dr. Gilow's essay† on the relation of Greek philosophy to the national religion insists forcibly on the peculiarities which tended to mitigate the conflict between tradition and the spirit of inquiry, more particularly the indefinite condition of dogma among the Greeks, and the absence of a hierarchical caste and a body of sacred writings. He then proceeds to investigate the opinions of the philosophers prior to Socrates, classifying them according to their relation to the popular creed.

A work on the philosophy of the present epoch, by Karl Grün‡, the biographer of Feuerbach, ought to have been interesting, its professed design being to trace the progress of speculation from the culminating point of Feuerbach's philosophical activity, some thirty years since, to this day, thus including the rise of the pessimistic systems of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, and the development of scientific materialism. Unfortunately, although Herr Grün's language is not ill adapted to serve as the vehicle of thought, the thought itself is usually imperfectly conceived in his own mind; and the course of his reasoning is impeded by all manner of sallies and digressions. He is more felicitous in citing the ideas of others, which fortunately constitute a large portion of the substance of his book.

The Munich Library§ possesses twenty-four detached leaves taken from the covers of MSS. formerly in the Freising Library, and containing fragments of the *Itala* or primitive Latin version of the Epistles of St. Paul and St. John. The latter is particularly interesting from containing the verse of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, the MS. being apparently of the seventh century. The fragments have been very carefully edited by Herr Ziegler, with a photographic facsimile.

The Masora||, Professor Frensdorff remarks, has been greatly employed in the correction of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, but has virtually been only once edited itself, subsequent editions being only repetitions of the *editio princeps* of 1525. It is his ambition to produce a new and thoroughly critical edition, to which the present volume, containing the references of the Masora arranged in alphabetical order, and thus forming a Masoretic dictionary, is designed as a precursor.

Dr. A. Stadler¶ remarks that philosophical controversialists in Germany are more and more grouping themselves around Kant, to the neglect of those successors who were at one time thought to have advanced beyond him. He has accordingly endeavoured to provide a concise exposition of Kant's doctrine of the Pure Reason, lest the actual teaching of the philosopher should be lost sight of amid the various glosses of his commentators, of which he seems to think there is some danger.

K. G. Andersen's** essay on German etymology explains a great number of familiar terms, and contains a number of amusing examples of corruptions arising from misunderstandings and inaccurate pronunciations, which have given rise to false and misleading etymologies in their turn.

F. Becker has written an exceedingly interesting monograph on the employment of the fish as an emblem of Christ in early Christian art.†† A great number of examples, chiefly from the Roman catacombs, are brought together, and in many cases illustrated with woodcuts, some of which are extremely curious. The earliest example,

* *Ueber den Ursprung des Lingakultus in Indien*. Von F. Kittel. Mangalore: Mission Depository. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Ueber das Verhältniss der Griechischen Philosophen im Allgemeinen, und der Vorsokratiker im Besondern, zur Griechischen Volksreligion*. Von H. Gilow. Oldenburg: Schultze. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Philosophie in der Gegenwart. Realismus und Idealismus*. Von Karl Grün. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Italafragmente der Paulinischen Briefe, &c.* Veröffentlicht von L. Ziegler. Marburg: Elwert. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Masora Magna*. Herausgegeben von S. Frensdorff. Hannover: Cohen & Risch. London: Trübner.

¶ *Die Grundsätze der reinen Erkenntnistheorie in der Kantischen Philosophie*. Von A. Stadler. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Ueber Deutsche Volksetymologie*. Von K. G. Andersen. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Die Darstellung Jesu Christi unter dem Bilde des Fisches auf dem Monumenten der Kirche der Katakomben*. Von F. Becker. Gera: Reisewitz. London: Nutt.

* *Das deutsche Reich und die kirchliche Frage*. Von Constantin Rössler. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

† *Studien zur Semitischen Religionsgeschichte*. Von Wolf Wilhelm Graf Baudissin. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Akademische Vorlesungen über Indische Literaturgeschichte*. Von Albrecht Weber. Zweite vermehrte Auflage. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

Herr Becker thinks, is one in the mausoleum of Domitilla, about the end of the first century, but here the symbolic character of the representation hardly seems adequately made out. He observes that the enigmatic character of the delineation rendered it a secret symbol, which accounts for its disuse after the general prevalence of Christianity.

Herr Conrad Fiedler's rules for the appreciation of works of art* appear in the main reducible to one, that the critic should possess as much aesthetic and philosophical culture as he can contrive to acquire.

It is a good idea of Herr E. Engel's to bring together the passages of Byron's journals and letters relating specifically to himself, and by an arrangement of these in chronological order to frame a virtual, though in many respects defective, autobiography. The frequency of the egotistic poet's references to himself insures a sufficiency of material, and, as Byron always wrote well on the subject that mainly interested him, the literary attractions of the volume are very considerable. The weak point consists in the editor's own introduction and notes, which savour far too strongly of hero-worship.

Not more than three or four of Lessing's plays† have retained possession of the stage, and his European reputation as a dramatist is founded on two only. It will be a surprise to most people to learn that he left behind him no fewer than fifty-four plans for dramas, in some of which the outline is to a considerable extent filled up. As might be expected, these sketches mostly belong to an early period of his career, ere he had discovered his more genuine vocation as a critic. Some have been printed before, but the whole now make their appearance for the first time in a separate volume, and in a collective form. The most complete is a comedy on the story of the Ephesian Matron; the most interesting, perhaps, is a tragedy, unfortunately composed in Alexandrine couplets, on a contemporary event, the conspiracy of Samuel Henzi and other citizens of Bern to effect a revolution in the government. Fragments of tragedies on the stories of Codrus, Spartacus, and Cleonias, also possess much interest, and characteristically evince Lessing's sympathy with the antique spirit of political liberty, and classical life in general. *Tarantula* is an amusing burlesque on the Italian opera, and *Fatima* is a very curious burlesque indeed. The fragments of an intended *Faust* are insignificant in compass, but would have been very considerable but for the loss of the greater part of the MS. The piece was undertaken in direct competition with Goethe, and would apparently have been modelled upon the precedents of the old English drama. It would hardly have added to Lessing's reputation, if we may judge by the few specimens preserved. Most of the other fragments are drafts for comedies or domestic dramas, some borrowed from the French. It is interesting to find a translation of Calderon's "Life is a Dream" among them; and the idea of this piece seems to have formed the groundwork of another of Lessing's sketches, "The Horoscope," the plot of which is apparently his own invention. These glimpses into the workshop of a busy dramatist undoubtedly merit preservation, even though their strictly poetical merit is commonly inconsiderable, and their form too incomplete to allow much scope for constructive skill or the delineation of character. The editor has displayed the most laudable assiduity in exploring every corner of literary or historical reference that appeared capable of throwing a ray of light upon his subject. His view of the importance of the fragments published by him is naturally exaggerated; but we cannot regret an error which has so largely stimulated his exertions.

The last number of the *Russian Review*‡ contains a valuable account of the literature on the emancipation of the serfs, the continuation of Professor Brückner's history of didactic literature in Russia during the eighteenth century, and a paper by M. Wessloffsky on the affinities between Russian and Indian popular tales.

* *Ueber die Beurtheilung von Werken der bildenden Kunst.* Von C. Fiedler. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Lord Byron. Eine Autobiographie nach Tagebüchern und Briefen. Mit Einleitung und Erläuterungen.* Von E. Engel. Berlin: Stühr. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Vierundfünfzig zum Theil noch ungedruckte dramatische Entwürfe und Pläne G. E. Lessings.* Herausgegeben von Robert Boxberger. Berlin: Hempel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Russische Revue.* Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Jahrg. 5, Hft. 3. St. Petersburg: Röttger. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agents, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,073, MAY 20, 1876:

The Berlin Conference. Royal Guests. The Budget Debates. The Khedive's Decree. Lord Sandon's Education Bill. The French Ministry. Religious Toleration in Spain. Law and Liquor. The Burials Question.

Spenser in the Eighteenth Century. Science at South Kensington. Country Cousins at the Academy. Anglia Transwalliana. Martyrs of Commerce. Trial by Newspaper. Discipline in Merchant Ships. Water Supply of Hastings. The Royal Academy—III. Signor Rosci.

Taine's Origines de la France Contemporaine. Stephen's Hours in a Library. Bouzigue's History of Christianity. In a Winter City. The Life of Schopenhauer. Under the Northern Lights. New Classical Poetry. Pearls of the Pacific. The Democracy. German Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,072, MAY 13, 1876:

Return of the Prince of Wales—Russian Policy in Central Asia—Egyptian Finance—Barriers and Clients—France—The Extradition Controversy—The Royal Academy—Mr. Forster on the New Education Code.

The Philadelphia Exhibition—The Loves of a Philosopher—Symbolical Painting—Excursionists by Contract—Tall Talk at the Mansion House—The Protestant Reformation Society—Dahomey—The Operas—Racing at Newmarket and Chester.

English Visitors to Tibet—Writings and Letters of Dr. Whewell—The Gulf of Lyons—Mr. Lowell's New Volume—Whitney on Language—Beauchamp's Career—Minor Notices.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—BREITNER, Pianist, Pupil of Rubinstein, on Tuesday, May 23, with Papini, Lasarre, &c. Quartet in G. No. 81, Haydn; Piano Quartet, B minor, Mendelssohn; Quartet, D minor, Schubert; Solos, Chopin, &c. Pianoforte. Tickets, 7s. 6d., to be had of Lucas & Olivier, Bond Street, and Austin, St. James's Hall, at the Regent Street Entrance. Visitors can pay at the Door. No Free Admissions will be granted. May 30, last performance this season of Rubinstein.—Director, Prof. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square, S.W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS. FIRST MORNING CONCERT, at 3.30 P.M., on Monday, May 22, St. James's Hall. Overture, Naisades (Bennett); Serenade and Allegro Gioioso, Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé (Mendelssohn); Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Walsestein's Camp (Rheinberger). Vocalist, Mme. Trebelli-Bettoni. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, Reserved, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. Admission, 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84 New Bond Street; at the Musicians', and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

DORE'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vierge," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORE'S GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN. 5 Pall Mall East. From 9 till 7. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

GAINSBOROUGH.—The BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, MR. SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A., has undertaken to ENGRAVE this magnificent PICTURE. The Artist's Proofs will be issued at Ten Guinea each. Subscribers' Names are now received by Messrs. THOS. AGNEW & SONS, the Publishers and Proprietors of the Picture, at 5 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; Exchange Street, Manchester; and Liverpool and London Chambers, Liverpool.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND. Incorporated by Royal Charter, for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of British Artists. Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, June 17, 1876.

Sir WILLIAM FRASER, Bart, M.A., M.P., in the Chair. Since the foundation of the Society, the sum of £37,077 10s. has been distributed in relieving widows and orphans of British Artists, and during the past year fifty-three widows and sixteen orphans have received annuities amounting to £1,125. The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts.

Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s.; Ladies, 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1853, for the General Education of Ladies and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

The HALF TERM for the College and School will begin on Monday, the 22nd inst. Prospectuses may be obtained on application to Miss GROVE, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Principal.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS. There will be an ELECTION to SIX in June next. They are open to all BOYS who on June 1 are between Twelve and Fourteen years of age. The Examination begins on Tuesday, June 20. For further particulars apply to the Rev. the RUSSELL, Wellington College, Wokingham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—EIGHT or more will be open to COMPETITION at Midsummer, 1876, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £80 a year in cases of Scholars who require it. Further particulars may be obtained of the SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

FETTES COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS.—Four of £40 per annum. Competition in July.—Apply for particulars to HEAD-MASTER, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.—There will be an EXAMINATION for FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS of £75, £50, £40, £40, June 28.—Application to be made to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, School House, Highgate, N.

GROVE HOUSE SCHOOL, Tottenham.—Head-Master—ARTHUR R. ABBOTT, B.A., Lond. Terms £120 a year; juniors, £90 a year. Scholarship Examination in July.—For information apply as above.

FOLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. (Scholar) Oxon., assisted by a Cambridge Honourman and a competent staff of Teachers, prepares for the Universities and for all Competitive Examinations. Pupils successful at the last Nine Examinations of the Line.

COMFORTABLE HOME, with PRIVATE TUITION.—The RECTOR (Married) of a small Country Parish, an old Rugbyian and Graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, who takes FIVE PUPILS, has Vacancies. Classics, Mathematics, French, and thorough German; and peculiar advantages for young men fond of country life and pursuits. Terms (inclusive), 180 to 200 Guineas.—Address, Rev. H. E. L., Holdgate Rectory, Much Wenlock, Salop.

PRIVATE TUITION.—The Rev. F. W. YOUNG, M.A. Oxon., Scholar of his College, Three of whose Pupils (Eleven, Thirteen, and Fifteen years) have recently gained open Public School Scholarships, receives a few High-Class PUPILS. He is assisted by an Eighth Wrangler, an Oxford Honour Man, and other able Masters; offers every facility for the Modern Languages, and unusual advantages to backward Boys. References to Parents of position. Inclusive terms 100 Guineas.—Cherbourg House, Malvern.

THE Rev. H. J. GRAHAM, M.A. Oxon., receives TWELVE PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools, at Ashampstead Vicarage, Pangbourne, Berks.

THE Rev. T. L. MONTEFIORE, M.A., Rector of Catherstone, Dorset, and Rural Dean, would be glad to receive TWO PUPILS to read with his Sons. Terms £150. Healthy situation. Good Sea-bathing.—Address, Charmouth, Dorset.

PRIVATE TUITION.—A GRADUATE in Classical Honours, Trinity College, Cambridge, who for several years has assisted in preparing boys for Eton, Harrow, and other Public Schools, is now living in London, and will be glad to COACH BOYS requiring assistance in the Evening.—Address, CLEGGES, 51 Springfield Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROFESSORSHIP of LATIN will become VACANT at the end of the Current Session by the retirement of Professor ROBINSON ELLIS. Candidates for the Professorship are requested to send their applications and testimonials to the undersigned not later than June 3.

May 9, 1876. HARRY BROWN, Assistant-Secretary.

HEAD-MASTER for the GROCERS' COMPANY'S MIDDLE CLASS SCHOOL, Hackney Downs. NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of the Grocers' Company will, on or about the 10th day of June, 1876, proceed to the appointment of a HEAD-MASTER of their School at Hackney Downs, estimated to accommodate from 500 to 600 Boys, and expected to be ready for opening at Michaelmas next. Fixed Stipend £100 per annum. Capitation Fee of £1 per Boy up to 400, and 10s. per Boy beyond that number. A minimum salary of £500 per annum guaranteed for first Three years commencing from Michaelmas next.

The Head-Master will be appointed subject to the provisions of a Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners. He need not be in Holy Orders, but must not accept or hold any benefice having the cure of souls or any office or employment which in the opinion of the Court may interfere with the proper performance of his duties as Head-Master.

Further particulars may be obtained upon application to the CLERK of the GROCERS' COMPANY, Grocers' Hall, Foultry, London, E.C.

PRIVATE TUTORSHIP WANTED, by a GERMAN, Dr. Ph.; Government Exam. in Classics, Mathematics, French, English, Water-colour Painting, Gymnastics.—Address, Post Office, Boughton, Faversham, Kent.

A LADY (Thirty-six), daughter of a University Professor, wishes to engage herself as COMPANION to a Lady or elderly Lady and Gentleman. She is cheerful, well educated, and speaks and reads several languages. Is a good reader and secretary. Would not object to travel or to chaperone young Ladies. Is accustomed to good society, and would be a pleasant companion in a country house. Highest references.—Address, J. A., care of Mrs. Hannover, Upper Terrace House, Hampstead Heath, London, N.W.

AN ENGLISH LADY, conscientious, and of considerable attainments, who has passed the last ten years in Continental travel, desires (owing to recent reverses) to act as SECRETARY or AMANUENSIS to an elderly Lady or Gentleman of fortune, engaged in literary or philanthropic pursuits. Stipend moderate. An interview arranged.—Address, BETA, Nash's Library, Tumbridge Wells.

SCHOLASTIC.—TO BE SOLD, the LEASE, together with the Furniture and Fixtures, of an unusually large and noble MANSION, in a fashionable and convenient district near Town. The Premises, with extensive grounds, are peculiarly adapted to the purposes of a College or first-class School, for which object they are probably without many rivals in England.—For full particulars apply to Z., Messrs. Street Brothers, 5 Scarle Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

THE LADIES' VICTORIA CLUB, 25 Regent Street, S.W. Apply to the LADY MANAGER. Terms, 2 Guineas per annum. F. S. 3 Guineas.

ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES. VALUABLE AND ALMOST UNEQUALLED BUILDING SITE OF ABOUT FIFTEEN ACRES, SITUATE AT HURLEY.

Within a moderate distance of Maidenhead Station, on the Great Western Railway. With Possession. **MESSRS. BROAD, PRITCHARD, & WILTSHIRE,** will SELL BY AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Tuesday, May 30, 1876, at One o'clock precisely, in One Lot, the valuable FREEHOLD SITE, known for Centuries past as "LADY PLACE," HURLEY, situate immediately on the banks of the Thames, and having an unrivalled frontage thereto. The Land comprises about Fifteen Acres, and is enclosed within a massive wall. It is the site of the Old Monastery, and has many interesting historical associations connected with it. From its position it is eminently well situated for the erection of a first-class Residence. The surrounding Society is of a most desirable character, and Sporting is close at hand. The Views from the River are of a charming description, and it is doubtful whether such a site is to be found in this favourite neighbourhood.

Possession will be given on completion of the purchase. The Land may be viewed, and Plans and Particulars and Conditions of Sale may be had at the Mart, of Messrs. PAYLE, FEARON, & COLDHAM, Solicitors, 11 New Inn, Strand, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 7 Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.

HOTELS. **BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.**—Facing Sea and Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suite of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Boat. P. O. RICKARDS, Manager.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Bracing air and beautiful scenery. Appointments perfect; Wines choice; excellent Cuisine; 250 rooms. Table-d'hôte daily. Tariff on application to MANAGER, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

OVERLAND ROUTE AND SUEZ CANAL.—Under Contract for the conveyance of the Mails to the Mediterranean, India, China, Japan, and Australia. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company despatch their Steamers from Southampton, and the Suez Canal, every Thursday, from Venice every Friday, and from Brindisi, with the Overland Mails, every Monday. Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill. Physician, Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A. M.D. Edin. For Invalids and those requiring rest and change. Turkish Bath on the premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park.

ZUCCATO'S PAPHYROGRAPHIC PRINTING PROCESS (as used in Thousands of Public and Mercantile Offices).—By this process a boy may print, in an ordinary copying press, 500 facsimile Circulars, Price Lists, Drawings, Notices, &c., in an hour, upon any kind of dry paper, at the cost of a few farthings. A proof may be had in five minutes. Used in all principal Government Offices, Railways, Banks, and by Noblemen, M.P.s, &c. Testimonials, Specimens, and Price List from HENRY & CO., 99 Strand, London, W.C.

MONOGRAMS.—RODRIGUES' NOVELTIES in MONOGRAMS, Crests and Addresses. Steel Dies Engraved as Gems. RAISED, RUSTIC, GROTESQUE, and ECCENTRIC MONOGRAMS artistically designed for any combination of Letters, NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES Stamped in Colour Relief, and brilliantly illuminated with Gold, Silver, and Colours, in the highest Style of Art. HENRY RODRIGUES, 43 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, and 34 Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns. Makers of the Westminster Clock, and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

ESTABLISHED MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS. **DANIEL DESBOIS & SONS** (late DESBOIS & WHEELER), WATCH and CLOCK MAKERS, have a good selection of Watches and Clocks of their own manufacture, and also of the best Foreign Work.—9 Gray's Inn Passage, leading from Red Lion Street, Holborn, to Bedford Row.

CUTLERY, Warranted.—The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the World, all warranted, is on Sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.

The Blades are all of the finest Steel.	Table Knives.	Desert Knives.	Carvers.
2½-inch Ivory Handles..... per Dozen	16	11	7
3½ ditto Balance ditto	20	15	8
4 ditto ditto	25	22	10
4 ditto fine Ivory Handles	33	27	10
4 ditto extra large ditto	39	30	10
4 ditto finest African Ivory ditto ..	45	35	14
Ditto, with Silver Ferrules	45	36	17
Ditto, with Silvered Blades	52	40	18
Nickel Electro Silvered Handles ..	53	19	7

WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE, post free, containing upwards of 650 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with Lists of Prices and Plans of the 36 large Show-rooms, 39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard; Manufacturers, 94 Newman Street, and Newman Mews, London, W. The Cost of delivering Goods to any part of the United Kingdom by Railway is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at DEANE & COMPANY'S. Illustrated Catalogue, with priced Furnishing Estimates, post free.

Table Knives, Ivory, per dozen, from 12s. Electro Forks, Table, from 24s.; Spoons, 24s. Papier-Mâché Tea Trays, in Sets, from 21s. Electro Tea and Coffee Sets, from 23 7s. Dish Covers.—Tin, Metal, Electro. Electro Cruets and Liqueurs. Lamps.—Patent Rock Oil, Moderator, &c. Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns. China and Glass.—Dinner Services, &c.

A Discount of Five per cent. for Cash Payments of £2 and upwards. DEANE & COMPANY, 46 King William Street, London Bridge, E.C. Established A.D. 1700.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS THROUGHOUT on MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Cash Prices; no Extra Charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated priced Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—218, 219, and 220 Tottenham Court Road. Established 1862.

HEAL & SON, 195, 196, 197, 198 Tottenham-Court Road. The only House in London exclusively for BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE.

HEAL & SON. BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, BEDROOM FURNITURE. HEAL & SON'S CATALOGUE (104th Edition), Containing 450 Illustrations, with prices, sent free by post on application to 195, 196, 197, 198 TOTTENHAM-COURT ROAD, LONDON.

MORRIS & COMPANY'S PAPER-HANGINGS, PRINTED COTTON GOODS, CARPETS, FURNITURE SILKS AND VELVETS. TAPESTRIES, FLOOR CLOTHS. 26 QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

N.B.—No Paper-hangings or Printed Cotton are of MORRIS & COMPANY'S design unless their name appears on the margin of each piece.

NOSOTTI'S ARTISTIC FURNITURE. CHOICE CURTAIN MATERIALS. DECORATIVE AND PLAIN PAINTING. PARISIAN PAPER-HANGINGS. LOOKING-GLASSES. GILT OBJETS D'ART. EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS. 397, 398—OXFORD STREET—397, 399.

NOSOTTI'S LOOKING GLASSES. MOST MODERATE CHARGES.

LAMPS, BRONZES, and CANDLES.—BARCLAY & SON, 138 Regent Street, London. LAMP MAKERS and WAX CHANDLERS to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Have now on view their new Stock of MODERATOR and KEROSENE TABLE and SUSPENSION LAMPS, in real Japanese, satsuma, and other artistic Foreign and Native Wares. ROMAN BRONZES, a choice selection of Models from the Antique Statues of the Naples Museum, the Vatican, &c. CANDLES of all descriptions.

SERVICES in PORCELAIN and GLASS.—The special Patterns for this Season are now ready. Garniture de Cheminée, Articles de Luxe, in Porcelain and Faience. Mr. MORTLOCK solicits a visit to his Galleries, 203 and 204 Oxford Street, and 31 Orchard Street, Fortman Square, W.

LESSORE PAINTINGS on QUEEN'S WARE.—This EXHIBITION will remain OPEN until June 30. A few pieces of this eminent Ceramic Artist's work may still be secured. They must eventually become as valuable to connoisseurs as the choicest specimens of Sévres, Dresden, Chelsea, or Worcester.—Mr. MORTLOCK'S Galleries, 203 and 204 Oxford Street, and 31 Orchard Street, Fortman Square, W.—Catalogues, 6d. each.

LITERARY MACHINE, patented, for holding a Book, Writing Desk, Lamp, Meals, &c., in any position over a Bed, Sofa, or Easy Chair, as used by Princess Louise, from 21s. Invalid Couches, adjustable to 100 positions, 55 9s.; Bath Chairs, 30s.; Merlin Chairs, 27 10s.; Easy Chair (Bed and Couch combined), from 25; Carrying Chairs, 25 10s. &c. &c. Drawings, &c. free. J. CARTER, 6A New Cavendish Street, Great Portland Street, London, W.

CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS, Self-Colling, Fire and Thief Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. Prospectuses free.—CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Rathbone Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

WILLS' BEST BIRD'S-EYE.—NOTICE.—Every Packet of this TOBACCO is now lined with tin-foil, thus perfectly preserving its condition and flavour.—W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and Bristol.

GUARD YOUR FRUIT.—HUDSON BROTHERS, of New York, offer their TANNED NETS, each containing 675 yards, at 42s. per Net. Best quality ditto, 500 yards, 21s. each. HUDSON BROTHERS, 28 Cheapside.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.

Invested assets on December 31, 1875 £5,441,545
Income for the past year £95,516
Amount paid on death to December last 10,743,164
Reversionary Bonus allotted for the five years ended 31st December, 1874 662,104
Aggregate Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted 5,023,138
The Expenses of Management (including Commission) are about 4 per cent. on the Annual Income.
ATTENTION is especially called to the NEW (REVISED and REDUCED) RATES of PREMIUM recently adopted by the Office.
The Rates for YOUNG LIVES will be found MATERIALLY LOWER than heretofore.
Forms of proposal, &c., will be sent on application to the Office.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.
1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 & 17 PALL MALL, S.W.
CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID-UP and INVESTED, £700,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET AND CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.
Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.
GEORGE WM. LOVELL, } Secretaries.
JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, }

LONDON and SOUTHWARK FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

Chairman—HENRY ASTE, Esq.
CHIEF OFFICE—73 and 74 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

ONE MILLION STERLING has been Paid as COMPENSATION for DEATH and INJURIES caused by Accidents of all Kinds by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HON. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or 64 Cornhill and 10 Regent Street, London.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.
Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.
Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:
At 5 per cent. per annum, subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.
J. THOMSON, Chairman.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, FOUR PER CENT. BONDS, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN LONDON.

For £552,000.
THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, 149 Leadenhall Street, E.C., is authorized by the undersigned to receive Tenders for SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES to the nominal amount of £552,000, authorized by the Act of the South Australian Parliament No. 31, of 1875, assented to November 26, 1875, for Railways, Main Roads, and other public purposes.
The Bonds, which are for £1,000, £500, £200, and £100, bear Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, commencing on January 1, 1876.
Principal and Interest are made payable in London; the Interest by Coupon on July 1 and January 1 of each year, and the Principal at Par on January 1, 1916.
A copy of the authorizing Act, with the Bonds, may be inspected at the Office of the undersigned.
Tenders, made in accordance with the annexed form, will be received by the NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA until two o'clock on Monday, May 22, when they will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants as may desire to be present.
The Bonds will be allotted to the highest bidders, provided the rates offered are not below 54s for every £100 tendered for.
Tenders at a price including a fraction of a shilling other than sixpence will not be necessarily accepted; and in the event of an equality of Tenders beyond the amount of these Bonds, a *pro rata* distribution on such Tenders will be made.
Five per cent. of the nominal amount tendered must accompany the Tender, and the balance must be paid on Friday, June 16, when the Bonds will be delivered.
Tenders to whom allotment may be made can have their Bonds at once, if they desire it, by paying the balance, less the discount, at the Bank of England rate.
Forms of Tender may be obtained at the Office of the NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA, or of the undersigned.
FRANCIS S. DUTTON,
Agent-General for the Government of South Australia.
8 Victoria Chambers, Westminster, May 13, 1876.

FORM OF TENDER.
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, FOUR PER CENT. BONDS.

To the Managers of the National Bank of Australasia, 149 Leadenhall Street, E.C.
SIR,—I (or we) hereby tender for £..... Bonds of the Government of South Australia, according to the notice of the Agent-General, dated May 13, on which I (or we) enclose the required deposit of £..... and undertake to pay £..... for every £100 in Bonds, and to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me (or us) and to pay the balance in conformity with the terms of the said notice.

Name.....
Address.....
Date.....

CASH'S
KNITTED ROUGH TOWELS.

Imitations are often offered, but each of these Patent Towels has a Tape Label, with the Name of the Firm, "J. & J. CASH," woven upon it, and none are genuine without.

WATERPROOF GOODS.

EDMISTON & SON
(From 5 Charing Cross).
SOLE MANUFACTURERS of the 12 oz. POCKET SIPHONIA, price from 4s.
WATERPROOF TWEED COATS, designed specially for the CLERGY, from 25s.
LADIES' WATERPROOF TWEED CLOAKS. FISHING STOCKINGS.
BED SHEETS. ELASTIC STOCKINGS.
INDIA-RUBBER HOSE for WATERING GARDENS, BRASS FITTINGS, HOSE REELS.

EDMISTON & SON,
14 COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.
(Opposite the Haymarket).

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER will cut long or wet grass (as well as short or dry) without clogging. Is extremely light in draught, simple in construction, perfectly perfect. It can be used with or without Grass Box. Warranted to give satisfaction.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER "is the quickest, most simple, and most efficient mower ever used."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER is especially adapted for cutting Slopes, Steep Embankments, under Shrubs, and close up to Trees, &c.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER. Prices from One Guinea. Delivered carriage free to all Stations. Illustrated Catalogue and Testimonials post free on application.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER.—WILLIAMS & CO., Limited, Manufacturers and Patentees, 33 King William Street, London.
SELLING AGENTS.—JOHN G. BOLLINS & CO. Old Swan Wharf, Thames Street, London; WALTER CARSON & SONS, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London; and 21 Bachelor's Walk, Dublin.

KINAHAN'S . . . LL . . . WHISKY.

This celebrated and most delicious old mellow Spirit is the very CREAM of IRISH WHISKIES, is unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy. Note the Red Seal, Pink Label, and Cork branded "Kinahan's .LL. Whisky."
Wholesale Depot, 30 GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, are compelled to CAUTION the Public against the inferior Preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods, with a view to mislead the Public.—22 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 15 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

IN CONSEQUENCE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS OF LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,

which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted a NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, "LEA & PERRINS," which will be placed on every Bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE after this Date, and without which none is Genuine. Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crose & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally. Retail, by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.—November 1874.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard*.
"The Caracas Cocoa of choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air*, Edited by Dr. HASSALL.
NINE PRIZE MEDALS awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA.

The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION, and the safest Aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.—172 New Bond Street, and of all Chemists.

BURROWS' MALVERN WATERS.

(PUREST)
London: 110 Cannon St., E.C.; and Vichy Waters Depot, 27 Margaret St., Regent St., W.

PURE AERATED WATERS.—ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—CRYSTAL SPRINGS.—Soda, Potas, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and, for Gout, Lithia and Potas. Cords branded "R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold every where, and Wholesale of R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents: W. BENT & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

INDIGESTION.—MORSON'S PREPARATIONS of PEP-SINE. See Name on Label. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession. Sold in Bottles as W.E. and S., and in GLASS BOTTLES, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.; GLOBULES, 2s. 3d. and 1s. 6d.; and POWDER, in 1 oz. Bottles, at 3s. each.—By all Chemists, and the Manufacturers, T. MORSON & SON, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.

ASTHMA and CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

The most efficacious remedy will be found to be DATURA TATULA, in Cigarettes and all forms, for smoking and inhalation, prepared by SAVORY & MOORE, 143 New Bond Street, London, and Sold by them and all other Chemists.

FRENCH PRIZE MEDAL, 1875.

NALDIRE'S TABLET was the only Dog Soap which obtained a PRIZE MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition, 1875. "Harmless to dogs, but fatal to fleas."—FRANK BUCKLAND. Sold in large Tablets, price 1s., by all Chemists.

BOOKS, &c.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NEW BOOKS.—See

MUDIE'S LIBRARY CIRCULAR for MAY. New Edition, now ready.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—CHEAP BOOKS.—See

MUDIE'S CLEARANCE CATALOGUE for MAY. New Edition, now ready.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NOTICE.—All the Books

in Circulation or on Sale at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY may also be obtained, with the least possible delay, by all Subscribers to MUDIE'S LIBRARY, BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER, and from all Booksellers in connexion with the Library. Mudie's Select Library, Limited, New Oxford Street. City Office, 9 King Street, Cheapside.

THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W.

Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best New Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectuses with Lists of New Publications, gratis and post free.
** A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application.
BOOTH'S, CHURTON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The following NUMBERS

of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are required, for which 6d. each will be given, viz.: 10, 74, 75, 76, 81, 88, 91, 256, 256, and 611 (clean copies)—at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Now ready, 1 vol. demy 8vo. with Illustrations, Maps, and Diagrams, cloth extra, 25s.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA; its History, Resources, Productions, and Statistics. Edited by WILLIAM HARGRE, Esq., J.P. Illustrated with over 60 full-page Wood Engravings from Photographs taken in the Colony, with 3 Maps, 25s.
** Published by Authority of the Government of South Australia.
London: SAMSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON, Crown Buildings, 156 Fleet Street, E.C.

Thirty-second Edition, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 35s.

BURKE'S PEERAGE and BARONETAGE for 1876.

"The new comprehensive alphabetical index is well arranged, rendering the contents more easily acquired than ever."—*Observer*.
HARRISON, 59 Pall Mall, and 1 St. James's Street, London, S.W.
Bookseller to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Just published, demy 8vo. cloth, 16s.

THE LIFE of ADMIRAL of the FLEET SIR WILLIAM PARKER, Bart., G.C.B., First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty, &c. from 1781 to 1866. By Rear-Admiral AUGUSTUS PHILLIMORE.

Vol. I. to be completed in two volumes.)
HARRISON, Bookseller to the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 59 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

ARCHDEACON HESSEY'S CHARGE.

Now ready, 8vo. 1s.

CHURCH and STATE QUESTIONS in 1876: a Charge to the Clergy and Churchwardens of Middlesex. By the Venerable JAMES A. HESSEY, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Middlesex and Preacher of Gray's Inn.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

SOUL PROVED BY SCIENCE.

Just published, Vol. I., 10s. 6d.

THE MECHANISM OF MAN.

Part I. The Mechanism.

Part II. The Forces that move and direct the Mechanism—Life, Mind, Soul.

By Mr. Serjeant COX.

LONDON: LONGMANS & CO.

THE CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. III. now ready, 6s.

CONTENTS:

1. Supernatural Religion—The Rationale of Miracles.
2. Sunday-School and Sunday-Library Literature.
3. The Utrecht Psalter.
4. Dr. Davidson's Translation of the New Testament.
5. The Unseen Universe.
6. The Burial Question.
7. Feminine Fiction.
8. All Souls, Oxford, and the Nation. Short Notices.

London: SPOTTISWOODE & CO., New-street Square, E.C.

THE CHURCH on MONTMARTRE.—See **THE BUILDER** of this Week for Interior View; also for View of Pulpit, St. Mary's, Seymour Street; and of the armchairs Cromiech—On the Use of Concrete—The Sewage Conference—Sculpture at Royal Academy—Works in India—Glass and Mosaics, Kettle Chapel—Philadelphia Exhibition—Salonica—Art News and Sanitary Matters. 4d.; by post, 4d. Enlarged to 52 pages.—46 Catherine Street. And all Newsmen.

FACSIMILES of an Allegorical Design by Leonardo da Vinci, and of a Study by Raphael, will appear in **THE ARCHITECT** of May 20, with other Illustrations. Also Articles on the Royal Academy and Parliament—Explorations in Rome—Advice to Students—The Law of Fixtures—Painters, Archaeology, &c.; with House and Foreign Art News. 4d.; by post, 4d.

Office, 175 Strand, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By FRANCIS M. DEAN, B.A. T.C.D.

Dublin, E. PONSONBY & W. MAGEE; London, LONGMANS & CO.

PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1876.

In crown 8vo. with Maps and 42 Illustrations, price 10s. 6d.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE-BOOK to the UNITED STATES and CANADA, especially adapted to the use of British Tourists. Third Edition, with Appendix comprising an Illustrated Description of the Buildings and Grounds of the International Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia.

London, LONGMANS & CO.

Just published, 1s.

THE VISITOR'S HANDBOOK to the ROYAL ACADEMY, 1876. Notes on the Principal Pictures, by RICHARD HEINE SHEPHERD.

London: J. HADDOX & CO., 3 Boulevard Street, E.C.

JENNER & KNEWSTUB'S new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (Part I.) of Travelling Dressing Bags, Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Portmanteaus, Trunks, &c., contains a full description of One Thousand Articles, and upwards of 100 Illustrations so clearly and beautifully engraved from artistic Photographs that any article may be selected from the Catalogue as readily as from Stock.

JENNER & KNEWSTUB, to the Queen, Dressing-Case Makers, Jewellers, Engravers, and Heraldic Stationers, 33 St. James's Street and 65 Jermyn Street, S.W.

Now ready, 8vo. 214 pp. cloth, 7s. 6d.

CORY'S ANCIENT FRAGMENTS of the PHENICIAN, CARTHAGINIAN, BABYLONIAN, EGYPTIAN, and other Authors. New and Enlarged Edition, with Notes and Introductions to the several Fragments. By E. RICHMOND HODGES, M.C.P., &c.

London: REEVE & TURNER, 106 Strand, W.C.

THE NEXT GREAT POLITICAL QUESTION.

Now ready, crown 8vo. 420 pp. cloth, 3s. 6d.

SYSTEMS of LAND TENURE in VARIOUS COUNTRIES. A Series of Essays published under the sanction of the Cobden Club. Edited by J. W. PROBYN.

Published for the COBDEN CLUB by CASSELL, PETER, & GALEN, London, Paris, and New York.

Now ready, 8vo. with Maps, Coloured Plates, and Photographic Views, 21s.

NATAL: a History and Description of the Colony, including its Natural Features, Productions, Industrial Condition, and Prospects. By HENRY BROOKES, for many years a resident. Edited by Dr. MANN, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., late superintendent of Education in the Colony.

L. REEVE & CO., 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Ready, each 1s.

RUGBY SCHOOL.—Remarks and Judgment of Vice-Chancellor Mallins in Dr. Hayman's Case, with Preface by J. MARSHALL HAYMAN. Extracts from Minute Book of Governing Body, with Comments, Edited by S. R. TOWNSEND MAYER. ARTHUR H. MOXON, 21 Paternoster Row. And all Booksellers.

Just published, crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE ODYSSEY of HOMER. Rendered into English Verse. By MORDAUNT DARNARD, M.A.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London; and 29 South Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

Now ready, 3s. 6d.

THE OLD DAYS of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY. By GEORGE WILSON.

London: JAMES GILBERT & CO., 18 Gracechurch Street.

With 13 Illustrations, 1s.

THE ARTISTIC ANATOMY of the DOG and DEER. By B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, F.L.S., F.G.S.

London: WILSON & NEWTON, 38 Rathbone Place. And all Booksellers and Artists-Colourmen.

DETECTOR'S LETTERS, REPRINTED FROM THE "MEDICAL CIRCULAR."

Now ready, Twenty-seventh Thousand, 1s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 8d.

REVELATIONS of QUACKS and QUACKERY. "Detector" has done his work well. We advise the public to purchase these "Revelations," and see how the disgusting tribe of sham doctors are pilloried and their doings related."—*Public Opinion.*

London: BAILEY, TINDALL, & COX, King William Street, Strand.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S
NEW WORKS.

MEMOIR of EARL SPENCER (Lord ALTHORP). By the late Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, Bart. Demy 8vo. 16s.

SIXTY-NINE YEARS at the COURT of PRUSSIA; from the Recollections of SOPHIE MARIE, Countess Von Voss. Translated from the German by EMILY and AGNES STEPHENSON. 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Portrait of the Countess Von Voss, 21s.

THE LIFE of LORD PALMERSTON: 1846—1865. By the Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY, M.P. 2 vols. demy 8vo. with 2 Portraits, 30s.

EPISTLES, SATIRES, and EPIGRAMS. By JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS. Crown 8vo. [Immediately.]

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

"WE ARE WORLDLINGS." By the Author of "Rosa Noel," "Loving and Loth," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

JONATHAN. By C. FRASER TYTLER, Author of "Miss Judith," &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

HER DEAREST FOE. By Mrs. ALEXANDER, Author of "The Wooing O't," and "Which Shall It Be?" 3 vols. crown 8vo.

"The plot is well contrived and developed, and the principal characters are skillfully conceived and well sustained."—*Standard.*

NICOLA'S MARRIAGE. By HENRIK SCHARLING, Author of "Noddebo Parsonage," &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

"Naïve and quaint as ever. There is a marvellous charm and purity about the author's style."—*Athenæum.*

"We are always glad to welcome the author of 'Noddebo Parsonage.' There is a naïveté and freshness about his books very agreeable to the jaded novel-reader."—*Fanasy Fair.*

MISS MONTGOMERY'S STORIES. Uniform Edition.

MISUNDERSTOOD. 6s.

TOWN CRIER. 6s.

THWARTED. 5s.

THROWN TOGETHER. 6s.

WILD MIKE. 3s. 6d.

Also, the Quarto Edition of MISUNDERSTOOD, with Full-page Illustrations by Du Maurier, 7s. 6d.

MRS. EDWARDES'S NOVELS.

WOULD WE TO VISIT HER? 6s. | **STEVEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN.** 6s.

SUSAN FIELDING. 6s. | **LEAH: a Woman of Fashion.** 6s.

[Immediately.]

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF
"MINISTERING CHILDREN."

On Monday next, crown 8vo. with 3 Engravings, cloth, 5s.

OLIVER OF THE MILL:

A Tale.

By MARIA LOUISA CHARLESWORTH.

Also, New Editions of

MINISTERING CHILDREN: a Tale. 150th Thousand, cloth, price 6s.

SEQUEL to MINISTERING CHILDREN. 47th Thousand, cloth, 5s.

ENGLAND'S YEOMEN: a Memoir. 17th Thousand, cloth, 5s.

Cheap Editions of these Three Works, each 2s. 6d.

LONDON: SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 51 FLEET STREET.

Now ready, Second Edition, revised and enlarged, 15s.

FOOD AND DIETETICS

Physiologically and Therapeutically considered.

By F. W. PAVY, M.D., F.R.S.

Physician to, and Lecturer on Physiology at, Guy's Hospital.

"A standard work of reference."—*Lancet.*"A book of first-rate merit."—*Practitioner.*"Very full and exhaustive throughout."—*Spectator.*"A work with which every educated man ought to make himself familiar."—*Chemical News.*

J. & A. CHURCHILL, AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

**SAMUEL TINSLEY'S
NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

SOCIAL ARCHITECTURE; or, Reasons and Means for the Demolition and Reconstruction of the Social Edifice. By AN EXILE FROM FRANCE. Demy 8vo. 16s.

YE OUTSIDE FOOLS; or, Glimpses Inside the Stock Exchange. By ERASMUS PINTO, Broker. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE: the History of the Wonderful Rise of British Supremacy in Hindustan. By the Rev. SAMUEL NORWOOD, B.A., Head-Master of the Royal Grammar School, Whalley. 1 vol.

THE BATTLE of the TITLE: showing how Will Happpok and Tommy Hygie Tried to Get into Office, and Failed. Ornamental Wrapper, post free, 1s.; and of all Booksellers. [Now ready.]

ITALY REVISITED. By A. GALLENGA (the "Times" Correspondent). Author of "Italy, Past and Present," "Country Life in Piedmont," &c. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 30s.
The TIMES says: "Mr. Gallenga's new volumes on Italy will be welcome to those who care for an unprejudiced account of the prospects and present condition of the country. . . . Most interesting volumes."
The SPECTATOR says: "The two volumes abound in interesting matter, with vivid sketches of places and persons."

OVER the BORDERS of CHRISTENDOM and ISLAMIAH; or, Travels in the Summer of 1875 through Hungary, Slavonia, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, to the North of Albania. By JAMES CREAGH. 2 vols. large post 8vo. 25s.
The SPECTATOR says: "More than moderately entertaining. . . . The multitude who only read to be amused may take up his volumes fearlessly."
PUBLIC OPINION says: "Nothing appears to have escaped Captain Creagh's observant eyes and ears, and his narrative has all the charm of a well-written romance."

SECOND EDITION OF
UNTRODDEN SPAIN, and her BLACK COUNTRY. By HUGH JAMES ROSE, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
The TIMES says: "These volumes form a very pleasing commentary on a land and a people to which Englishmen will also turn with sympathetic interest."

POPULAR NEW NOVELS, AT EVERY LIBRARY.

THE RING of PEARLS; or, His at Last. By JERROLD QUICK. 2 vols. 21s.

JABEZ EBSLEIGH, M.P. By Mrs. EILOART, Author of "The Curate's Discipline," "Meg," "Kato Randal's Bargain," &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

GILMORY. By PHOEBE ALLEN. 3 vols. price 31s. 6d.

LLANTHONY COCKLEWIG: an Autobiographical Sketch of his Life and Adventures. By the Rev. STEPHEN SHEPHERD MAGUIR, LL.B., Cantab. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

'TWIXT HAMMER and ANVIL: a Novel. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Miss Dorothy's Charge," "St. Simon's Niece," &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
The STANDARD says: "Since the publication of his last novel Mr. Benedict has made a most decided step in the right direction. . . . The book will take a good place among the novels of the season."

THE MASTER of the RIVERSWOOD. By Mrs. ARTHUR LEWIS. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
The NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW says: "We have barely space to express our admiration of this novel, and our belief that it must achieve more than passing popularity. . . . The latest novel of the quarter is the best."
The STANDARD says: "The Master of Riverswood will, therefore, soon become a favourite with all who relish and enjoy a good style, a well-contrived plot, and a sound moral."

BRANDON TOWER. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

TOO FAIR TO GO FREE. By HENRY KAY WILLOUGHBY. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

ALL ROUND the WORLD; or, What's the Object? By FRANK FOSTER, Author of "Number One," &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

PENELOPE'S WEB: a Story. By LOUIS WITHERED. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

WHAT OLD FATHER THAMES SAID. By COUTTS NELSON. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. [Just ready.]

FRANK AMOR. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. [Just ready.]

THE DAYS of his VANITY. By SYDNEY GRUNDY. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. [Just ready.]

SAMUEL TINSLEY, 10 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HURST & BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.

THROUGH FRANCE and BELGIUM by RIVER and CANAL in the STEAM YACHT "YTENE." By W. J. C. MOENS, R.V.Y.C., Author of "English Travellers and Italian Brigands," 1 vol. 8vo. with Illustrations, 16s.

LIFE of MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Professor CHARLES DUKE YONGE. 2 vols. with Portrait, 21s.
"Professor Yonge's 'Life of Marie Antoinette' supplies in a most attractive and readable shape all the latest information respecting this unfortunate Queen."—Church Quarterly Rev.

PEARLS of the PACIFIC. By J. W. BODDAM-WHEATHAM. 1 vol. 8vo. with 8 Illustrations, 15s.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

HEARTS or CORONETS. By ALICE KING, Author of "Queen of Herself," &c. 3 vols.
"A novel far beyond the average. The plot is ably conceived and developed, and there are some scenes drawn with immense power. The authoress is a keen exponent of human character, and her descriptions of Devonshire and Cornwall scenery are perfect gems."—Messenger.

UP TO THE MARK. By Mrs. DAY, Author of "From Birth to Bridal," &c. 3 vols.

PHOEBE, JUNIOR: a Last Chronicle of Carlingford. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

LINKED LIVES. By Lady GERTRUDE DOUGLAS. 3 vols.
"This story is full of interest from beginning to end. Its sketches in Glasgow and Brittany are very spirited."—Spectator.

A FIGHT WITH FORTUNE. By MORTIMER COLLINS. 3 vols.
"Mr. Mortimer Collins is very much himself in 'A Fight with Fortune.' There is no lack of pretty idyllic pictures; there are plenty of smart sayings."—Athenaeum.

NO LOVE LOST. By Mrs. RANDOLPH. 3 vols.
"The strong points of Mrs. Randolph's new novel are a subject fairly adapted to the times, admirable dialogue, excellent descriptions, and two or three characters sketched with art and power."—World.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

STUDIES of GREEK POETS. Second Series. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, M.A. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. [This day.]

LIFE with the HAMRAN ARABS: a Sporting Tour of some Officers of the Guards in the Soudan during the Winter of 1874-5. By ARTHUR B. R. MYERS, Surgeon, Coldstream Guards. Crown 8vo. with Photographic Illustrations, 12s. [Next week.]

HUMAN NATURE: a Mosaic of Sayings, Maxims, Opinions, and Reflections on Life and Character. Selected and arranged by DAVID W. MITCHELL, Author of "Ten Years in the United States." Crown 8vo. 5s. [Just published.]

FRENCH PICTURES in ENGLISH CHALK. By the Author of "The Member for Paris," &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE SHORES of LAKE ARAL. By Major WOOD, R.E. Crown 8vo. with Maps, 14s.
"A valuable contribution to physical and political geography."—Athenaeum.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

THE HAND of ETHELBERTA. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." 2 vols. demy 8vo. with 11 Illustrations by George Du Maurier, 21s.
"Full of piquancy and humour. A more entertaining book than 'The Hand of Ethelberta' has not been published for many a year. Of that there can be no doubt."—Spectator.
"Full of life and spirit; bright all through with the sunshine of humour and fancy."—Examiner.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF MILLBANK."

LOLA: a Tale of the Rock. By ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, Author of "The Queen's Shilling," "Memorials of Millbank," &c. 3 vols. [This day.]

A MADRIGAL, and other STORIES. By the Author of "The Rose Garden." Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

NEW NOVEL BY BRET HARTE.

On the 25th instant will be published, in 3 vols. price 31s. 6d.

BRET HARTE'S NEW NOVEL, ENTITLED

GABRIEL CONROY.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

NOTICE.—This Work is Copyright in the United Kingdom.

TRÜBNER & CO.'S NEW WORKS.

Now ready, 1 vol. crown 8vo. pp. vi.—432, cloth, 13s.

THE SHE-KING; or, Book of Ancient Chinese Poetry. By Dr. JAMES LEGGE, Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature in the University of Oxford.

Now ready, crown 8vo. pp. 456, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE MEDIUM'S BOOK; or, Guide for Mediums and for Evocations. Containing the Theoretic Teaching of Spirits concerning all kinds of Manifestations, the Means of Communication with the Invisible World, the Development of Mediumism, &c. &c. By ALAN KARDEC. Translated by ANNA BLACKWELL.

Now ready, Second Edition, 1 vol. crown 8vo. pp. x.—244, cloth, 6s.

JONAS FISHER. By the Earl of SOUTHBESK.

In preparation, 1 vol. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, cloth.

PROBLEMS of LIFE and MIND. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Second Series: The Physical Basis of Mind.

In the press, 2 vols. 8vo. cloth.

AN ANALYSIS of RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By the late Lord AMBERLEY.

In the press, Fourth, considerably enlarged, Edition, 2 vols. crown 8vo. cloth.

LITERARY and SOCIAL JUDGMENTS. By W. R. GREG.

Shortly, 1 vol. crown 8vo. with Illustrations, cloth.

OSTRICHES and OSTRICH FARMING. By the Chevalier JULIUS DE MOSENTHAL and J. E. HARTING.

Ready, 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

MISTAKEN AIMS and ATTAINABLE IDEALS of the ARTISAN CLASS. By W. R. GREG.

Ready, 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

LANGUAGE and ITS STUDY, with especial Reference to the Indo-European Family of Languages. By W. D. WHITNEY, Professor of Sanskrit and Instructor of Modern Languages in Yale College. Edited by the Rev. H. MORRIS, M.A., LL.D.

Shortly, 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

LEAVES from a WORD-HUNTER'S NOTE-BOOK. Being some Contributions to English Etymology. By the Rev. A. S. PALMER, B.A.

Ready, Second Edition, 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

THE PRINCIPLES of COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY. By A. H. SAYCE, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford.

Shortly, 8vo.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS. Held in London in September, 1874. Edited by ROBERT K. DOUGLAS, Honorary Secretary.

Just published, crown 8vo. pp. 120, cloth, 5s.

LOVE'S TRILOGY: a Poem. By THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.

Demy 8vo. pp. xxxii.—420, cloth, 16s.

KASHMIR and KASHGHAR: a Narrative of the Journey of the Embassy to Kashghar in 1873-74. By H. W. BELLEW, C.S.I.

Demy 8vo. pp. xi.—420, cloth, 12s.

SKETCHES of ANGLO-JEWISH HISTORY. By JAMES PICCIOTTO.

1 vol. post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

A RETROSPECT of the RELIGIOUS LIFE of ENGLAND; or, Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. By J. J. TAYLER, B.A. Reissued, with an Introductory Chapter on Recent Development, by JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D., D.D.

Shortly, 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth.

PIDGIN-ENGLISH SING-SONG; or, Songs and Stories in the China-English Dialect. With a Vocabulary. By CHARLES G. LELAND.

Just published, 8vo. pp. xx.—460, cloth, 21s.

THE DISTRICT of BAKARGANJ; its History and Statistics. By H. BEVERIDGE, B.C.S.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.

TINSLEY BROTHERS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Figure Painters—Landscape Painters—Portrait and Miniature Painters—Painters on Enamel—Painters of Flowers, Fruit, Animals, and Still Life—Humorous Designers, &c.

ENGLISH FEMALE ARTISTS. By Miss ELLEN C. CLAYTON, Author of "Queens of Song," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. [Ready this day at every Library.]

The Great Canal.

THE GREAT CANAL at SUEZ; its Political, Engineering, and Financial History. By PERCY FITZGERALD, Author of "The Life of David Garrick," "The Lives of the Kembles," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. with Maps. [Now ready.] "The book is not only instructive, but eminently readable."—*Pall Mall Gazette*. "He has succeeded in constructing a bright, clear narrative of the whole transaction."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Morals of the Eighteenth Century—Gambling and Gallantry—Singular Wagers, &c.

THE LIFE of THOMAS, LORD LYTTLETON (known as "The Wicked Lord Lyttleton"). By THOMAS FROST, Author of "The Old Showman," "Circus Life and Circus Celebrities," "Lives of the Conjurors," &c. 1 vol. 8vo. "Is thoroughly readable."—*World*. "A biographical work of more than ordinary interest."—*Court Journal*. "Mr. Frost deserves much credit for making such good use of his materials."—*Graphic*.

The Delights of Deception—Proud Young Porters—The Pleasures of Lying in Bed—The Advantages of being Ugly—Saucy Doubts and Fears—The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman, &c. &c.

WILDFIRE: a Collection of Erratic Essays.

By CHARLES J. DUNPHIE. 1 vol. crown 8vo. "No matter in the world is so proper to write with as wildfire."—*Addison*. "We have nothing but praise for Mr. Dunphie's essays, and so few readable essays have been published of late that these ought to be widely read, and should become universally popular."—*Era*.

POPULAR NEW NOVELS.

NOW READY AT EVERY LIBRARY IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

THE SHIPOWNER'S DAUGHTER. By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Hirell," "Abel Drake's Wife," "Martin Pole," &c. 3 vols.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

CHETWYND CALVERLEY. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, Author of "Preston Fight," "Boscobel," "Old St. Paul's," &c. 3 vols.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

MY OWN CHILD. By FLORENCE MARRYAT, Author of "Fighting the Air," "Love's Conflict," "Her Lord and Master," "Prey of the Gods," &c. 3 vols.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

THE FLAG of DISTRESS. By Captain MAYNE REID, Author of "Lost Lenore," "The White Gauntlet," "Half-Bloods," &c. 3 vols.

BY JAMES GRANT.

MORLEY ASHTON: a Story of the Sea. By JAMES GRANT, Author of "The Romance of War," &c. 3 vols. "Is in every respect worthy of its author. The numerous escapes of the hero from every sort of danger make the reader's hair absolutely stand on end."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

ANNABEL'S RIVAL. By DORA RUSSELL, Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "The Miner's Oath," &c. 3 vols. "Those who fail to inquire at their libraries for 'Annabel's Rival' will miss one of the best novels of the season."—*Court Journal*.

BY LEWIS WINGFIELD.

SLIPPERY GROUND. By LEWIS WINGFIELD. 3 vols. "Is a novel not only of this season, but for all time."—*Morning Post*. "Deserves to take, and will take, its place among the novels of the season."—*World*.

BY H. T. CRAVEN.

THE OLD TUNE. By H. T. CRAVEN, Author of "Milky White," &c. 3 vols. "Readable and lively."—*Athenaeum*. "A story of great merit."—*Court Journal*.

BY J. C. AYRTON.

GERALD MARLOW'S WIFE. By J. C. AYRTON, Author of "A Scotch Wooing," &c. 3 vols.

BY MRS. TYLER.

HURREE DE FONTENAY; or, All Lost save Honour. By Mrs. TYLER. 3 vols.

HAROLD FREEHEART: a Novel. 3 vols. "It is highly sensational."—*Athenaeum*.

FATED to be FREE. By JEAN INGELOW, Author of "Off the Skelligs," &c. Containing 21 Full-page Illustrations and Vignettes, handsomely bound. [Now ready.] "Miss Ingelow is a poet as well as a novelist—a rare but not impossible union; and the happy admixture of the two qualities makes the book one to be especially valued."—*Times*.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

IMMEDIATELY FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

- THE CRIMEA and TRANSCAUCASIA.** By J. BUCHAN TELFER, F.R.G.S., Commander R.N. 2 vols. medium 8vo. with numerous Illustrations and Maps, cloth.
- COMMODORE J. G. GOODENOUGH, R.N., C.B., C.M.G. (JOURNALS of),** during his Last Command as Senior Officer on the Australian Station, 1873-1875. Edited, with a Memoir, by his WIDOW. Crown 8vo. with Woodcuts, Steel Engraved Portrait, and Maps, cloth.
- WEATHER CHARTS and STORM WARNINGS.** By ROBERT H. SCOTT, M.A., F.R.S., Director of the Meteorological Office. Crown 8vo. with 50 Illustrations, cloth.
- THE LARGE and SMALL GAME of BENGAL and NORTH-WEST PROVINCES of INDIA.** By Captain T. H. BALDWIN. Profusely Illustrated.
- CUP and PLATTER; or, Notes on Food and its Effects.** By G. O. DREWRY, M.D., Author of "The Common-Sense Management of the Stomach"; and H. C. BARTLETT, Ph.D. Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.
- ETHICAL STUDIES: Critical Essays in Moral Philosophy.** By F. H. BRADLEY, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Large post 8vo. cloth.
- MISSIONS in INDIA: the System of Education in Government and Mission Schools Contrasted.** By Lieut.-Gen. C. W. TREMENEERE. Demy 8vo. sewed, 2s.
- SONGS of a SONG WRITER.** By W. C. BENNETT, LL.D. (Uniform with "Baby May," &c.) Crown 8vo. cloth.
- LONDON LYRICS.** By FREDERICK LOCKER. New and Revised Edition, crown 8vo. with Additions and a Portrait of the Author, cloth elegant.
- TRANSLATIONS from the WORKS of GERMAN POETS of the EIGHTEENTH and NINETEENTH CENTURIES.** By ALICE LUCAS. Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 5s.
- SUNFLOWERS: a Book of Verses.** By HERBERT GARDNER. Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 5s.
- ST. THOMAS of CANTERBURY: a Dramatic Poem.** By AUBREY DE VERE, Author of "Alexander the Great," &c. Large fcp. 8vo. cloth.
- CHRISTOPHERSON (The late Rev. HENRY).—Second Series of SERMONS by** HOGAN, M.P.: a Novel, in 3 volumes, is in the press and will shortly be published.

SOME RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOKS.

- BOOKS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.**
- COOKERY for INVALIDS, PERSONS of DELICATE DIGESTION, and CHILDREN.** By MARY HOOPER. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.
- OUR INVALIDS: How Shall We Employ and Amuse Them?** By HARRIET POWER. Fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.
- LITTLE DINNERS: How to Serve Them with Elegance and Economy.** By MARY HOOPER. Eleventh Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.
- THE COMMON-SENSE MANAGEMENT of the STOMACH.** By G. O. DREWRY, M.D. Second Edition, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- LONGEVITY: the Means of Prolonging Life after Middle Age.** By JOHN GARDNER, M.D. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged, small crown 8vo. cloth, 4s.
- THE ART of FURNISHING: a Popular Treatise on the Principles of Furnishing, based on the laws of common sense, requirement, and picturesque effect.** By ONE THOROUGHLY ACQUAINTED WITH THE SUBJECT. Small crown 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- THE HISTORY of CREATION: a Popular Account of the Development of the Earth and its Inhabitants, according to the Theories of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Darwin.** By Professor ERNEST HAECKEL, of the University of Jena. The Translation revised by E. RAY LANKESTER, M.A. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Coloured Plates and Genealogical Trees of the various Groups of both Plants and Animals, cloth, 32s.
- THE EXPANSE of HEAVEN: a Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament.** By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A. Second Edition, crown 8vo. with Frontispiece, cloth, 6s.
- OUR PLACE AMONG INFINITIES.** By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Author of "The Expanse of Heaven," &c.; to which are added Essays on "Astrology" and "The Jewish Sabbath." Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.
- HEREDITY: a Psychological Study of its Phenomena, its Laws, its Causes, and its Consequences.** By Professor TH. RIIBOR. Large crown 8vo. cloth, 9s.
- SENSATION and INTUITION.** By JAMES SULLY. Demy 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.
- "The author, who is well acquainted with the results of German research, distinguishes himself by a happy analytic skill, by the combination of psychological and physiological treatment, by moderation, and even where he only criticises by independence of judgment."—*Literarisches Centralblatt*.
- THE PRINCIPLES of MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.** With their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Fourth Edition, 8vo. Illustrated, cloth, 12s.
- "We can only prefix to it the expression of hope that this volume may not only be read but studied, and that it may be studied with especial care by all those who are responsible for the education of the young."—*Times*.
- CONTEMPORARY EVOLUTION.** Discussing the Theory of Evolution as applied to Science, Art, Religion, and Politics. By Sir GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.
- THE INNER LIFE of SYRIA, PALESTINE, and the HOLY LAND.** By Mrs. RICHARD BURTON. Second Edition, Revised, demy 8vo. with Photographic Portraits, Illustrations, and Map, cloth, 24s.
- A YACHTING CRUISE in the SOUTH SEAS.** By C. F. WOOD. 8vo. with 6 Photographic Illustrations, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- RECOLLECTIONS of FOUR YEARS' RESIDENCE in VENEZUELA.** By the Rev. CHARLES DANIEL DANCE (Mission Priest in the Diocese of Guiana). Crown 8vo. with 3 Illustrations and a Map, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS.**
- SPITZBERGEN.—THE GATEWAY to the POLYNIA; or, a Voyage to Spitzbergen.** By Captain JOHN C. WELLS, R.N. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations by Whymper and others, and a Map, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- ROUND the WORLD in 1870: a Volume of Travels.** By A. D. CARLISLE, B.A. Trin. Coll. Camb. Demy 8vo. with Maps, cloth, 6s.
- THE ALPS of ARABIA; or, Travels through Egypt, Sinai, Arabia, and the Holy Land.** By WILLIAM C. MAUGHAN. Demy 8vo. with Map, cloth, 5s.
- IRELAND: a Tour of Observation, with Remarks on Irish Public Questions.** By JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

NEW NOVEL AT ALL LIBRARIES.

ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN. By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.

Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES, at the Office, No. 35 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, May 20, 1876.